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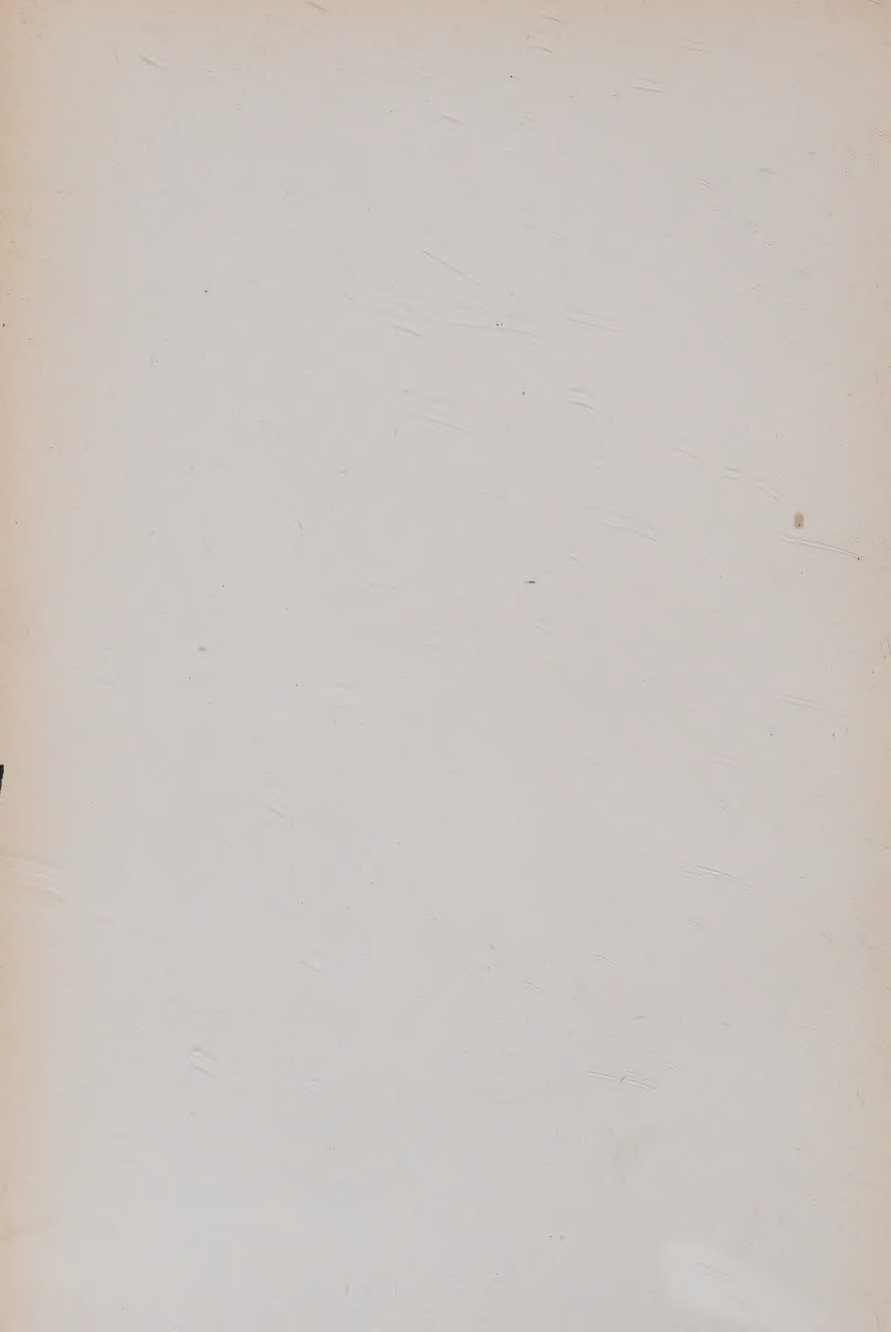
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Such is my appreciation of these books, all of which I have in my library, that if I knew they could not be duplicated no money could purchase them from me. I do hope they may be kept in circulation.—*An extract from a Pittsburg letter.*

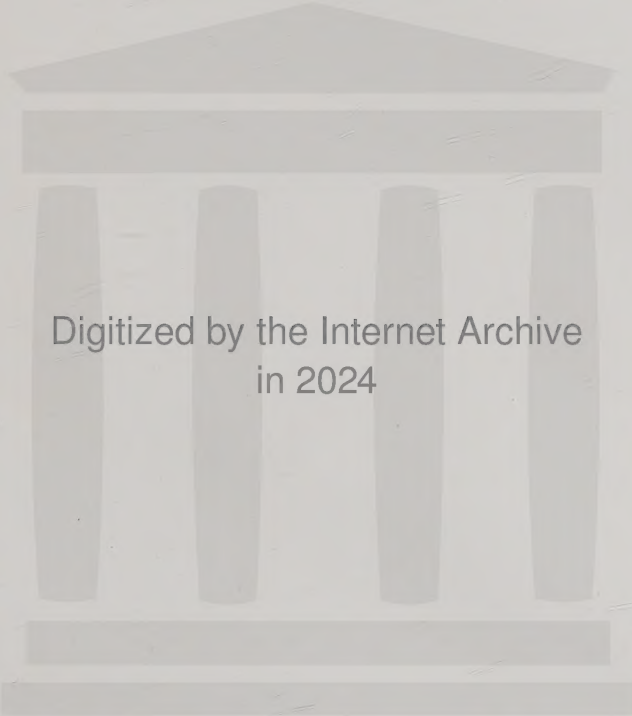
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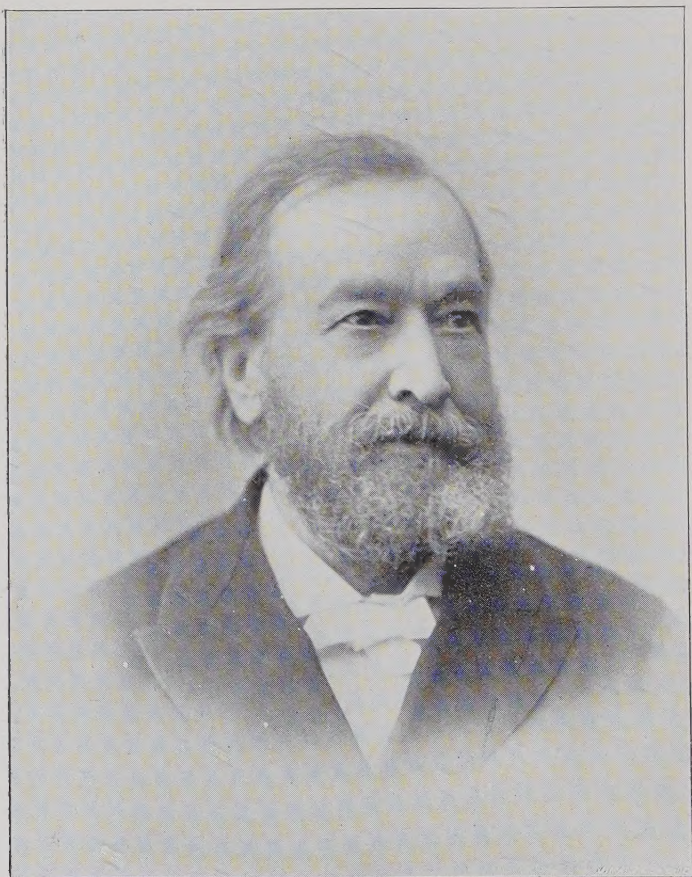
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HENRY MARTYN PAYNTER

HENRY MARTYN PAYNTER.

A MEMOIR

BY HIS WIFE, ALICE M. PAYNTER.

"HE BEING DEAD YET SPEAKETH."

FLEMING H REVELL COMPANY,

NEW YORK.

CHICAGO.

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TO
THE DEAR CHILDREN
WHOM GOD HATH GIVEN US,
THIS LITTLE BOOK,
THE RECORD OF THEIR DEAR FATHER'S LIFE AND SERVICE,
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED BY THEIR
MOTHER.

AND
A KINDLY GREETING
TO ALL WHO LOVE OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST
IN SINCERITY AND TRUTH
FROM THE
AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION.

The subject of the following sketch, drawn by the pen of a loyal and loving wife, was a true hero in faith. Neither disappointments, misfortunes, misrepresentations, nor personal sufferings could shake in the least his confidence in God. Successful as a pastor, eloquent, scriptural, and impressive as a preacher, unusually attractive to the poor, twelve or fifteen years since, after some very trying experiences in connection with churches which he himself had gathered, he determined to give himself wholly to evangelistic service, and the writing of books. These books were to be clear and simple presentations of the fundamental truths of the Gospel. Absent from home a considerable portion of every year, deprived of the use of a carefully selected library, he managed in his *Life of Christ*, which appeared in successive volumes, to present an exhaustive commentary on almost the whole of the New Testament. For the publication and sale of these volumes he alone was responsible. Through his energy, persistency, and business ability, not less than twenty thousand volumes of his writings have been circulated. That they have been a means of blessing to thousands who have read them there is grateful testimony from nearly every state in the Union, as well as from Canada

and Great Britain. From the profits of these books Mr. Paynter secured a comfortable support for his wife and children, and at the same time was full of joy at the thought that with his pen he was giving the Gospel, which he so loved to preach, to thousands whom he could never reach with his voice. During this entire period of authorship, with only brief intervals of rest, he was actively engaged as an evangelist, and rarely without tokens of divine approval. As few men of his generation, he illustrated in his character and works the words of the Apostle, (Gal. 2; 20): "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live: yet not I but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God who loved me, and gave himself for me."

EDWARD F. WILLIAMS.

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CHAPTER I.

“The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.” *Prov. iv, 18.*

The subject of this memoir, Henry Martyn Painter,* (Paynter) was born March 17th, 1827, in Williamsport, Pa. His father was the Rev. Joseph A. Painter, for many years pastor of the 1st Presbyterian Church, Kittanning, Pa., son of Jacob and Deborah Painter, born May 21st, 1799, in Saulesbury township, Bucks county, Pa. His mother was the daughter of Rev. John S. Vreedenburg, Pastor of the Dutch Reformed church, Somerville, N. J. and grand-daughter of Rev. James Caldwell of Revolutionary fame. These are all worthy of a more special mention, but as I propose to give a brief sketch of the life of each at the close of this memoir, I will say little more here than that from such an ancestry, one might well look for the holy and noble life that will be transcribed in these pages. These too were the descendants of the French Huguenots, who fled to Holland during the religious persecution in their own country. They grew up and developed into a race of noble men and women, whose influence was great. From this source sprang many of the defenders of the Word, noted ministers of the gospel, not least among

*This name was Painter. During the war the *i* was changed into *y*. It has been so maintained in the family ever since.

I have been told by some members of the family that it was originally spelled with the *y*.

them the one of whom I write. Also many who became missionaries to the foreign field, philanthropists as well as noted benefactors to the world. This child, their first born, was called Henry Martyn, after the sainted missionary of that name, and at his birth was dedicated to the Lord for His special work in whatever way it seemed best to Him. They hoped it might be in the mission field, and so it was truly, but not in the way that they desired or determined, for it was a different field in which our truthful Ambassador was called to labor, suffer and testify for Jesus. But we must not anticipate. The rather let us go step by step over this eventful life, so rich, so full of such a blessed experience, and such loving precious testimony for the Master, commenced almost from early boyhood, extended over a complete manhood, even down to the verge of old age, made still more beautiful by its fruitful culmination.

Henry was a bright, active boy, full of fun, and sometimes too of mischief, but his father, when relating to me some of his childish exploits, would never agree that he was a "bad boy,"—"only a little fond of fun," he would say, with a pleased expression at the remembrance of these things. He had great veneration and respect for both father and mother, and although his mother died when very young, he said he remembered her well, and always spoke of her with much affection and admiration, cherishing her memory.

One striking trait of his childhood, and that which caused some trouble as well as vexation in the family was his disposition to investigate everything. He must always know the *why's* and the *wherefores* of whatever came under his observation. One of his aunts related to me two incidents of his boyhood, illustrating this trait of character. Making them a visit at one time,

she took Henry a very pretty toy, and one for which she had given a good price, a boat laden with barrels of flour and men to manage it. Knowing his propensity for searching into the mystery of things, she called him to her.

"Now Henry," she said, "I want you to listen to me while I tell you all about this boat. These barrels are solid: they have nothing in them, and are only marked to represent flour, so use your boat to sail and play with but *do not destroy* it. If you do I will never give you another toy."

Her counsel was of no avail, however, for pretty soon she discovered the boat was a wreck.

Another time a far more serious disaster occurred. This aunt had been given a very handsome work-box, completely filled up with all the necessary implements for a young lady's work. Before locking it and putting it away, she called Henry to her, took out each article, explained their use, and allowed him to examine them most minutely. Then turning to him she said:

"Henry, I want you to remember that you are never to *touch this box*."

Some time after the young man was missing. Industrious search was made, for suspicion had been aroused that he might be in mischief, and she went right to her room to find the door locked, and there sure enough was he seated on the floor, and so completely absorbed in his work of thorough investigation, that he did not even seem to hear the calling, or to be in the least conscious that the door was being tried for entrance. She said that although she felt really angry at him for this positive destruction—for he had literally picked the whole box to pieces—first opening the box with his pen-knife, she could but be struck with his perfect absorption in

his work of finding out all about it, and how pleased he seemed with the discovery. My reader may exclaim, "He deserved to be well punished,"—and no doubt he was—but this trait,—if it may so be called,—followed him all through life, and was that characteristic which regulated and guided by grace divine, made him what he was, one of the grandest and most thorough expositors of the word of God that has ever lived.

Although Henry was a mere lad when his mother died, he seems to have already given evidence of that deep piety, and Christ-like spirit, that was so wonderfully developed all through his life. In a letter received from his sister just after his death she says; "I recall when he was a mere boy, (ten years of age) one time when father was away from home, his getting us together and having family worship. His whole soul seemed poured out, and, as if inspired of the Lord, so earnestly, so fervently, did he implore the Lord's presence, His blessing and His power! To be filled with the spirit seemed his burning desire."

On his father's side, his relatives were few, as I think he had but one brother, but the Vredenburg's were very numerous. Their descendants are in almost every state in the Union, among them may be found many of the so called great ones of the earth, such as statesmen, governors, judges, and above all a goodly number of ministers of the gospel, some of other denominations, but mostly Presbyterian. It was an essentially Presbyterian family.

At his Mother's death, he was scarcely more than a child, the eldest of four: John V.—who was afterwards the Hon. J. V. Painter, of Kittanning, who was also born in Williamsport;— Sarah, Mrs. James Patterson, of Pittsburg,—the only remaining child of this marriage; and Hannah, who was often called, Anna, a

mere babe of only a few days. She married afterwards, Mr. A. B. Coffey, who was a Colonel in the Confederate Army.

After his Mother's death his father moved to Kittanning, Pa., when he became pastor of the 1st Presbyterian church of that city, a pastorate he filled for thirty years very acceptably, being greatly beloved by his people, as is expressed in a brief account of his life from which we take the following extract:—

“As a preacher, Dr. Painter was learned, instructive and impressive. His sermons were prepared with great care, and delivered with great earnestness. They were distinguished for clearness of thought, terseness of diction, and aptness and frequency of scripture references. They always abounded in clear views of gospel truth, most generally doctrinal, but always direct and practical in their application. In his devotional exercises in the pulpit, there were always great solemnity and fervor; and often his spirit of devotion rose to such a degree as to awaken an almost universal response through the entire audience. He was particularly happy on communion occasions, especially during the late years of his life. His very patriarchial appearance filled us with *emotion*; and as with trembling accents he led us to the mercy-seat in the consecration, or closing prayer, and as he poured forth his soul in prayer to God in behalf of Zion, and for this branch of it, to which he had so long ministered, and especially for those who had never yet made profession of love to Christ, how deeply we all felt that, *that* was the earnest, effectual, fervent prayer of a *righteous man*.”

There is much more that I would like to record here of this beautiful and noble life, had I room. I will add only one more extract. Just as he was called to Kittanning, having visited there, he returned home to make his arrangements to remove, “when,” says the same record,—“he found a home made joyous by his safe return, whose rejoicing was turned to mourning.

In the mysterious providence of God, a dark cloud of sorrow all unseen by that happy circle, was even then pending over them. The night following his return, his wife was taken sick, lingered a little more than two weeks, and died Dec. 4th, 1833, leaving him with a family of four children, one an infant, the eldest (Henry) six and a half years old."

The record of this sad event, in his own hand-writing is:—

"A beloved wife, endeared to all her acquaintance in life, and mourned by all when removed by death.

She died without a struggle, without a groan, she literally fell asleep, and appeared as sweet in death as in life."

It goes on to say:—

"The life of Dr. Painter is a most interesting one, and especially so to those who may be thrown on their own resources, and are constrained to work their own way in life, often in the face of great opposition."

How like to this life was that of his son Henry, in so many of its struggles and privations, and how like were father and son in their godly living, sweetness of dispositions and great earnestness in the cause of Christ, which they both so dearly loved! What intimacy and fellowship existed between them, and that sweet sympathy and unity of feeling which is ever the result of close fellowship and walking with God!

Said a gentleman in a letter to me, in speaking of my husband: "I only remember him as a boy, for he left Kittanning when he was only ten years of age, but I sat under the ministry of his noble father for many years, and I can truly say that in all that time I regarded him with great reverence and affection, for I never knew him guilty once of even an *indiscretion*."

What a testimony!

In February, 1839, his father was married to Miss Mary Ann, daughter of Boyle Irwin, Esq. a prominent

citizen of Pittsburg, Pa. The offspring of this second marriage were four children, Boyle Irwin, who died in infancy; Anna Eliza, (Mrs. Brown); Joseph A; Jr., and Mary Irwin. (Mrs. Gates.) Three of these children still survive and two are residing in Kittanning and one in Pittsburg.

Henry was educated in common schools, both in Kittanning and Pittsburg, studied very hard, but was taken sick, so that his physician recommended that he go to the country for a time and try physical exercise, as his lungs seemed weak. He did so, cutting wood and engaging in such active work until he became strong enough to resume his studies, preparing himself for college, which he was extremely anxious to enter. His first and earnest desire was to become a missionary to India. Two of his aunts, Lizzie and Kate Vredenburg, had married missionaries. Lizzie was the second wife of Rev. John Freeman, and entered the mission field for India, while Kate married Mr. Alford, and went to Africa. He only lived two years, and she returned to this country, marrying Mr. Reuben Van Pelt, as his second wife. "Aunt Lizzie" as she was called, was a great favorite in the family, and especially so with her nephew Henry, who corresponded with her. Her husband was the father of Rev. John Freeman, a Presbyterian minister in Denver, Colo. Both Mr. and Mrs. Freeman were murdered during the Sepoy insurrection, with other missionaries in that field. This was a great distress to all the family, for she was much beloved and admired. She was eminently fitted for her work, intelligent, kind, energetic, and above all, full of love for the Master. Many of her letters were read to me after I had become a member of the family, and I greatly enjoyed them.

This desire on Mr. Painter's part to become a missionary was never carried out although I believe he went so far as to consult—if not offer his services to—the Secretary of Foreign Missions, in New York. In his own words as taken from his diary:—

“Had a long conversation with Mr. W. Lowrie in regard to consecrating myself to the work of missions, nothing definite however was settled. Holy Father, if it be thy will, open the way for me to go.”

Over-study which induced ill-health probably prevented him from carrying out this desire, and his attention was turned in another direction, which he deemed was the leading of Providence, and so it doubtless was, for the Lord had a work for him to do here in his own country, a blessed and noble work that has redounded to His honor and glory, as well as giving him a precious memory to be cherished by his children as long as they live.

CHAPTER II.

He entered college at an early age, probably about seventeen, and was a very close student, for he was very desirous of completing his studies, so that he might enter upon the duties of the ministry. He graduated from old Jefferson College, Pa., in 1847, and forty years later Rev. A. S. Wallace, D. D., one of that same class, "The Class of 1847," wrote as follows:

Henry M. Painter left us a solid, robust, young man of twenty, having entire confidence in his ability to make his way. He has not been disappointed. He went from the college to the Western Theological Seminary from 1847-1849, and afterwards to Princeton, N. J. from 1850-1851, there he graduated again, and was licensed by the Presbytery of Blairsville. * * * Leaving the Pastorate he gave himself up to evangelistic work. His labors have been over a very wide field, in New England and several of the Western and Southern States, Canada, England, Scotland and Ireland. He has also been a prolific writer as is attested by the following titles: 'Shadow on the Hearth,' 'Holy Life,' (in five parts) 'Holy Spirit,' and 'Holy Letters.' * * * "I would be glad to shake hands with the old Class-mates. Forty years is a long separation."

I will also here introduce passages from a diary kept by himself at this time, for it impressed me as I read it, as being the utterance of a much older and more experienced christian, so full of aspirations and earnest longings after more holiness, to be more Christ-like in heart and disposition. I wondered that one so young

could have such feelings, such aspirations. A professing child of God myself, and having always supposed I knew something of this experience, and this blessed hope, I felt condemned as I read, and discouraged too, to find that I knew so little, that my life, had been so barren, so profitless.

In June, 1849, he visited friends and relatives in Elizabeth and Somerville, the old home of his mother and grand-parents. Says he:

"Somerville is dear to me as being the early home of my precious mother now in glory, and I was struck with the good name she still had in that town. Every one was glad to see me on her account. She though dead yet speaketh. Lord, enable me so to live that when I am called home by death, the influence of my name may be for thy honor and glory."

He spoke of having visited the old graveyard and being much interested in reading the epitaphs on the tombstones of his ancestry.

"The following dear ones await their joyful resurrection:

John S. Vredenburg, (grandfather) pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church, died 1827, aged 46. Epitaph: 'What I do thou knowest not now, but shalt know hereafter.'

Sarah C. Vredenburg, (grandmother) died April 28th, 1826, aged 48. Epitaph:

"There remaineth a rest for the people of God."

He had copied in a similar way, the brief record of four aunts and one uncle, John Finley Vredenburg, the only uncle on his mother's side, who died at the early age of 26, on the island of Java, at Batavia, where he had gone for his health. His mother having died at McCunesville, Pa., was buried there, and I am told by members of the family who have since visited that town, that they have found her grave well kept, and her memory still fresh and revered among the people.



HENRY MARTYN PAYNTER

AS A YOUNG MAN

Truly the memory of the just is blessed. He added "What a happy family meeting will there be in heaven." Prophetic words that he has now fully realized.

July 9th, 1849, he says: "Have just been offered a scholarship at Princeton Seminary. It was an unexpected offering." This was offered by Dr. Murray, of Elizabeth, who knew him well and all his family. He further adds:

"Holy Father, direct me in this matter to that conclusion that shall best conduce to thy glory and the good of my soul. As my steps have been so remarkably guided by thee thus far through my life, may they ever be; and whether I go from Allegheny or from Princeton, may I go forth consumed with a zeal for thy house."

Before entering upon his studies in the Seminary, he spent the interval in a little journey up the Hudson, and to Fort Ticonderoga and many other places, all of which he describes vividly and in a most interesting manner. He was always a dear lover of Nature, and entered with great enthusiasm and much delight upon such trips.

He says on his return to E., "I have travelled over 600 miles, was absent two weeks, and it costs me eleven dollars." Thus early in life was he an economist, for he knew the value of money. Neither he nor his honored father before him had much to spare, and both had to struggle for an education. He then felt his great responsibility and determined that his stewardship should be one of faithfulness and surely it was, even unto death so that "Well done good and faithful" could certainly be spoken of him in truth.

August 15th, 1849. Theological Seminary

I have come on here with the intention of remaining two years in this place. To the Lord, my strength do I look for strength to enable me to glorify His holy

name in all I do or say. In view of my many duties, of the preciousness of time, of the necessity of improving all I can, and fitting myself for future usefulness, and in order that I may accomplish as much as possible, I make the following division of my time:—

4 $\frac{3}{4}$	Rise.
5 $\frac{1}{4}$ – 6 $\frac{1}{4}$	Devotions.
6 $\frac{1}{4}$ – 6 $\frac{3}{4}$	Mathematics.
7 $\frac{1}{4}$ – 8	Attend public prayers and breakfast.
8 – 8 $\frac{1}{2}$	Exercise.
8 $\frac{1}{2}$ – 9 $\frac{1}{2}$	Reviewing Morning Lessons.
9 $\frac{1}{2}$ –10 $\frac{1}{2}$	Recitations.
10 $\frac{1}{2}$ –12	Study.
12 – 1 $\frac{1}{2}$	Dine and read Test.
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ – 4	Study.
4 – 5	Recitation.
5 – 6	Public Prayers and Tea.
6 – 7	Exercise.
7 – 9	Study.
9 –10	Devotions.
10 – 4 $\frac{3}{4}$	Sleep.

On Saturdays after attending to Seminary duties, will write letters, read papers, and so on. Sabbath day will be devoted exclusively to practical duties and devotions.

In order that I may be near to God, I will study and think in reference to His glory, and be often with Him in ejaculatory prayer. I will study to bridle my tongue, and to do so will talk but little, keeping silence.

I will be courteous to all my fellow students, and if possible offend no one by my walk or conversation.

By diligent application to my books, and by my conduct, I will endeavour to merit the confidence and esteem of my professors.

By God's grace I will set a strict watch over my heart, and will strive so to live, that my light may shine to his honor and glory.

By God's grace, I will war against my pride, and every besetting sin and by grace may I conquer.

And now my Father in adoption of these rules, I look to Thee for assistance. Feeling my own weakness, be

Thou my strength. And grant me Thy grace, that I may increase in holiness and live to thy praise.

In pure reliance upon Divine strength, yet done with trembling.

HENRY M. PAINTER."

I feel that it is hardly necessary for me in my poor way to add one word to these outpourings of a heart so full of love divine, so eager to serve and honor God, that the simple expressions from his own pen speak far more forcibly than any thing that I could write, and so I will continue these extracts from time to time as they bear a precious testimony in his own words to that spiritual life that had begun in his soul. I would, however, notice specially that rule which he laid down among others for his own use:—

"I will bridle my tongue, and in order to do this will talk but little, keeping silence."

O! what a good thing it would be if we all did this! How many heart-aches, and how much bitterness and strife would it prevent in this world! All through life, after I knew him, did he most strictly observe this rule. He neither talked nor listened to gossip. Even under severe provocation, he always maintained a calm dignity. There was never on his part any disposition to resent an insult or injury by bitter invective or recriminating defence. He would say to me on all such occasions, when as a wife jealous of, and sensitive to any reproach or criticism of her husband's character and conduct, "Let it alone, Dearie, God will take care of it."

"August 19th. Happy day! Freedom in prayer. Near approach to Christ in meditation. How precious the hour! How unspeakably happy my soul! O! that I could always thus live, it would be so delightful to be ever with Christ. If the pleasure of meeting Him on earth be a sweet foretaste of His glorious presence, who can measure the great weight of joy which each child

of God will enjoy when in the full presence of His glory, redeemed from sin and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

August 23.—Felt happy and comfortable to-day, for God was with me. Freedom in prayer. Fell asleep thinking of Christ and His great love for me."

Yet even this dear child of God, who though so young seemed filled with the Spirit, and with the burning desire to love and serve God, was at times sorely tried and tempted by the suggestion of the evil one, who is ever so busy striving to lead away from the right God's dear children, as we see in some of his meditations that he had these terrible conflicts with Satan.

August 25.—"In meditation this evening felt alarmed at my exceeding stubbornness against God. Feared much that I was rather a speculative or moral than a real disciple. Can it be O! Lord? that I am really no child of Thine! why is my heart so stubborn, so rebellious! Break it by thy almighty grace. Felt some freedom in prayer. How precious is the mercy seat. There I can tell my Saviour all my needs. May I prize it more and more."

In almost rapturous strain he makes this entry in his diary.

August 26.—"What cause of rejoicing and thankfulness! Exalt, praise, magnify and bless the Lord all my powers! for how has He blessed me. To be happy in Christ; to feel the Saviour near; to be able to rest my all upon Him; to be permitted to approach His seat and hear Him speak: this has been my happy lot to day. O! if I were always thus near to God I should always be so happy. Never did I feel my hope, my faith, my love so strong. I long to fly unto his arms and be there forever.

Felt deep concern for a friend, I. V. P. and poured out my soul into prayer to God for him. Felt encouraged to believe that all would be well. * * * Look forward to the time when I shall begin to preach. Joy at being

permitted to preach; and joy at being permitted to suffer for Christ.

Sept 3rd. Received a letter from father. He has just recovered from a severe illness. Bless the Lord, O, my soul, for preserving his life. Also heard through him of the death of my brother Boyle Irwin. Brother John and sister Sarah are still unconverted. I fear I have not prayed and labored enough for them. I will lay hold of Thee, righteous Father, and never give Thee up until both are born again.

To day entered upon the study of theology. Almighty Father! make me in this study an ardent enquirer after truth. O! enable me to feel my own ignorance, my need of divine illumination, the necessity of being always at the throne of grace, praying, that I may be sensible of my weakness, may not fall into the error of doctrine, or make a shipwreck of my faith. O! keep me humble, that I may be taught of Thee.

The spirit of this prayer was manifested all through his life, and he was wonderfully taught of God. His searchings after divine truth, and his pleadings for divine help and guidance, were most abundantly rewarded by the clear light that came into his own soul, and by the power that was given unto him to dispense that light and truth to others, as so many can testify that have listened to his marvelous power and great freedom of thought and speech in expounding to them the word of God. At times it really seemed as though he were inspired

“Sept 6th. This is my fast day. Fast days are happy days to me. I will keep them more frequently.

Oct. 14. This day resume my studies, having recovered from an attack of fever which laid me on a bed of sickness for some weeks. I make this entry to record the goodness and faithfulness of God. His promises O! how precious to me, and His presence O! how it did delight and comfort my soul. For this sickness I thank Thee O my God! I praise Thee for all thy mercy and for Thy cheering presence. May it be sanctified to my

good, may it purify me from sin and better prepare me for all my duties."

Strange to say this truly devoted and consecrated life while it had its influence for good, and its power could but be felt by all his companions and associates, so perverse is human nature, and so averse to such living, that it caused him to be regarded by the students generally as exceedingly eccentric. This impression prevailed to some extent throughout the church and ministry to the day of his death. There were many who regarded his closely set apart life, fully and entirely consecrated to God, as evidence of that eccentricity. But O! if such were being eccentric or strange, would to God that there were many, many more guilty of just such eccentricity, for surely the child of God, and especially those who are to be teachers and leaders in the church, should be exceptionally devoted men.

"April 11th. This day licensed by the Presbytery of Blairsville, to preach the gospel. Have been under the care of the Presbytery three years. Felt deeply my responsibility. Lord I look to Thee.

Just here I would give an extract from the same dear sister's letter, one written to me after his death. In recalling his life she says:—

"Well do I remember his first sermon. Father and I went to Blairsville to hear him. We both wept as we listened to his earnest pleadings, so full of love and zeal, and yet so calm, so self-possessed before such an audience. We felt that dear mother's prayers had surely been answered, and we were so gratified too as we heard the congratulations on every side. He was so young yet so decided, so full of the work that he had undertaken for his blessed Master."

Here his diary closes, and there is no more until 1851, when he describes a journey from Xenia O., to New Orleans. From this I will give extracts again at the proper place.

CHAPTER III.

His first charge, or place of preaching, for this was previous to his ordination, was in Xenia, O., where he remained about a year. After we were married, we passed through this place on our way east, stopping for a day or so, as he wished to see some of his old parishioners. Of course he was asked to preach which he did. After the sermon many crowded around him, I was introduced and for the two or three days that we remained we were going from house to house to be entertained. All seemed anxious to do something for him whom they so highly esteemed, and gratefully remembered. We left with a very pleasant impression of our visit to Xenia.

Many years afterward he visited Xenia, and preached for them. An extract from one of their papers will express his reception in his old church.

“Rev. H. M. Paynter, of Chicago, will preach every evening this week in the Presbyterian Church. Mr. Paynter will be remembered by the older members of the congregation as pastor of this Church thirty-three years ago, at which time he was fresh from Princeton College and a young man of fine attainments.

He has travelled extensively both in this country and in Europe, and preached in all the principal cities with signal ability and marked success.

He has during his ministry been instrumental in converting thousands, most of whom have become members of the Presbyterian Church, though many have

joined other churches also. He has been a prolific writer of religious books, which are endorsed by ministers of all denominations. These books are the mature results of years of thought and profound research. Go hear him, you will be benefited by so doing."

From Xenia he went by boat to New Orleans, visiting Louisville, Cincinnati and other places, then down the great Mississippi. This being his first trip to this country he gives a very interesting account of each place and of his varied impressions, which I would be glad to insert here. As I write, so much comes up that is of intense interest, that is worthy of record, that I may be tempted to prolong this book too far, for the interest increases to me as I write, and in writing, I do but live over this dear life with him. Yet I must remember that all those who read this book, will not regard its contents with the same partiality or interest that I do; and yet I do not believe there will be many who will feel disposed to criticise. As Mrs. Beecher said in the interesting papers she wrote for the Ladies' Home Journal of her husband's life, "Mr. Beecher as I knew him," so this is to be the simple narration of the life and labors of my dear husband as I knew him from day to day, and who but a wife could better know the inner life of her husband. There may have been those who could have done this memoir greater justice in a literary point of view, but to me it has been a sad pleasure and a privilege I was not willing to yield to any other. I trust, therefore, that in giving it to the public, the rich, full, varied and blessed experience of a richer, fuller, nobler more exalted life may be read with interest and profit, regardless of its literary merit.

He had a keen appreciation of the beautiful, and dearly loved nature. In his diary, kept during this journey, he wrote:—

"To day I saw the first Magnolia trees and sat under their shade. They were just budding and the fragrance from them was peculiarly sweet, and as the cool breeze fanned my cheek, I felt happy, and my heart breathed forth gratitude to God who made this beautiful earth and gave me the capacity to enjoy it.

If men were holy, what a paradise would earth become."

Yet with all this love and admiration for the beautiful, how his thoughts turned from "Nature up to nature's God." In all the pleasure he derived from such things, he was never forgetful of their author.

He then goes on to give his impressions of the city of New Orleans, which he reached April 16th, 1851, expecting to remain only a few days, but God designed it otherwise. Meeting a relative in the city, he was introduced by him to an elder in one of the Presbyterian churches there, who invited him to preach for them on Sabbath:—

"I accepted it with some reluctance as I did not come to the city to preach, but to learn, and it was only because they could obtain no other supply that I finally consented.

May my Saviour enable me to go to them in all the fullness of the blessing of the gospel of peace.

And O! may it be found at last that good was done.

Visited the First Church yard to see the cenotaph of the lamented Larned, the first pastor of that Church. I have read his life. As I look at his monument, I pray God to endear me as much to the people of my charge, as he was, so that I may do the utmost possible good. But give me Martyn's piety and disinterested zeal for God.

I also have met with many nice, pleasant people who have been very kind to me.

In the evening enjoyed one hour of sweet communion with Christ. What are earthly friends compared with Him. One hour in His society, is worth far more than one hundred with earthly friends, however kind

and good they may be. Be near, very near to me on to-morrow when I preach. Clothe me with humility and power."

Sunday April 20th. A bright and beautiful morning. When I awakened the birds were pouring forth a song of praise, and I found my own heart lifted up toward God. Thought of the duties before me and endeavored to realize that as Christ's ambassador I was to-day to stand before the people. Endeavored to realize the importance of my position, the awful account I will have to render and the value of souls. Felt a strong desire to preach Christ and Him crucified. I went into the pulpit shrinking as I saw the large congregation, yet feeling strong in the Lord and in the power of His might. I preached from Jer. xvii, 9. The congregation was very attentive, and I pray God that the exercises may be blest to some soul.

In the afternoon had great comfort in reading over my favorite chapters, 14-17 Jn.

I can never read these without deep emotion: such tenderness, sympathy and love!

O! my precious Saviour, be very near to me.

Monday 21st. "As I this morning was expecting to leave the city I was invited by the elders of Mr. Beadle's Church to remain with them one more Sabbath, which I consented to do. And I do most devoutly pray my Heavenly Father to be with me and let me do some good while I tarry in this city."

During this week he visited many points of interest, giving his impressions of them and enjoying to the full this opportunity of studying people and events as they passed in panoramic view before him, that in this way the lessons that he learned from time to time by close observation might be used for the good of others as well as for himself.

"In passing through the streets, I was struck with the disregard to fashion. Each one dresses to suit himself or herself and one will see almost as many different styles of dress as there are persons. This I think is commendable. I was particularly interested in the ap-

pearance of the blacks, many of them are as neat in appearance as their masters and as polite. They seem to be happy, and I have seen but few negroes in the north who are as comfortably clad or as polite in their bearing.

Sunday 27th. Preached in the morning from II Cor. v, 17. Congregation large and attentive. Hope that much good was done.

Monday 25. This evening the session of the Second Presbyterian church made vacant by the resignation of Rev. Mr. Stanton, called upon me to supply that pulpit for one month. This I consented to do, but upon condition that they would not regard me as a candidate.

This church, I have been informed, is divided into factions, and is in a languishing condition. This being the case, I do not feel that I am the man for the place. I have neither the ability nor the experience, and in consenting at all, it is because they would otherwise be deprived of preaching. I feel I ought to be willing to labor wherever a door for present usefulness opens. I am much pleased with Brother Thomas (a member of the session) who seems to be a godly man. I hope to have some spiritual communion with him.

I spent most of this week in study. Preached Sabbath 4th of May, in the morning from Num. xxxii, 23: in the evening from Rev. xxii, 5.

Preached two Sabbaths for Rev. Dr. Scott's church. June 1st received a request from 1st Church of Vicksburg to preach a few Sabbaths for them, which I have consented to do and now as I am about to leave New Orleans, will give my impressions of the city:—

I have been treated with the utmost kindness and courtesy, and a more generous, warmer hearted people I have never met. A noble openness of manner and straight forward purpose, blending dignity and blandness; commanding respect for their dignity and admiration for their kindness.

I could spend my life most happily in the midst of such people. There are many erroneous notions among northern people concerning the morals of this city. Many suppose it is but the stepping stone to perdition,

—a perfect Sodom in corruption,—but my observation would lead me to believe that it is not much worse than other cities in this respect. There are many pious people, devotedly so, persons who love the Lord Jesus and who are zealous for His truth.

The churches are well filled and the congregations remarkably attentive.

My stay in the city has been a happy one in respect to my own soul. Never did I have greater wrestling in prayer, never was my soul so sweetly inflamed by grace, never did my hours of communion with God seem so blest to my soul, never did I see more of the vileness of sin and loathe it and seek to be delivered from it.

The Bible had a stronger hold upon my affections and I seemed unwearied in perusing it. I felt deeply for Zion, and caught something of the feeling of the prophet when he said ‘for their sake I will not rest and for Jerusalem’s sake I will not hold my peace until her light go forth as brightness and her salvation as a lamp that burneth.’ I felt willing to go anywhere and do and suffer anything for Christ.

Precious Savior! May I find Thee as present and as precious in Vicksburg as I have done in New Orleans.”

The result of this preaching was a call in due order from the church in Vicksburg, signed by the elders of the church. Pastor and elders now are together in glory.

“Oct. 8th. Have just returned from a meeting of the Presbytery of Mississippi. It met at Canton in this state. It was my first meeting with the brethren of this Presbytery. I was gratified to find so lively an interest in the promotion of Christ’s kingdom, among them. I was profited and, I trust, came home with desires for Christ’s glory and a greater determination to spend and be spent in His service. I find brother Henderson truly a brother in the Lord. His fraternal counsels and edifying conversations and prayers strengthened me. The Lord bless him and his family and his church. All the brethren treated me with the utmost kindness. The Lord reward them.

I presented my letter of dismissal from the Presbytery of Miami, and was received as a licentiate under their care. The call from the Vicksburg church being found in order, was placed in my hands. I signified my acceptance, and Presbytery proceeded to my examination. They were all unanimously sustained, and the necessary arrangements were made for my ordination and installation.

I returned home safely and was delighted with my trip. *Laus Deo.*"

The following is taken from a Vicksburg Paper.

"Mr. H. M. Painter, the Presbyterian minister, who has been in charge of the church in this place for some time past, will be ordained and installed next Saturday evening, at the Presbyterian church.

Mr. Painter. has presided over the church here but a short time, but he has already, by his correct deportment, and unassuming piety, endeared himself to his whole congregation. His sermons bear the impress of deep thought, and study, while his earnest eloquence bids fair to place him in the front-ranks of pulpit orators. His church will gain a valuable accession to her ministers by his ordination, and the congregation will secure the services of a pastor who is exceptional both as a christian and a gentleman."

Then follows an account of the regular ordination services.

"The Rev. H. M. Painter who has recently been called to the pastorship of the Presbyterian church of this place, and whose mild, christian and dignified manner and bearing have endeared him to all who have made his acquaintance, was, on the 8th of this month, by the Presbytery of Mississippi, which assembled here for the purpose, regularly ordained as a minister of that faith, and installed as pastor of the church at Vicksburg. We had the pleasure of being present at the ceremony, and were deeply touched and impressed with its beauty and solemnity. The ordinary interest of the scene was heightened by the extreme youthfulness of the ordained pastor, and his profound and touching

emotion, as he took the solemn and sacred vows of his order, carried us back to the days when young "Timothy" took up the cross and went forth, among strangers and foes upon his sublime mission, and to bear testimony of Him, whose servant he had become.

"On the evening before, Mr Painter delivered as a portion of his trial for ordination, a very beautiful sermon. His text was taken from Rom. i, 16, 'I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation unto every one that believeth.'

We were struck with the forcible and original manner in which the teaching contained in this appropriate passage of scripture was presented by him, and could scarce refrain from exclaiming with the king of old, 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a christain.' The whole ceremony was deeply affecting and impressive and many were moved to tears.

The ordination sermon was preached by the Rev. I. R. Hutchison, for many years the beloved and respected pastor of the Vicksburg church.. His sermon was based upon the following passage: "I was with you in fear and in much weakness and in much trembling." 1 Cor. viii, 3.

Rev. Z. Butler, D.D. presided, and proposed the constitutional questions to the Pastor elect, and to the congregation, after which Mr. Painter was solemnly ordained to the gospel ministry by prayer and the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery and installed as pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Vicksburg.

The charge was delivered to the pastor by Rev. H. Mc Dowell, and the charge to the people by Rev. R. Mc Innis. After this ceremony the right hand of fellowship was given by the church session and the congregation. The services of the evening were concluded by prayer and apostolical benediction.

The following ministers took part in the ordination: Rev. Z. Butler, Rev. H. Mc Dowell, Rev. R. Mc Innis, Rev. Benj. Chase, Rev. Wm. Addison Smith."

From his journal after the ordination:—

"Hope I may be a great blessing to this people. O God! Baptize me with Thy spirit that I may become

more holy. Make me more useful. Lord give me every needed qualification. O! My Saviour! I desire not applause, but I long to see Thy name glorified. Teach me how to write, and speak so as to touch the heart. I long to see Thy Church revived. I find my mind taking stronger hold on the Bible. Lord increase my love for it. Must pray more and more earnestly.

Friday, 25th. My first pastoral visiting. Find the people ready and willing to converse on the subject of religion. Was pleased and interested. Lord give me wisdom to act as becometh a faithful pastor. May Thy blessing follow all my labors.

Lord revive thy work in our church. For this will I labor and pray. Teach me how to preach and to live so as to bring about such a desirable condition of things.

I find in this town a great number of young men, whom I greatly desire to see become truly devoted followers of the Lord. My Father remember them in mercy. May Thy Spirit lead them into the ways of righteousness. How my heart would rejoice did they all love the Saviour.

I feel more and more that to be useful in the ministry and successful, there must be an *entire consecration* of myself to God. No doubting, no halting, no giving part to the world. I have long thought upon this question. Am I willing to do so? Entirely consecrate myself to God? I am resolved. From henceforth His glory shall be the great controlling idea of my life. To this, must every other thought bend, and to its accomplishment shall my every faculty and power be directed.

"Dec. 3. Last evening I solemnized marriage for the first time, between Mr. Theodore Fitz Randolph and Miss Mary Frances Coleman. May God bless the parties. I hope soon to receive them both into the communion of this church."

In taking extracts from his journal I find so much of the deepest interest that I can scarcely know how to make selections, and find myself wishing I could give it all in this book,—his own words, aspirations, longings after more holiness so as to be more used.

CHAPTER IV.

Early in December of 1851, I left my home near Fredericksburg, Va., for a visit to a favorite aunt in Vicksburg, Miss. I did not arrive in Vicksburg until about the 8th of January, 1852, having been ice-bound in Louisville Ky., for about ten days. In those days railroads were not numerous in the South, and we had to make the trip mostly by boat, first on the Ohio, and then down the great Mississippi. It was a tedious, but very pleasant mode of travelling, as there were fine boats on the line, well fitted up and admirably managed. This trip of which I speak, owing to the unusual severity of the weather, was not only tedious but excessively annoying as well as expensive. However it, as all things have, had an ending and a most pleasant one, for I was warmly welcomed by my aunt and family. It was in this family I first met my husband. He was their pastor, and I soon discovered he was much beloved by one and all of them, especially the children of the household, of whom he took much notice, for he was always very fond of children. I did not meet Mr. Paynter for several days, as my aunt said he left the day on which I arrived for the meeting of Synod. This seemed to distress the children greatly, as they were anxious I should see a person they thought so nice and lovable, but it did not make very much impression on me, as I was perfectly willing to bide my time for the meeting. In fact I was so completely absorbed

by this time, in my own feelings, being terribly homesick and hearing there were no letters for me, that I did not care very much if we never met, and yet how little I then knew that that very meeting was to be in my life of so great moment.

We met, I exchanged a few words with him, and the impression, if any, soon wore away, but he afterwards told me, that it was not so with him, but that I made the most decided impression on him; that my appearance was so dignified and my general bearing indicative of great decision of character, that he felt to know *me* would be of some importance to him. I was all unconscious of having made any such impression, as well as quite indifferent to it. But he went on paying me marked attention, until I became somewhat interested, admired and esteemed, but did not love him, nor would I engage myself to him, until I had returned to my home, for I really did not believe my feelings were sufficiently interested to do so. In this beautiful land of birds and flowers, where everything was so bright, so gay and so attractive, the little god of love does not find it very hard to induce the fair maiden to listen to his wooing, winning words, and the more sober, the grave, and those one would least suspect of coming under his power, are led by him captive at his will. Even our young minister was yielding to the captivation of his wiles. But I must not forget the seriousness of my subject in the memories so sweet, that have come up without a bidding as these dear scenes are recalled in *our* early life. Yet in his life too, not the life of after years, for it was just begun, just being entered upon. I can but believe that even the most serious and grave of my readers will pardon these little digressions, if perhaps of too personal a nature, sweet and

delightful as they are in the reminiscence. There are few indeed, who have experienced these things, who would censure or frown.

There are many, very many, of just such incidents as marked this our first meeting, incidents that to me make a most tender recollection, and I fain would linger around them, but I must not, for a life so replete with incidents of an interesting nature will not admit of too long dwelling on any one period. Suffice it to say, that after a most delightful visit in this beautiful southern city, I returned to my home in June of 1852.

In September of the same year on the 23rd, we were married. Rev. G. Wilson McPhail, a Presbyterian minister of Fredricksburg, Va., united us in marriage.*

We had an old fashioned wedding with numerous relations and friends to witness it. One interesting feature was the presence of *all* the old family servants. Aunties, in their white aprons and typical handkerchief turbans, uncles, in their Sunday best, and even the little darkies all slicked and smoothed up for the occasion, standing in a row on either side of the hall, so that when I went out to take the carriage for the depot, leaning on my husband's arm, we had to pass through this double file. As we passed the dear "Old Mammy" with our hands in her's and pronouncing a blessing said to him,

*Let me here state, that having been raised, educated and instructed as well as baptized and confirmed into the Episcopal church, it was some time before I could consent to be married by any other than a minister of my own church. This too influenced me some in my decision as to the acceptance of his proposal of marriage. All my family were strict *church* people, as they were called. All my ancestry had been. But these obstacles were overcome and I became the wife of a *dissenting* minister. I hope it may not be considered out of place to add that I never once in these *forty years* repented this decision.



REV. JOSEPH PAINTER, D. D.

“ Now be sure to take good care of Miss Alice.”

My dear husband used to laugh and say, just to tease me when he told this, that Mammy said to him “ Now, Mr. Paynter, be sure and take her from the very jump.” That was a trite saying.

For the benefit of those who have always thought so terribly of southern slavery, its oppression and so on, I will add without refuting any of this oppression or entering into any argument whatever about a thing that is past, the right or the wrong, that I was almost as much distressed at parting with these old slaves as with the white family. All my associations with it as an institution were of the most pleasant nature. *Our* slaves were a part of *our* family and were this the time and place I could give many exceedingly entertaining incidents connected with my dear old home in the south.

We left home immediately after the ceremony. We had at first arranged to make a little visit to Mr. Paynter's father in Kittanning, but as he had been some time away from his church, it was thought best to have his father come down and meet us in Pittsburg, where we would remain over Sabbath. We reached there on Tuesday, his aunt Mrs. James Lochlin, called to see us and gave us an informal reception at her house. They were wealthy people and lived in good style. This was something of a trial to me, the meeting of so many of his old friends, all strangers to me, and receiving the usual congratulations, but not quite so much of a trial as the meeting of his father and mother the next day. But I had no sooner seen the dear old man, than I loved him. He was just one of those lovely and lovable old people that one sometimes meets with in this world. I saw at a glance where my own dear husband got his gentle sweet expression of countenance and quiet loveliness of disposition. How delighted he was to see

his father, just like a boy. They had not met but once before since he had left college. It was always to me a most pleasant sight to see this father and son together, as I did many times afterwards, during their lives. The venerable old man would sit with his hand behind his ear (for he was quite deaf) his long white hair about his neck and shoulders, his face beaming with pleasure as he gave rapt attention to this dear son, who reverently sat beside him talking in a low gentle voice. They talked mostly of the things of the kingdom. This venerable saint in the church whose warfare was nearly ended and whose work was almost done, and the young disciple full of joyous manhood, of heavenly aspirations, seeking advice and counsel from one most eminently fitted to give it. In this son were realized his fondest hopes, hopes that had been cherished from his very birth. They did not often meet, but they corresponded and theirs was such a complete unity of thought and feeling that these meetings and this interchange of ideas was very delightful, as well as improving, especially to the son, who so revered his father, regarding his views and opinions on these sacred subjects as not only correct authority, but of great help to him as he was but just beginning his great life work for Jesus. He, like Timothy, sat at Paul's feet to learn of him. From a very child, he knew the scriptures, and from a child made the Bible his study and the rule of his life.

This chapter is very important one to me. As I write, memories sacred and dear crowd up thick and fast. I seem to be carried way back through many years, and, as it were, to live over again these bright days so full of hope and joy, and I fain would dwell at length upon these first two years of my happy married life. I

had almost said, the happiest years of my life, but I will not, for surely, happy as were these the years that followed were also crowned with joy. Though eventful, full of interest, and of pleasure too, yet were they the scenes many times of so much suffering and pain, that we were often driven almost to desperation in the agonies of endurance. Still they drew us nearer together and never did our faith waver, or our trust in God grow less strong. We had also to thank God that together we resisted the evil, and bore these sorrows and sufferings strong in each other's love. The rather let me return to the recital of the many pleasant things that marked these few years in our *first* home. How happy we were, how important, when we went to house-keeping, and what a dear sweet cosy little home we had. Ah: but I will not indulge in the retrospect. My dear husband often said to me in after years, when I would revert to this home with all its loved associations:

“Alice, my dear, you live too much in the past.”

A woman's memory clings more than a man's, to the scenes and events of early life, even though she may not have enjoyed them any more than he has. I know that my husband thoroughly enjoyed his snug little home. The first thing he did was to dedicate it to the Lord. “As for me and my house we will serve the Lord.”

He was a true and faithful pastor, an earnest, zealous preacher. Under his ministry and teaching, the church grew and prospered, numbers were added, and it soon became a living church. Every one must work. This was before the days of Christian Endeavor Societies and numerous other modern modes and ways of carrying forward the blessed work, but with him to be a church-member meant to be a church-worker. He had his tract-societies—prayer-meetings—blessed

meetings these were for social gatherings in which Christians spoke to one another of what the Lord had done for them,—of what he was doing for the church,—of the best means and ways of promoting the interest of religion,—of the necessity of a more consecrated life,—of separation from the world,—of personal purity and holiness. The people were greatly attached to him and they also became attached to me, were kind, attentive and thoughtful and in a measure forbearing. They knew I was young. They seemed to realize the trying position in which I was placed and so were charitable. It was among mine own people, dear Southern people; hospitable, kind and ever ready to make all due allowance for my youth and inexperience. Whole hearted people, full of sympathy and kind deeds as well as words. Our home in this place was indeed a happy one, and in spite of my dear husband's remonstrances, I often reverted to it in after years when we were far away. He loved it too as much as I did, though his thoughts were not so frequently expressed. One old lady it is true (a member of the Church) presuming on her being a "Mother in Israel," felt it her duty to come over to our home once every week to give me, "the young minister's wife," a little *talk* regarding my duties, what would be expected of me and so on. I would not have hurt her feelings for anything in the world, and so I sat patiently, submissively and listened with apparent interest to *all* she had to say, advise or suggest, but when the dear old lady bade me good-bye, entered her carriage and drove off, Mrs. Paynter, the young minister's wife, had something of a will of her own, and really thought she was quite capable of ruling jointly with her husband her new home, looking to him as her spiritual guide. This old lady was a true friend

and very kind, this was also intended in kindness, therefore received as such. There was another old lady very smart, but very sarcastic, of whom I was rather afraid. She was though kind, more to be dreaded, because she would be more apt to criticise any weakness or failure on my part. However, with all this, my home here in Vicksburg was indeed a most happy one. A dear Aunt, and her lovely family, made it all the more pleasant for me.

In January 1854 our first babe was born. A dear, precious, little boy. O! how we looked forward to this birth,—first pledge of our wedded love,—such hopes,—such fond anticipations. We could hardly wait his entrance into life. That dreadful scourge yellow-fever, had visited our city with its terrible ravages, its distress and horrible scenes. Both my husband and I had come under its power, and because of my condition much anxiety was felt for me and for the precious babe. An anxiety, so far as the child was concerned, that proved but too well-founded, for the babe scarcely breathed till his dear little spirit had gone back to God who gave it being. Our little babe was gone. They robed him for the tomb, then laid him in my arms and called his father. He bent over the dear little form, as it lay on my arm, looking so sweet and life-like, pressed a kiss upon my cheek and a tear fell upon the blessed baby. I said, “Papa, *our* little angel.” He made no reply, kissed me, and kissed the babe, then went to his study and there he wrestled all day long with God in prayer. This was to have been his little preacher, the next in line from father to son in a long line of ministers, from whom he was descended. It was a bitter stroke. How patiently he bore it. I would often sit and weep at recollections of my disappointed hopes. I would look

at the dear little garments, so carefully prepared for baby's use, now laid away in a chamber never to be worn by him, silent witnesses of those crushed hopes, and sometimes I fear I thought it hard. My spirit was not so thoroughly subdued. I had many lessons to learn, though I did not know it then, ere my proud heart would yield to my Master's will. By daily and intimate association with one whose whole heart was in perfect subjection to the Divine will, and through suffering and sorrow, I learned the lessons my Father sent from time to time as he deemed best into my life. To this day, as I go back in thought recounting the varied steps by which I was led, the beautiful example that was mine, the precious influences surrounding me, I thank God that our lives met, and we were made one.

It was the death of this babe that induced him to write "A Shadow on the Hearth," a little book published years ago by the "Carters," of New York.

I will give his own words regarding this event.

"Jan. 15, 1854. This morning my dear Alice was delivered of her first-born son. It came, but to go. At 5 p. m., its little body will rest with the dust of the earth, its infant soul unsullied by any stains of actual sin, and justified from original sin through the merits of the Redeemer, is already in the blissful presence of God and the Lamb. Its features much resembled its mother's, brain large, forehead high and expanded. The little face, placid in death, so beautiful. As I look upon it, and think of all the hopes that sleep with it, I feel 'tis hard to give him up.

Yet without one murmuring word, O, God! I give this child to Thee. I had dedicated him to God in the work of the ministry. I had hoped, if my life was spared, to hear him tell to the world the glories of the cross. But instead of preparing him to preach to others, God has sent him to preach to me. O, my Saviour! May I be more closely Thy follower. Fill my soul with Thy love. Enable me to understand and to preach the

truth of Thy redemption. Henceforth I would spend and be spent in thy service. I thank Thee, O Father, that my dear wife has been spared to me. May this bereavement be sanctified abundantly to her soul. May her Christlike influence abound more and more, and may she receive grace to live nearer to Thee.

Unitedly may our hearts be knit more closely in love, in faith, in Christ Jesus, and in earnest work. May we be a blessing to the Church while we live, and after death be received among the sinners saved by grace and to His name be great and everlasting praises.

Amen."

Before the birth of our little boy,—as I have already said,—our city was visited by that terrible scourge yellow fever. Among the first cases was his own. The appearance of so dreadful an epidemic struck dismay among our citizens, most of whom fled away in great terror. Among those to leave was my uncle's family, all but himself, who had been through the disease in former years. They urged me to accompany them, but of course I would not leave my husband. My condition excited many fears for my safety, but I was very calm and composed, and had not much dread of the disease, nor did I have it until the very last, when the atmosphere became so filled with its poison, that to escape contagion would have been almost miraculous.

My dear husband very soon fell under its power, and I not only took care of him but of two other patients that came under my notice. His case was severe from the beginning, and his recovery very slow. So much was the disease dreaded by every one, that I was alone, I and a good and faithful colored woman, whom we had in our service and if we could have kept Mr. Paynter at home, he would have recovered much sooner. But he was so excited over the sickness and suffering in his church and among the people, that he would go out

among them, seeking their relief and administering to the sick and dying. This kept me in a constant strain of anxiety. I look back sometimes to those days and I wonder how I ever got through with them. Not in my own strength surely. Our father, God, was with us. Our little babe was taken, but we were spared to each other, and to work for many years for the blessed Master.

I find a little scrap, taken from a Vicksburg paper, that expresses his feelings better than I can:

MR. EDITOR:— In the present afflicted and distracted condition of our community, I am deeply pained at my inability to visit the homes of sickness and mourning, to impart such consolation and help as lie in my power. A high sense of duty, no less than a heart-felt sympathy for the sufferings and sorrows of my fellow creatures would prompt me to do so.

The sweeping epidemic now in our midst did not pass me over. I was visiting the sick up to the time of my attack. My convalescence has been very slow.

Three times since I left my bed have I ventured out hoping to be able to be a co-laborer with those zealous servants of God who were willing to die martyrs in so noble a cause. In each instance was I compelled to desist from my purpose. Twice have I been threatened with relapse. I am still so prostrated by the disease that a short walk fatigues me.

I shall remain in the city, and so soon as my health will permit me will resume my pastoral labors.

Very Respectfully,

H. M. PAINTER. (PAYNTER.)

Pastor Presbyterian Church.

He did resume his labors but his health was so impaired by this attack that his physicians advised him as soon as the winter was over to seek a more northern climate. This was a sad verdict for us both, for we loved our home, our *first home*, and these dear people who had been so kind to us. They too felt it. I shall

never forget the emotion of one dear elder, (now in glory) as he told the people at the prayer meeting of his pastor's resignation. I wept too, for I did so love this home, these people, and we had been so happy, save one little cloud (the death of our precious babe) that passed over our bright, bright sky. But it was God's will, and we must acquiesce.

The young people of his charge were specially interested in him, and the young men looked up to him, a young man in whom they had perfect confidence, and for whom admiration and respect. As one evidence of this they at one time presented him with a very hand. some piece of silver, which was accompanied by a kind note expressive of their feelings.

I have found an old sermon that was written during the fall of the yellow-fever scourge, that I will insert here, as a specimen of his sermons at that stage of his ministry. It is solemn, earnest, impressive and full of admonition and warning. It gives forth no uncertain sound, making the way of salvation very plain, as he always did in both *preaching* and *teaching*; to all who believe, eternal life, and to all who reject it, hopeless despair. Through all the years of his ministry, though he gave up in a great measure this sermonising, as it is called, devoting himself more closely to Bible talks, in which the simple *word* was explained, he was faithful to his trust as an ordained minister, and both by his preaching and in his life, convinced all about him that he knew what he was about, and whereof he spoke.

"SERMON PREACHED IN VICKSBURG, MISS., JAN. 1st, 1854.

'*This year thou shalt die.*'—Jeremiah xxviii, 16.

'Why,' you are ready to ask, 'select such a gloomy subject for a New Year's sermon? Why not choose some more cheerful theme?'

It is not the gloomiest theme. It is not the gloomiest thing to die, not so gloomy as to die unprepared. Not so much of a disaster to be overcome of death as to be overcome of sin, and be forsaken by God's spirit and left to work out a sure damnation.

Another revolution of time has been completed. The complete record of each individual's life for 1854 has been sealed and deposited with the other annual folios of our lives, against that day when each shall render an account of the deeds done in the body. Many such folios have I filled and sure I am that if I had the privilege and opportunity, many things therein recorded would I obliterate. O! how sad the retrospect of many passages in my history! But the past is sealed, irrecoverably sealed. I can neither recall it, nor efface the memory nor the impression of it.

Another revolution has commenced. Alternate light and darkness, right and wrong, will fill up its pages. How it will be passed, whether in sorrow, or in joy, when it will be ended, in this world or in another, no mortal can tell. Most wisely has God concealed the future from our view. But while we know not the future, of this let each one be assured: there are influences at work within and around us which are rapidly settling our eternal destinies. Though we know not the duration of our transitory life we know it is probationary. O! thrilling thought! Each moment as it flies makes an impression on *eternity*.

What will I be this year? Where at its close.

Who can answer?

Could some prophet foretell our history during this year, it may be some of you would hear these words.

'This year will be to you a year of great prosperity. Wealth will spread its wings over your persons and families, and fill your coffers, and your influence will be widely extended.'

Others perhaps, would hear:

'Distresses and misfortunes will be your lot. Friends will neglect you. Disappointments and misfortunes will follow in such rapid succession, that the bell which

tolls the departing year will ring out the knell of your hopes and announce you a ruined man.'

Some might hear that by bereavement, they were left alone to struggle with life's sorrows.

Others:—O! Glorious thought! O! consummation most devoutly to be desired.

'This year thou shalt be born again, freed from the slavery of sin. Thy soul will sweetly yield to Jesus. Tho wilt sing of the loving kindness of the Lord, in revealing His love to you; and enabling you to commence that career which ends in an immortality of bliss.'

Others:—O! painful contemplation planning schemes of business and pleasure, saying, 'Soul, take thine ease,' might hear your everlasting doom. The spirit, whose strivings and warnings so long you have resisted, this year takes its returnless departure. No longer will you be pained or perplexed because of sin. No longer tremble in view of eternity. In impenitency will you live, in impenitency will you die.

If we were properly affected with the momentous issues involved in such a declaration, thronging around the prophet, each eagerly would ask: 'Is it I.'

But whether these will occur or not, it is altogether probable that some of us would be startled, as was the wicked prophet Hananiah with the declaration:

'Behold I will cast thee off the face of the earth: This year thou shalt die.'

Time with rapid and resistless energy moves the whole mass of the living, 'to the pale nations of the dead;' to the shoreless ocean and changeless destinies of eternity. It has brought you to the threshold of that existence. This year, thou shalt die though young, though health now mantles thy cheeks with bloom and imparts vigor to thy limb; though loved ones cluster around your table and share your joys.

Though your plans have prospered, and you closed the past year with augmented treasures, this year thou shalt die, in the midst of thy business. The grave which hides your body, shall bury your hopes of self-aggrandizement, your golden prospects of renown.

This year I may die,—transporting thought to the Christian! I am almost home. Soon will my eyes see the King in His beauty. Soon I will be with Christ, and Christ will be my teacher. Soon I will be in the vestibule of glory, and the evening twilights of grace will not fade from my view, until the morning twilight of glory ushers in the brightness of an eternal day.

It would be easy to mention many advantages to which death introduces the child of God, and I would far rather dwell on this delightful theme.

But there are many in this congregation over whom my heart yearns, who have endeared themselves to me by their winning ways and kindnesses, who have been both warm and true in their friendships, but they are still out of Christ, and were they to die this year, without being aroused to a sense of their situation, they would be undone forever, beyond all hope of recovery.

To you my fellow mortals, my fellow pilgrims to eternity, would I address some considerations calculated to arouse you to sober reflection. Wanderers from the path of salvation, bewildered by the fascinations and excitements of life, urged on by the power of evil habits, and the influence of evil examples, pause and think seriously:

‘If I die this year; what can I promise myself but a hopelessly undone eternity.’

Of the physical results of death we do not speak. It is no great matter whether you suffer little or much in dying, whether few or many friends surround your bed, whether your body sleeps beneath the cypress shade, or on the bleak hill-side, or in the boundless ocean. But it is an important matter whether your body will rise in the resurrection of the just.

This year you may die. Then death will put a finishing stroke to all your earthly purposes and anticipations. All your vast prospects, all your well-planned schemes, will occupy a portion of your coffin. All your gay dreams will disappear with the life which gave them animation. You must bid farewell, an everlasting farewell to all your amusements and pleasures.

The sun will still shine in its beauty, but its lustre

will be lost to you. Trees will bud, flowers will bloom, birds will sing, music will have its charms, but the former will not attract the eye, the latter will die away in everlasting silence. But the capacity for enjoyment will not die. It will grow larger and become keener in that adult state of your nature, and yet not having any substitute for your earthly pleasures, this capacity will be a capacity of misery. Ungratified craving will be positive pain.

Experience shows that you can seldom tell the valuation of a man's estate until his affairs are finally wound up. Many a man reputed wealthy is found, after death, to be really bankrupt. Hypocrisy obtains in business as well as religious life. When you die the real value of your property will be known. Men will examine the ledgers of your business; God will examine the ledgers of your life. Men may decide upon the value of your material estate; God, upon the value of your spiritual. Both may pronounce you bankrupt. The former may say, 'He had accumulated a large estate,' the latter 'He hath heaped up wrath against the day of wrath and revelation of the righteous judgment of God.' But how different the results of the examination to you. O! should the examinations of the ledgers of your life be against you, this, *this* will affect your mortal destiny.

'For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul.'

Dying will not repay old debts, it will not stop your creditors demands, nor extinguish their claims. These are good against his estate. God's law has claims upon you, it demands justly your entire and absolute obedience. And when God's only, well-beloved Son, in your room satisfied these demands, His gospel has a claim upon your faith, repentance and new obedience. Now if during life you refuse obedience to God's voice, to God's Son, dying will not release you from your obligations. These demands will be upon you forever. God's law reigns in hell. You will hear its thunders roar,—but not the gospel; there its gentle voice never sounds. Justice dispenses her awful rigors, but *mercy* no more

sheds her benignant beams. There the Spirit no more communicates its sanctifying powers, but sin diffuses perpetually its fatal poison.

O! the anguish of that soul which *forever* pays, but *never* absolves the penalty of sin.

Should you die as you are, the stroke of death will cut off all your anticipated repentance and hopes of heaven. Your portion being in this world, your pleasures will fail with your body: nothing will remain but shame and everlasting contempt. Says Davies in one of his sermons on this subject.

‘There is no more happiness for you. No more agreeable companions! No sympathizing friends! No relaxation, no encouraging prospects! No comforting reveries No friendly intercourse with heaven! No token of love! No gift of grace, from the Father of mercy! None of the conscious joy of self-approbation! No hope in the future, no relief from the past! No refuge! No escape! But that curse which follows you, when you rise up, wherever you go, will follow you through life through the dark valley, will abide upon you in the world of woe. There will be anguish without mitigation, intense pain unrelieved. No Father’s mercy! No Saviour’s love. All is dreadful and dreary. Above a lost heaven; behind a mis-spent life; within a self-accusing conscience; around malignant spirits; before an eternity of unmitigated misery.

If he who is thoughtless on spiritual things imperils his soul, he who rushes on with open eyes is mad.

All this will be the fruit of your own doings. You will then reap what you now sow.

But though it is a settled point, you must die, it is not settled, you must die unprepared. Your case is *not* desperate unless you make it so,—unless you refuse the offer of salvation. Ample preparations have been made for the recovery of the soul. The invitation is cordially extended to you.

‘Come for all things are now ready.’

The Father is ready to pardon you. The Saviour is ready to receive you.

‘Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.

‘The Spirit and the bride, say, come. * * * And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.’

Perhaps you have been saying to yourself; ‘I will not die this year: I will not think about death.’

How can you avoid it? You must be both thoughtful and penitent. You must think of it. The question for you to decide is not, ‘Shall I be thoughtful and serious?’ but whether you will contemplate subjects of terror here when hope irradiates the darkest gloom, and the gospel offers cheering news, or whether you will spend a gloomy eternity in intense and hopeless contemplation of remediless misery.

Not prepare for death! Then you desire to spend another year in impenitency and sin. You find so much delight in offending the Father and dishonoring His Son, that you desire to continue this course another year. Well, you should do nothing without seeking God’s blessing. Can you venture to pray for another year of sin? Can you fall upon your knees and offer these petitions to God?

‘Great Author of my being! Source of my mercies, and Judge of my life! I am not yet satisfied with spending my life in dishonoring Thee, despising Thy goodness in redeeming myself. Grant me the privilege of spending another year in sin, abusing Thy mercies, and neglecting the means of grace.’

These may not be your words, but they express your temper and inclinations,

But, O! My friends, this matter is not between you and me. *God* says: “If you despise my voice, if you trample under foot the Savior’s blood, then the, ‘thus saith the Lord, this year thou shalt die’ will be the echoing knell, of your departing hopes, the announcement of your future residence, in the realms of darkness and everlasting despair.”

This sermon is an earnest appeal to sinners, and preached by one whose soul was all on fire with the zeal which he bore for his Master. In this day, when we seldom hear from the pulpit such solemn warnings, when the idea of eternal punishment is exploded, and it

has become unpopular as well as unfashionable to mention the word *hell* in a sermon, some even going so far as to say, there is *no such place*, it will no doubt be condemned, classed with the old fogysm of other days, before men were so wise. God's mercy and His love are now held up to the exclusion of His wrath, which is no less certain and revealed in His Word, therefore just as imperative in His message through His ordained ministers to the world. Feeling this responsibility, and believing in His word, this servant of God true to his ordination vows, shunned not "to declare the *whole counsel* of God." In this regard what a noble army of divines can we bring forth as giving like testimony: Edwards, Mc Cheyne, Davies, Richard Baxter, Payson, Whitfield, and a host of others, too numerous to mention. These all have gone to glory, leaving a record behind them, hardly equalled, certainly not surpassed, in faithfulness and power by any of our modern preachers, many of whom fear to speak a like truth even if they believe it.

CHAPTER V.

We left Vicksburg early in May, as he had been appointed a delegate to the General Assembly, that met in Buffalo, N. Y., in 1854. This was an important session and noted for the celebrated debate between Breckenridge and McMasters in which others took part.

After the assembly adjourned, we went up to Hartford, Mr. Paynter having been sent there as a delegate to the Bible Convention. We were quite interested in looking over the old town, full of historic memories, and visited those points of interest, and then turned our faces homeward, to the old home in Virginia, where we had not been since our marriage.

We stopped for a few days in Elizabeth, New Jersey, to visit his aunts, Mrs. Dr. Woodward and Mrs. Van Pelt, who warmly welcomed us, but I was so anxious to get home that our visit was not prolonged at this time. He preached on Sabbath for Dr. Murray; also one Sabbath in Newark, New Jersey.

How sweet the old home looked! How dear the loved ones, father, mother, sisters and brothers, a goodly number, for this was one of those good old families in the south, who were not afraid of children. I well remember how my honored father regarded them as his treasures, more to be prized than silver and gold. And what a welcome we received; not alone from them, but from the same dear "old Mammy" and her children, with the other household servants.

In a day or two after reaching home, Mr. Paynter received a letter from Newburyport, Mass., inviting him to supply a pulpit there during their minister's absence. He agreed to go and wanted me to go with him, but I insisted on remaining at home as I had not been with these dear ones very long. However it was agreed that I should follow him, as he was desirous of having me visit some points in that country, White Mountains, old towns and so on.

I was glad I did go, for I was much pleased with this old town, and I found the people so much delighted with him and his preaching that they wanted to give him a call in case their pastor's health did not improve, but while I liked a visit there, I greatly preferred a settlement in some to me more congenial place, and so was glad he did not accept the call.

As soon as his time was up with this church, we returned to Virginia. It was an exceedingly hot summer and my health was not very good. After remaining with me some weeks he began to think he must be casting about for a church home. It was now the beginning of fall and he felt he must be at work. While there he had preached several times in the Presbyterian Church in Fredericksburg. With his sermons they were very much pleased as thus expressed:

“TWO DISCOURSES OF POWERFUL INTEREST.

The Rev. Mr. Paynter, at present on a visit to his father-in-law, Judge Moncure of Stafford county, gave us two very fine sermons on yesterday, in the Presbyterian Church. In the morning the theme was, the faith of David, and the story of his discomfiting the Philistine army by slaying Goliath. The strong point of the discourse was the triumph of faith as against sense, (that is, sight.) At night the coming of Nicodemus to Christ was the theme.

The speaker on each occasion held his audience with a magnetic power. The discourses were highly entertaining, instructive, and portions of that last night, (we understand,) metaphysical."

We talked the matter over and it was decided that I should remain at home with my parents, until he went out to visit churches and look around, he not having fully decided in what direction to look for a home. He seemed rather to think of California, and started with that in view, but upon reaching Louisville, met some of his old friends, brother ministers, and his preceptors in the Seminary, Dr. Hill and Dr. Humphrey. In talking with them, especially Dr. Hill, his attention was directed to the great west and Dr. Hill was very urgent that he should visit Boonville, a small town on the Missouri River, above Jefferson City.

He writes:

"MY OWN DEAR WIFE:-

I long to see you. Separation does but strengthen my love. If it please God to bless us with another home, I hope we will never again be separated for so long a period. I hope we both may be purified by the trials through which we are passing and be better prepared for the discharge of all duties devolving upon us, social, relative, domestic. May contentment, happiness, cheerfulness, the fear of God and love to man, be regulating principles in our household. If our separation and other trials subdue and sanctify us, then they will be blessings. May the spirit of all grace reigning in our hearts, teach us Christ's will, and enable us to perform it. My mind is becoming more calm and trustful, I am learning this lesson:

'It is good both to hope and patiently wait for the salvation of God.'

I have been led more closely than ever to examine my heart. I find that pride, self-will and self-worship have an existence in my heart, that is distressingly strong. It seems that they are determined to drive me

away from the Savior. But they must be crucified, and in the conflict they have driven me nearer Christ. I have not been able to live one moment without prayer. I am ready to preach the gospel anywhere that God may direct, and am patiently waiting His time to show me where to go.

Mr. and Mrs. Curtis, whose guest I am, could not be kinder to me were I a relative, and as I receive her kindness I cannot but think how nice and kind my wife would be in her kind attentions to the stranger in her home.

I am going I know not whither, but confidently believe God will guide me by His counsel, will direct me to that field of labor that He has intended for me. Pray earnestly for me, that I may be guided aright in this very important matter.

On my way here, (Louisville,) I spent a few hours in Cincinnati, with Brother West, who has lately been called to the pastorate of the Central Church. (Dr. Rice's.) He was at the seminary with me, but is older than I am. He is a true hearted, noble fellow, has been called to go through severe trials. My heart was very much strengthened and comforted by his conversation. He is comfortably fixed, in a large field of usefulness. The Lord abundantly bless his labors.

This morning I heard Dr. Wm. L. Breckenridge preach a most excellent sermon. Saw Tom Markham* and sisters a few moments after church. Seemed pleased to see me: enquired for you. Think my friend Tom has changed some.

Keep a journal and send me when I am somewhat more settled. Anxious as I am to hear from you, my

*Since this was written, Mr. Markham, who was for many years the beloved Pastor of the Lafayette Presbyterian Church, New Orleans, has gone to his eternal home. He passed away after a lingering illness, on the 12th day of March 1894, nearly one year after his old class-mate. There was only two years difference in their ages.

They were separated for many years in this world, working for the Master, but they have met where together they may sing the sweet song of redemption.

moments are so uncertain that you had better not send it to me just yet. Tomorrow I expect to have a further conversation with Dr. Hill about this matter.

Give my love to your mother and sisters, and to the servants. I miss you very much. 'Home' is a word that has sweeter music to my heart now than ever. May we soon again have a home on earth, and may we all have a far better *home* in heaven."

Mr. Markham was a class-mate of his, whose home was in Vicksburg. He was a very pleasant young man, whom I met when on a visit to that city before my marriage. When we were married he was invited to be one of our attendants, but having gone back to Princeton to renew his studies, felt constrained to send us his regrets, in a very cheery, pleasant letter from which I will take the liberty of making an extract:—

"Friend Will Caltell* brought a nice account of the wedding at Judge Moncure's and had much to tell of the pleasant gathering and happy faces and of some hearts which though happy, were subdued by thoughts of the empty chair and vacant place, and of the venture before her. Yet I know that they have given her to a strong arm and a heart good and true. Wouldn't I have loved to grasp your friendly hand under that hospitable roof on that most interesting occasion.

I hope God is blessing His Zion and rendering you more useful than before through the help-meet He has given you. And may God bless and make you a blessing to others, prays your friend and Christian brother.

T. R. M."

It will be seen that I diverged some little in order to record a pleasant reminiscence, brought to my mind by the mention of Mr. M's name in my husband's letter.

It was a sore trial to us to be thus separated and the

*The worthy President of the Board of Relief Fund for aged and disabled ministers in Philadelphia. He was in Fredericksburg at the time of our marriage, and as an old classmate of Mr. Painter, was invited out to the wedding.

more so because of my condition, which necessarily caused us both much anxiety. His letters were so affectionate and kind, as his faith was unwavering and was so often expressed to me for my encouragement. The winter was a very trying one, exceedingly cold. We were some three miles from Fredericksburg, our nearest Post-office and mail facilities not so good as they are now. Sometimes it would be a week or more before a letter would come, then two or three together, so that I was kept in a constant state of suspense and anxiety. But his dear letters comforted me much.

At one time he says:—

“You cannot tell me how you feel, but I believe that as that little heart pulsates beneath your own, a strange, sweet, nameless thrill prompts many a fervent prayer for strength for guidance and for grace.

Thus let it be until you forget your travail, in the joy that a child is born into the world. Like Hannah, be a woman of prayer. Like her, give your child to God before it is born, and then like her will you find Israel's God to be your God and Saviour.

I would again affectionately urge you to exercise a spirit of faith, and sweet submission to God's will and dealings with us. He knows what is best for us. He sends no trials or afflictions which are not necessary for our good.

I expect to start for Boonville, Mo. Monday morning.”

The next letter I got was from Boonville:—

“After many delays which were unanticipated, I arrived here this morning, Nov. 28, 1854, and was truly gratified to receive your long and interesting journal. I cannot today answer its contents, but I truly thank you. It requires the exercise of much patience to be so long separated from you. I will try and write to-morrow. I am in excellent health, and my spirits as cheerful as they could be under the circumstances. My trust is in God. My hope in His word. I await His

will. My impression of this place is not very favorable, but I have been warmly welcomed by the people. I have also received a telegram from a Church in St. Joseph, Mo., asking me to come up there at once and preach for them. I may go. Will write again."

He did go; preached for them; they gave him a call: so did the Church in Boonville; so that he had these two calls from these different Churches under consideration, and seemed not to know exactly what was his duty.

Being now much confined to the house and feeling lonely and sad, even though I was in a large family, I spent much of my time after my morning devotions in writing to my dear husband. And now I went back over my life, and it pained me greatly that I had been so useless, so little help to him in his work; he always so earnest, so full of devotion, so filled with the desire to serve his Master, and I inwardly resolved by God's help, should He spare us to meet again, I would be a true help-meet. I sincerely desired to be, but it took long years of discipline, sometimes very severe, to subdue my proud spirit, to bring me to that point where I could say:—

"Lord I am thine, entirely thine."

How good and patient the dear Lord was! how sweet and helpful too was my precious husband! He wrote me such nice, long letters to encourage and strengthen me and promised that so soon as he settled upon a home he would come for me. I longed for this time to come for it was very hard to be separated from him, and I prayed most fervently that it might be soon.

"Be patient troubled heart,
It is not always night;
Sometime may dawn for thee
A morning bright.

Sometime God's perfect plan
His purpose true
May yet be manifest
To me and you.

I will give a few more extracts from his letters at this time, as they are precious mementos to me, and by their sweet, submissive Christ-like disposition, give evidence of the piety and completely consecrated life of my dear husband, whose thoughts and feelings guided and governed by God's love and grace did so help and comfort me during our separation.

"I fear if I do not stop writing letters you will have no place to stow them away. However, letters are precious mementos of the past, when love indites them. Each one of mine is certainly a piece of mosaic work, a strangely variegated landscape of mental abstractions, and prosaic common places; a picture clear and true of the alternations of feelings; a message of love and interest to her

'Who dwells with me,
Whom I have loved with such a sweet communion,
That no place on earth, with her, can ever be
A solitude to me.'

Have you ever noticed that five of the sweetest words in the English language begin with *h*? heart, hope, home, happiness, heaven. We love each other with *heart* affection; we *hope* we shall yet have a *home*, where *happiness* will dwell until we are removed to *heaven*. This thought from one whose name I know sounds sweetly in your ears, your *Henry*.

Be cheerful. Trusting in God you will lack no good thing. Seek His guidance and strength. Meditate much upon divine truth. Improve all the time you may have to spare the coming winter in study and reading useful books. Do not worry about me. I am in God's hands. I feel for you. I love you. I long to see you. I think our separation will endear us to each other, and make our home doubly happy, when we get one. In the meantime we can daily meet at the throne of grace."

A great student, a great saint, always bright, cheerful,

happy, contented, a devoted husband, domestic in his tastes and feelings, home had a charm for him which it never lost, and he ever entered into all my little plans and schemes for its happiness and comfort.

I thank God, as I look back over our lives, that although to me it seemed far too short to dwell together here on earth, that He gave me as many years of such perfect wedded bliss. I could say much more in testimony, but I must not. These thoughts and feelings are almost too sacred to be put on paper for the stranger eye, but they do but reflect his lovely character, therefore will be excused.

I wish to give in this memoir, as much as possible, his own words. They are so full, so rich, so clear, so triumphant in their fulness of expression, that I would not substitute any thought of my own to interrupt their testimony, but sometimes, especially as I read over these dear, precious letters, all blotted with my tears, my heart is so full, so touched with these sweet memories that I must give some expression to my own feelings and thoughts. Bear with me, my reader, and censure not.

Here is another beautiful letter:

"I look forward to the time when we shall meet again. How delightful it will be to talk together of things that have happened, of our precious Saviour who is, I hope, nearer and more precious to us than ever. The experience which we have gathered from our trials and from communion with God, will enable us more than ever to encourage each other in holiness as heirs together of eternal life. Let us meet humbly resolved, relying on divine strength and love, that our house shall be more than ever a house of prayer and piety. May His grace sustain us, His counsel guide us, His presence cheer our hearts. Then may we hope to diffuse around us an influence for good, which will remain long after we are numbered with the dead.

I hope, my dear, the comforts of grace still sustain your soul, that you can still peruse the sacred page with delight, and find great comfort in prayer. I think of you daily, almost hourly. I pray God for you. It is only in this way that I can repress those anxieties which your situation suggests. I seek to cast all my anxious cares upon Him whose strength of arm can sustain and carry you through safely, and preserve you and your little one. I plead His promises on your behalf.

I have lately thought much of the little treasure we have in heaven. I have thought how he looked as we pressed the last kiss of affection upon his baby brow; the smile that rested upon his face, as he lay robed for the tomb, seemingly a beautiful emblem of the victory of the spirit, through grace, over sin and sorrow. God may give to us other children, but we know that one child, at least, is safe in heaven to meet us there.

I have wandered to his lonely little grave* in solemn and sweet reflection. I thought of his parents, and for them I prayed, that they might greatly be sanctified. I looked upon that spot, invested with so much interest, because beneath it

‘In sweet repose,
Is laid a mother’s first-born pride;
A flower that scarce had waked to life,
And light and beauty, ere it died;
God in His wisdom hath recalled
The precious boon His love had given,
And though the casket moulder’s here,
The gem is sparkling now in heaven.’

I thought how happy he was and how much he has learned during his one year’s residence in heaven with the angels, with the redeemed, with his Saviour. He would not come back to us if he could. Duty has called us to fields of labour, far away from his quiet resting-place, but can we ever *forget that little grave?* No, for it is the grave of our first-born son. I often think of that rest that remaineth for the people of God. Next Sabbath we have communion, how I wish you

*In the Vicksburg cemetery his dear little body was laid to rest.

were here to unite with us. May the dear Lord bless and preserve you from all harm."

It was almost settled that he would remain in Boonville. He wrote asking my advice and wishing to know how I felt about it, which place I preferred; but I left it all to him, his better judgment. A formal call was made out both for Boonville and St. Joseph.

He writes:

"The question of settlement is still in painful suspense, and while I am glad to know that like a good wife you are willing to go anywhere with me, that you will express an opinion I will be glad."

Boonville was decided upon: it seemed to be, he wrote to me, the leadings of Providence.

In a letter from St. Joseph:

"We feel very much disappointed at your decision in favor of Boonville. We hoped for and had not doubt but that your decision would be in our favor, and were looking for you to come up here. We still hope that you may decide on a settlement with us, in spite of what we have heard. May the great Head of the church so direct you in your determination of this question as will best promote His own glory and your usefulness as an ambassador of Christ, is the prayer of

Your brethren in Christ,

JOHN COLHOUN.

C. BROWN,

S. DYSART."

CHAPTER VI.

After his decision to remain in Boonville, at least for a time, he wrote me that he would be back in Virginia before my confinement, which we did not expect until February. O, how eagerly I watched for his coming, but to be disappointed day after day. God in His wisdom was trying us still further. Our little babe was born on Christmas day, 1854. A fall brought on premature birth, and destroyed life. I lay for many long dreary days, tossing with fever. My darling came not. News came which they carefully concealed from me, that he, too, was ill. Nor did they tell me until I was convalescent and a letter came in his own handwriting and then they explained. I was so weak, I could not have borne all this, had I not been sustained by the dear loving Saviour.

He writes:

“MY DARLING:

God graciously permits me to hold a pen once more to announce to you my convalescence. I fear you will not be able to read what I have written. I am still very weak, but you will prize it as evidence of my returning health. I am very much better this morning; had a good, long sleep last night. Enjoyed my breakfast; cannot think quite so clearly as at other times.”

He did not yet know of my condition and loss.

He writes again:

“My health is returning slowly. I enjoyed quite a long sleep last night, and had a relish for my breakfast.

How often I have thought of you since my attack. How I wished for you. I knew you would gladly come if possible, but I thought of your situation, remember it, too. You must not be over anxious about me, it will only injure you. I shall get along all right. The friends are very kind to me. As the time draws near you must use increased caution and prudence. Keep cheerful spirits. Your confinement does not take place until February. I will have ample time to get there before its occurrence. Take good care of yourself. You will need all your strength."

"MY DARLING:

Owing to the detention of the mails by snowdrifts, your letters did not reach here until this morning, the first eastern mail that has arrived for three weeks. As you may well believe, they are heartily welcome, and I thank God that your life has been spared and that you are improving. I find that you are rapidly entwining around me tendrils which rob life without you of much of its enjoyment. They spoke of the depth and warmth of your affection. They disclosed your difficulties and trials, sorrows and joys, unfolded another of the chastisements of our Father, in taking away another dear little one. I pray and hope, to make us more completely His children, to subdue us unto Himself, to prepare us more thoroughly to serve Him, and to lift up our thoughts and affections from earth, that He might attract them to that bright home where no tear drops from the eye, because no sin defiles the soul. The cup, which our Father hath given us, shall we not drink it? It is sweet, my Alice, to draw near to the hand that holds the rod, for when the heart is smitten and smarting under the rod, then is it tender.

My dear wife, I have watched with a deep and growing feeling the expressions of your spiritual experience. He is leading you gradually into higher and holier walks of Christian experience than any you have ever known, and the discipline of life through which we are passing, will prepare us to be more extensively useful than ever before. I thank God we are still spared to each other. O, may we work for Him the harder."

He seemed to hesitate much over this decision. For many reasons he did not wish to settle in the west, but greatly preferred a large church in the east. The west, and this was then the far west, did not possess so many attractions to an ambitious young man, but here was his work and God in His wisdom and knowledge made so plain to him what was his duty, that he at once acquiesced and throwing his whole soul into his work, became a great power for God in that church, so long as he remained among them, which was for seven or eight years.

He writes:

“MY DEAR WIFE:

As it has been now fully decided that I remain in Boonville, at least for a time, I have been looking out for a home for us, and have found a place that pleases me quite well, some two acres of ground a little way out, just a pleasant walk from the church. There is a small cottage that will serve us at first. After a time we can add to and improve it. It is a very pretty place, on a small hill, I call it ‘Sunnyside.’ Here we can have a garden and pretty flowers. There are a number of nice fruit trees, and a very large old forest tree at the back of the house. I hope you will like it, and I think we can be very happy here. There is great curiosity respecting you, and many questions are asked me as to your personal appearance, disposition and so on. I am sure they will like you, as they do your husband.

And now, so soon as you are able, I want you to come out. Be sure and bring your sister, Nannie, with you. Her bright, cheerful and happy disposition will be a help to you, and she will keep you company when I am away in discharge of my pastoral duties. Mr. L., a merchant of this place, who is going to Baltimore for goods, has kindly offered to take charge of you. His sister will also be with him, so you and ‘Nannie’ will have pleasant company. I know you will be disappointed not to have me come for you, but it will save expense, and that is now important for us.”

We, dear "Nannie" and I, arrived in Boonville in March, 1855, after a most tedious journey, about midnight. Found a carriage in waiting for us. O! what a joy it was to meet my dear husband once more. He could not express his feelings, but only pressed me to his heart and thanked God most fervently. We went to the house of one of his elders where he had made his home. Nor did we take up our abode for a few days in our new home, as there was still some arrangements to make, and our boxes had not yet arrived from Vicksburg, where they had been packed with our household goods awaiting another settlement. He was impatiently looking for his books which he had missed greatly in his wanderings. He had collected a large library of very valuable books during his ministry, though of only a few years. These books were his pride, and I remember with what pleasure he placed them on the shelves he had prepared for them in his study, and how very nice they looked.

"Now," said he to me, "for *study*." I was quite as busy with dear Nannie's help in my own domain, fitting out each department to my taste, pronouncing it all very good, and very sweet when I had finished. It was indeed a dear little home and very comfortable. The people were very kind and attentive. We had secured the services in our kitchen of a good old colored woman, "Aunt Dinah," who proved very faithful to us, and was with us nearly all of the time we were in Boonville. My husband was always very fond of the country, and here he had his garden, flower-yard, cows, pigs and chickens, in taking care of which he took much pleasure. This was his recreation after hours of deep study, to go into the garden, especially in among his flowers, to work and train them. He dearly loved his home with its pleasant surroundings.

I did not take so much pleasure in these things, for I was never very fond of the country, though raised in the country, on a farm. But it was a pleasure to me to see him thus pleased, and I enjoyed it for his sake and with him. It was our home, and so I was content. I entered into all his pursuits with energy and will. I skimmed the rich milk, saved the cream, churned and made up the rich pats of butter with as much seeming interest as though I was in my native element. I look back now and I recall with a saddened pleasure how he loved that home, his home, the only earthly home we ever owned. Arrangements were entered into several times during our after life, for the purchase of another home, but they were never carried out. One circumstance, rather let me say, one providence after another intervened to prevent.

The people were true hearted and loyal, his preaching was earnest and effective and the little Church grew and flourished. There were many young people in his congregation, and they all liked and admired him. Being youthful himself, he knew how to enter into their feelings. He often preached special sermons and lectures to the young men of his church, which were well attended and often he was invited to visit other churches and give these lectures. His labors were not at all confined to his own field. In almost every town, hamlet and country church in the state of Missouri, has his voice been heard, proclaiming the glad tidings of salvation to his fellow-man. O! how many, at that day when the deeds of all are made known to a listening world, shall rise up and call him blessed. How many have said to me in letters of sympathy and comfort, since he was called home.

"Your husband was the first one who ever led me to Christ."

"He was the first one who taught me the truth," and many like expressions, more precious by far to me in my lonely widow-hood, than all the earthly honor men could heap upon his name.

It is very pleasant also to recall the friendly relations that existed between him and his brother ministers in the Presbytery. They all esteemed him highly, some of them loved him very much. They would often have him come to help them at communion seasons, and they would hold delightful meetings together.

I would often go with him to these places. We would ride together in a buggy in preference to going by water on the boat. Some of those meetings I recall with great pleasure. One at Fulton, in company with that dear sainted brother, Dr. Samuel McPheeters, a holy man of God.

Another at Glasgow a small town just above Boonville on the river, a very pleasant place, settled mostly by Kentuckians and Virginians, with a young and worthy brother, Rev. James Quarles, then pastor of the Presbyterian Church in which the meeting was held, and now a professor in the Washington and Lee University, Va.

This was a glorious revival, such as is not seen at the present day, when every thing even in churches and matters of religious meetings is conducted so differently and would not be appreciated perhaps, and might be condemned. Should this dear brother mentioned read this paragraph, I have no doubt his heart will respond in loving testimony to the truth and memory of this meeting referred to, for I cannot believe he has so much changed in his views and feelings, that he will not fully

coincide with what I have written and may God still keep him in this good old way.

My sister Nannie, after gladdening our home with her presence, her cheerful, happy face and pleasant companionship for a few months, returned home. My brother then came to live with us, and Mr. Paynter's youngest sister Anna of whom he was very fond. She was a dear, lovely young girl whose attractive manners and kind attentions quite won my heart, and I learned to love and admire her quite as much as he did. She too was of the same lovely, gentle disposition as he. No one could know her with out loving her too.

On July 8th, 1856, our dear little Mary was born, our third child. She was very delicate from her birth, and my own health had been very poor up to that time. How happy we all were, even though we feared she would not be spared to us. How proud and happy her father was. He would sit by the bed, gazing fondly at her and taking her little hand in his, talk to her as though she could understand him. But this dear little babe, of whom we were getting so fond, was not destined to stay with us. She lived only eleven days, and then joined the two little angels we had already given back to God.

For some time after this my health was very poor, and O! what a dear, good, sweet sister I found in Anna, who, by her kind and unwearied attentions endeared herself to my heart. My precious husband too was unremitting in his attentions. I often thanked God for giving me such a good, kind husband, for during so much of my early married life I was an invalid, and if he had been a different kind of a man from what he was, I should not have been so tenderly nursed and cared for. I now know that I was far from being the

helpful wife that I should have been, but God was leading me along that I, through trial and suffering in my Christian life and experience, might be perfected.

Brother Tom was a great favorite with him, and they would have some pleasant times, chatting together in the evening, when we all gathered around the social board. He often speaks of these times when I meet him in Virginia. He is now a merchant in Washington City, and has an interesting family.

CHAPTER VII.

It would be very pleasant and also very fitting to record many things that occurred during this pastorate our correspondence when we were separated and so on—but I find I cannot record all that is of interest, or even make extracts from all of his letters for my history of his life, even though such a precious one, and so full of beauty and instruction, would be too long. I shall have to omit much, making selections of what will be of the greatest value to my readers. But O! If you could have known him as I did you would then believe with me that too much could not be written of so perfect a character, nor is it simply the partiality of a truly devoted wife that makes such a statement. Those who knew him best loved him best, admired him most. Had he no enemies? Yes, and those who were unfriendly to him sought to do him harm. His was a very confiding nature. So pure, so upright and unselfish in his character, he could never suppose for one moment that anyone else could be otherwise, and through this confiding disposition he was more than once during his life made the victim of bad and designing men. I would sometimes warn him against persons.

He would often say: "Alice, you are too suspicious," but quite as often he had to acknowledge that these "suspicions" were well founded. Had he friends? Yes, scores of them—warm, true, abiding, faithful to the

death, whom nothing could move, for they saw his true worth, his lovely character made far more lovely by that spirit of divine grace that shone out with such lustre and power as to cover up all defects, making them of nothing worth in comparison with qualities that rose superior.

In the spring of 1856 he was sent as a delegate to the General Assembly that met in New York. I felt very much this separation, the first since we had gone to housekeeping, but his sister Anna was with me, and this kept me from feeling his absence so much.

He writes from New York:

"How my heart yearns for home. In thought I am there nearly all the time, and I look forward with great pleasure to the moment when I shall hie me home. I feel now as never before in reference to separation. I thought I could have borne it more bravely. I thank you for your long, affectionate and interesting letter of the 8th inst., and for the beautiful expressions it contains. Thrice have I perused it. How I wish I could equal you in letter-writing. In this you greatly excel, in fact, you are *par inter magnos*.

I spent last Sabbath (yesterday) in Elizabethtown. Preached for Dr. Murray. He told me this morning that by diligent study I would make a *grand* preacher, expressed himself as delighted with my effort, pointed out some things in which I should try to improve, and closed by giving me every encouragement to persevere. Was that not nice? I do not feel flattered, but greatly encouraged, so don't exclaim 'Vanity.' I am only telling it to *you*, you know.

To-morrow Aunt Harriet will come over to do some shopping for you. Tell sister Anna I have formed the acquaintance of Mr. Gilchrist, and like him very much. I find he is more of a favorite among the friends than is Mr. Magie.

The Assembly presents nothing as yet that would interest you. I have ordered *The Times* to be sent to Mr. A. B. Coffey during the session of the Assembly.

I was deeply pained this morning to read in the telegraph reports the death of John G. Miller, of Boonville. The dear Saviour pour the balm of consolation into the wounded hearts.

I have made arrangements with the *Banner* to publish the advance sheets of my new work, so look out, for you may be the wife of an author* yet, and who can say: I may be a great man; not nearly so important as that I should be a good one.

Kindest love to sister Anna and brother Tom. You know how large a share you have for yourself. Good bye until I write you again. God bless you my darling."

In regard to this production in the *Banner* I do not recall what he means. I rather think it was a little book on the death of children. I find in looking over old letters and papers that he was a much more extensive writer than I had ever supposed, although I did know of numerous sermons and articles that appeared from time to time in various papers and periodicals.

As a gentleman said to me in a letter:

"Your good husband was so modest that he did not receive full credit for his extensive knowledge of God's word. His commentaries and expositions of scripture are very valuable. I am sorry to learn that that pen has ceased to move in the direction of elucidating the word of life, but he has left enough behind him to go on for many years, I am glad to learn that you are going to write a memoir of him. May the Lord guide you in setting forth the good qualities and in depicting favorably the strong points of his character."

Were I to gather these articles up I could easily fill a volume that would be both interesting and instructive. There is a sermon that was preached in Kansas City, some years ago in reply to Ingersoll's blasphemies, that was said to have been one of the best answers given him. Pen and voice were alike consecrated to God.

*Prophetic words that neither of us then understood, and fulfilled in far greater results than we ever anticipated.

In June of 1858 we were again blessed with a little daughter, a fine large child. We felt that this time our Father was going to spare to us this little treasure, and so He did, and O! how thankful we were, we truly gave God the praise.

Just before her birth our sister Anna left us, for she was shortly to be married to our friend Mr. A. B. Coffey, who was a member of the Boonville church. He was a young Tennessean, who through his mother was descended from Governor Bradford of Tennessee. This was to us a very acceptable match. Anna and Mr. Coffey were married in Elizabethtown and returned to Boonville to live. Tom also went home on a visit, and when he returned brought another one of my sisters to visit me.

Our dear little girl grew and improved every day. We were very proud of her, dedicated her in baptism to the Lord. Prof. Laws,* of Westminster College, Fulton, Mo., administered the rite of baptism, and we called her 'Anna', for her two lovely aunts.

I cannot expect to go through all this dear little girl's life, as attractive and lovely as it was to her doting parents, all her precious little sayings and cunning ways, that made our home so very happy. She was indeed our household pet, and yet we tried not to spoil her. She was greatly caressed and noticed by the church people. When she was nearly a year old I took her to Virginia on a visit to my parents. 'Sister Mag' was going home and I accompanied her. I was very anxious to show my dear baby to my friends at home.

Mr. and Mrs Coffey took charge of my home and promised my dear husband special attention. While I was away, the dear little girl cut her first tooth. There

*Now of Columbia College, S. C.

was great delight in the house and the news was carried from one to another to be rejoiced over. 'Mamma' took up her pen at once to let dear 'Papa' hear the great piece of news. He wrote back in a hurry:—

"Kiss the dear baby for "Papa." Papa longs to see her. Don't stay away much longer. Everything is moving on nicely under sister Anna's good management, but no one can house-keep just as you do. I want you to have a good time but will be glad to have you and the precious baby back. You had better bring one of your sisters home with you."

I did not remain away more than two months. I could not consent to stay any longer from him. I did bring a sister with me, a dear sweet girl, not fully grown, and she was such a blessed help to me in caring for my little girl of whom she was very fond. Anna was a great pet with her uncle and aunt "Tausy" as she called them. But I cannot dwell so long on this little life either, dear as it was. She will often come in as we journey along, to be spoken of and written about, for God has spared her life, even to noble womanhood.

Mr. and Mrs. Coffey left in 1860 for Memphis, Tennessee. Our next chapter will usher in the terrible conflicts and suffering from the Civil War.

CHAPTER VIII

I cannot better begin this chapter than by giving in his own words, from a pamphlet published in 1863, an account of his sufferings and the sufferings of others, some of whom were associated with him, in the scenes of this dreadful war.

“These sketches which were written under the excitement of personal suffering, are not given to the public as specimens of classic treatise writing, but simply to show some of ‘the horrors of Missouri.’ No state has suffered more, and the true condition of things there is generally unknown. The history of the war in the border states is yet to be written. That history to be complete must give more than an account of troops in the field, of battles and results. It must also show what has been done by both Federal and rebel soldiers upon unarmed citizens. It must faithfully mention, the arbitrary arrests and illegal imprisonments, the unjust assessments and unlawful confiscations, the indignities, murders, conflagrations, and robberies committed by those who were sworn in, as protectors of the innocent, as upholders of the constitution and laws. And when the vail which now obscures the public vision is lifted up and when a faithful portraiture of the ‘horrors of the war in Missouri’ is given to the world, people will be amazed at the recital and will ask ‘can these things be true.’ History can furnish few, if any, parallels.

The perusal of such a narrative, will remind the student of history of the conduct of the Spanish troops

in the Netherlands, and that of the French troops in Hamburg, during the Napoleonic wars.

The writer of this narrative was both a witness and a sufferer during nearly two years of this war, and as a contributor to such a history, pens this narrative."

He then goes on to give a number of incidents of individual sufferings, arrests and so on, not necessary to mention here. He further says:—

"To recount the individual cases of murder and wrong would fill volumes. They are counted not by tens, but by hundreds. Many a man who lay down quietly at night, 'ere morning awakened in eternity."

Then follows a most interesting as well as true account of the process of the Federal government, by which Missouri, was caused to enter the seceding states, but as it only of his personal wrongs and sufferings that I wish to speak in this life-history, I will omit as not being directly connected with my purpose in writing it. I want too,—as rapidly as I can,—to get to the later years of this dear life, which became more and more exalted, pure and holy, as it neared its three score years and ten, the allotment for full service from man for his Master.

He then goes on to say:—

"Some of these 'horrors' the writer has suffered, and a narration of some of his personal experience, may perhaps, not be uninteresting. Identified politically, with the Whig party, he voted for Sample Orr, the candidate for governor who opposed Claiborne F. Jackson, and cast his vote for Bell and Everett. Devoted to those liberties, for the sake of which his ancestry had cheerfully sacrificed both property and life, he could not but view with fearful apprehension the election of a sectional candidate to the presidency. Firmly believing that *the spirit of political abolitionism* was the spirit of disintegration and death; he felt it his duty to oppose the development of its power. So humble an individual as himself did not dream however,

that this opposition would be construed into hostility to the government, and a desire to seek its overthrow. But so it was.

Upon the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln the writer gave him and publicly taught his people to give him that respect which was due to the President; that Mr. Lincoln had been constitutionally elected, and duly inaugurated, and that Christian duty required them to give him all that support to which he was constitutionally entitled. He regularly on the Sabbath day in his public ministrations prayed for the 'President of the United States.' He opposed disunion, and delivered a lecture to his own people on the Christian obligation of one's giving due allegiance to the government whose authority he is under, and whose protection he enjoyed.

Such was the impression of that lecture that the church acquiesced in the position it supported. Yet some of them afterwards were made to suffer, one being torn from his bed and allowed five minutes to live, (and his life spared probably, because those five minutes were spent in prayer), another torn from his house at midnight and foully murdered, and many of them deprived of property.

The writer stayed at home, quietly attending to his duties. He neither believed in, nor advocated secession. He did not desire the overthrow of the union which his ancestors had helped to establish. In case of the total overthrow of the government, he believed that the position of Missouri should be with the South. But the very paper in which that idea is found, closed with a prayer for the Union. One flag, one country, one destiny. This was his feeling. But he could not believe that all the guilt of this war was rightly placed at the door of the South. He could not join in the cry of extermination; nor unite in the wish that the South should be laid waste. He could not approve of confiscation by military violence. He claimed the right of an American citizen to think for himself; and believed in the doctrine of 'The Confession of Faith in the Presbyterian church'—that God alone is Lord of the conscience. But because he could not support the

administration in *all* its acts, because he was not an unconditional union man so called; because he adhered to the platform for which he cast his vote in 1860, 'The Union, the Constitution, and the enforcement of the laws,'—he fell under suspicion. His loyalty was doubted. He was called a rebel and a traitor, and 'his troubles began.'"

The first time he was arrested was early in September 1861. Never shall I forget that morning. The war was upon us. We had had one skirmish just below Boonville, in which many of our best young men had fallen, some wounded, some killed out-right. The whole town was in commotion, a commotion that lasted all during the terrible conflict between the two sections. First one side held sway, then the other. Churches and other buildings were improvised hospitals. The wounded and dying were brought to these for our special care. I visited them daily and did all I could to alleviate their suffering. Being an intense southerner in my feelings, born and raised in dear old Virginia, my sympathies were at once enlisted in behalf of the South. For her I worked, for her I prayed, but I did nothing that could be called disloyal and traitorous so far as my *actions* were concerned. I confess that my heart was full and my prayers importunate for the final success of our cause.

The day alluded to we were at home, I in my pantry attending to my regular morning duties with my little girl now nearly five years old, by my side, my precious husband out in his garden with the gardener, having some grape-vines trained. A loud barking of the dogs announced some one near. Old Dinah, our colored help—a faithful old soul who stuck to us throughout all our troubles—came hurriedly to the door, saying in an excited manner:—

"The soldiers are all around the house."

I went to the door and looked out. Sure enough there they stood. When they saw me one of them came forward and asked for Mr. Paynter. I replied:—

“What do you want with him?”

He said:—

“I don’t know. I was sent here by the Provost Marshall.”

I pointed to where he was standing, and then stood watching the soldier as he spoke to my husband. I could not hear what either one said, but they came towards the porch where I was sitting. Mr. Paynter remarked:—

“Alice, I have to go to the Fair-ground,”—the Federal encampment,—“I suppose I will return soon.”

He then asked permission to make his toilet as he had been working in the garden, which request they granted. I was struck, even at that time, though myself under very great excitement, with his perfect composure. His proud and noble bearing was indeed most noteworthy. I sat on the porch and awaited his coming out. He went to work quietly, composedly and with the utmost precision, after a bath, arranging his dress. They waited patiently. I sat and talked *at* them for I was intensely excited, and greatly incensed, but little dreamed what this arrest was for or how it would terminate. When at last he appeared at the door, they formed a file, placing him in front. I took his arm to go with him. They remonstrated, but as he did not object, I would go. He merely said:—

“Be composed, my dear wife, and do not abuse these people, they are only doing what they have been commanded to do.”

As we walked through the public streets, doors flew open, windows were raised, and many friends appeared with saddened faces, yet they dared not speak. When

we reached the Fair-ground, we found several other prominent citizens who had been arrested also.

Again referring to his narrative of the war:—

“ When the prisoners were brought before the commander, he informed them that he had *no charge* against any of them, but simply arrested them as prominent citizens, for hostages as they expected an attack from the rebels and if the attack was made, they would every one be put upon the breastworks as a defense. The attack was made and they were ordered to mount the breastworks. When one of the prisoners requested that he might hold up a flag of truce, this was granted.”

The flag was a pocket-handkerchief of the person, who carried it on Mr. Paynter's cane. Both cane and handkerchief are kept as trophies. The handkerchief has several bullet-holes in it.

So soon as he heard why the arrest was made, and that he had to remain a prisoner, he asked me to go back home and requested a guard sent with me. When he bade me good bye, he was pale and looked sadly at me as I left him to go back to our little girl. As it was not considered safe for me to remain at home, I took Anna and went down to the home of one of our church members whose husband was also among the prisoners, and we were there during the fight. I shall never forget it. I was almost in sight of the battle ground, heard the firing and saw the soldiers go up to the breastworks. As one may imagine I was almost crazy. I scarcely knew what I was doing, and when after the battle some one came up, telling us that some of the hostages had been retained as prisoners, my husband among the number, I completely gave up, and for the whole night I lay between life and death. So soon as morning came, by the advice of the doctors, a petition was sent to the Federal Commander to allow Mr. Paynter to come and see his wife who might not survive

her illness. He came and O, how glad he was to see us. He sat by the bed with our precious child on his knee, holding my hand in his and soothing me so sweetly. O! how he ever soothed and comforted me, under all trials or troubles or vexations that from time to time came into our life. He was only allowed to visit me, but had to return to the prison again and from that time until his banishment was kept a prisoner, though released on bail awhile. Once he was taken from his church. For some reason the clergymen generally suffered. These imprisonments continued at intervals until his banishment in 1862, the latter part of the second year of the war. We had had nearly two years of a most bitter experience as well as terrible suffering.

Again referring to the narrative:—

“General Hallock had issued an order requesting all clergymen who wished to show their loyalty, and help restore peace to the state, to go forward in their respective places of residence and take the oath of allegiance. Acting upon this order the writer took the oath supposing that henceforth he could quietly discharge the duties of his office without fears of intrusion or molestation. But it was not so. On a lovely Sabbath morning, he was in his pulpit. Just before services began, some one informed him that he was to be arrested. To avoid a scene in the church, he went out and delivered himself up. When he was brought before the Provost Marshall, he said to him:—

“Sir, I arrest you to take the oath of allegiance.”

To which I replied:—

“To take the oath under arrest would be an implication of guilt. That, sir, I could not do. But I have taken the simple oath of allegiance long ago, and before I knew there was such a man as you in existence.”

One week elapsed when on the sabbath day he was again arrested and thrown into prison, but these imprisonments and hard treatment had so affected his gene-

ral health that by medical advice he was again paroled.

In the midst of all this turmoil and confusion our precious little Mary was born. She was indeed a proper child, healthy and strong, but I had feared greatly before her birth that when she would come to us she might indeed be far otherwise, so much anxiety had been mine, such fearful dread all the time, and I had passed through so many exciting scenes that it seemed it would indeed be most wonderful, even if her life was spared, that she could be all right. Did I for this moment forget our kind Father's care? He who had been with us all the time, who had sustained us in the hour of trial and suffering, could He not do so now? My precious husband's faith failed not. He was calm and composed all the time. Conscious of no wrong, he could simply trust and wait, come what would. And it was his sweet counsel that encouraged me. Thanks to our dear Heavenly Father that he was by me in the trying hour and together we praised and thanked God for the safe delivering and our little babe.

Her father said as soon as he looked upon her sweet baby face:—

“Alice, I think this is going to be a most wonderful child.”

For that matter he thought all of his children most wonderful. O! what a loving, tender, affectionate father he was, from the first moment that his children entered the world, in their infancy, their childhood, their early youth, up to maturer years, almost to the hour of his death, they were the special objects of his care and love. He was never forgetful. More like a woman in his feelings of anxiety, watching over them, guiding their little feet and training their young hearts in the true and living way. Each child was dedicated to the Lord and taught to love and revere His word. He always assisted me in the care of our little babies.

This dear babe although she came to us under such unfavorable circumstances, was most warmly welcomed by us. She grew and thrived, but my health from these great trials had given way, and I was very weak and feeble. On Sabbath morning, just after my dear husband had started to church with little Anna, I had my babe upon my lap the first time I had myself washed and dressed her, when I heard the dogs bark. I walked to the window with the child in my arms and again I saw that dreaded sight, the house surrounded by soldiers. I gave a scream and staggered towards the door, calling wildly for Dinah. She happened to be in the garden when the soldier who stood nearest the door took the babe from my arms in time to keep it from falling and I sank to the floor almost in a swoon. I was very weak, so had not the control I otherwise might have had over my feelings. This man, being one of the home-guards knew me. He said kindly:—"Madam, do not be so frightened. We are not going to hurt you." He then assisted me to rise. By that time "Old Dinah" came in. She took the baby from him and helped me into my room, but not before I had learned from them that my dear husband was again to appear before the Marshal.

I will here quote from his narrative:—

"The marshall was in a passion, stormed and raved, accusing me of treason and perjury. Said he:—

"I arrest you, sir, to give bond for \$7,000."

To this I replied:—"That bond, sir, I cannot give. I am not able to give it, and I am opposed to giving it from principle. To give bonds to keep the peace, implies that one is a disturber of the peace. But I have molested no man's person or property. I have lifted up no arms against the government. I have given no aid to the rebels. You may shoot or imprison me for I am in your power, but you cannot force my will. I cannot degrade my manhood by doing what you require. I cannot give the bond."

Enraged at the reply, he drew forth a paper which he read:—

THE UNITED STATES,	} Charge—Treason.
vs.	
REV. H. M. PAYNTER.	

After he had read the charge to me he asked:—"What do you think of that? What have you to say now?"

I replied:—"All that I ask is a fair trial. If I have done anything worthy of death or of bonds I refuse not to die."

I was hurried off to prison once more. Every day I was promised a trial, and every day met with disappointment, until I became convinced that they did not intend to try me at all, but just to vex and humiliate me. I read my Bible, committed myself and family to His care who never slumbers nor sleeps, lay down upon my hay and was soon fast asleep.

During this imprisonment, indignity after indignity was heaped upon him by the Provost Marshal, in obedience to higher commandants, until hope had almost died out, and we began to think that he was indeed to be a prisoner throughout the war. But the dear Lord, whose he was and whom he had always so faithfully served, did not desert him then in his days of such sore trial. The shock that I had received on the day of his last arrest, affected my nervous system so much, that I was quite sick. Anna, too, was taken with diphtheria. We sent to the commander of the Post to let him come home, that he might see his sick wife and child. Leave was granted. He had only been at home two days, when he was sent for to appear before the Provost Marshal, when this order was read to him:—

HEADQUARTERS MISSOURI STATE MILITIA.
BOONVILLE, COOPER COUNTY, MISSOURI, AUG., 25-1862
Special Order No. 7.

REV. HENRY M. PAYNTER:—

In obedience to special order No. 3, issued to me by

Frank J. White, Provost Marshal General, central division of Missouri, and by order of Brigadier General Totten commanding central district of the aforesaid State of Missouri, by the 1st day of September, 1862 you are ordered to take up your residence in the state of Massachusetts, there to remain during the present war between the rebels and the government of the United States. You are further ordered not to re-enter the state of Missouri during said war, upon the penalty of being shot to death.

T. T. CRITTENDEN,* COMMANDING POST.

Lt. Col. 7th Reg't, of Cavalry, Missouri State Militia."

Then follows a copy of special order No. 3, and a pass:—

"By order of Brigadier General Totten to pass Rev. H. M. Paynter and his family out of the state of Missouri into the state of Massachusetts."

When my dear husband returned from the interview with the Provost Marshal, and told me the result, strange to say I received it with a sense of relief not to say pleasure. I had lived in such constant suspense, anxiety and dread from day to day and almost from hour to hour, that I felt any change would be preferable to a continuance in such a state. As our time was limited to a few days we had much to do to prepare for our journey northward. I confess there was a little feeling, indeed considerable on my part, that we had to go up into New England, Yankee land had no charms for me. My prejudices were strong against that portion of our country, and my love for Yankees had not at all increased while these prejudices were but strengthened by the treatment my dear husband had received at the hands of the Federals. I did not then fully realize, could not, what it was to be driven from our sweet, lovely home, our church and our dear people. Suffer-

*Afterwards Governor of Missouri.

ing and privation with the ill-health brought on thereby, made it, not only the thing to be desired, to make such a change, but really to be rejoiced over, for no doubt it was under the providence of God, the means of my full restoration to health. The medical aid or necessities I so much needed could not have been given me in the south, and so in the providence of God we were being led along "by a way that we knew not of," and in a manner that to us seemed strange and painful. But our Father knew best, as the sequel in after years so blessedly proved.

When our little May was only a few weeks old, and just before this decree passed upon us, news came sad and distressing to us, of the death in Memphis, Tennessee, of our dear, precious sister Anna, (Mrs. Coffey). She died while they were bombarding the city. This was indeed distressing news to us both for we dearly loved our precious sister. Her husband, who was a colonel in the Confederate army, sat by her side, until her pure spirit took its flight heavenward, then he must leave. Just before the close of the war, nearly a year afterwards, he was killed in a skirmish at Statesville, North Carolina.

August 27, 1862, we left Boonville. From the narrative:—

"Thus ended my last imprisonment. During it the soldiers did all they could to alleviate my sufferings.

They treated me with all the kindness they dared to, and I will ever remember their many little acts and deeds of sympathy. But the officers seemed to delight in inflicting upon me all the annoyances and indignities they could. But I forgive them. My last message was to this import, and I have ever since felt glad that I sent it, as the one from whom I suffered most has since gone to the other world, where a righteous Judge will

impartially decide whether or no what I endured was justly inflicted upon me. With a sad heart my family and I bade adieu to the home where so long we had lived, where three of our children had been born, and one had died; and to the people among whom I had labored, never more perhaps to meet them until in heaven."

Nor did they again as pastor and people. And here was exemplified in its beautiful and unexampled character that Christian spirit which ever characterized his every word and action throughout his whole life, growing in sweetness and perfection with every trial that came into that life. He had loved that home, had toiled and planned and arranged it just to his taste, and he had fully enjoyed it, but to him it was no idol. And when he was called to go out from it, he as calmly obeyed God as though His greatest blessing had been bestowed upon him. I say called of God, for while these things were the work of cruel and wicked men, yet as dear children we were under His *special care*, and naught could harm us unless He permitted. My dear husband so regarded every circumstance of his life and it was this and this alone, that so sweetly sustained him in these trying scenes. I, in my more impetuous nature, was not so willing always to submit or to acquiesce even in God's will, nor did I have that truly forgiving spirit. There was more bitterness and resentment in my heart towards those my enemies whom I considered had so basely wronged us. He ever gave me a gentle reproof. I thank God that this intimate and blessed association with him, was all the while doing me good, but the process was slow. My heart was proud, my will perverse, yet God was a patient, loving Father, and my precious husband a faithful loving friend.

We spent one night in St. Louis with friends, then visited for a time, his father and brother in Kittanning, Pa. This was a happy meeting to them. His sister Sarah was also there on a visit. We could not remain long because he had to reach Massachusetts in a given time. He always enjoyed his dear old father's society, and his father was as well pleased to be with him. Dear old man, I do not wonder that anyone loved him. His was truly a lovely character. One of those Christians whose life had been so pure, so self-denying that his declining years could not well be anything but peace. I have said that this was such a pleasant meeting with them: it was also sad, for as the country was in such a commotion and he was to be a prisoner, as he then thought, during the continuance of the war, they did not know but what it might be their last precious interview on earth. It was during this brief visit that we had our dear little Mary baptized by her grand-father.

It was thought best, as we passed through Elizabeth city on our way to our prison home, that I and the two children remain awhile with his aunt Harriet, Mrs. Dr. Woodward. He had two aunts living in that city. New Jersey was the home of his maternal ancestry, and it was in the church-yard of the old Presbyterian Church there over which Rev. Dr. Murray presided for so many years, that his ancestor of revolutionary fame, Rev. James Caldwell, was buried, and to whose memory a monument was erected. He left us in Elizabethtown with his aunt and wended his solitary way to Boston, intending if possible to find us a home there. We were with this dear aunt and her dear, good husband for many weeks. They were lovely and kind to us and in such sympathy with the South as to make our home with them as pleasant and happy as it could be under the disturbing circumstances that brought us together.

Both of these dear good kind relatives have long since gone to their eternal home, and I may truly add to their blest reward, for they were not only kind to me and my precious little girls, but they were so good and charitable to all around them. Having a beautiful home and pleasant surroundings, they could not bear to enjoy them alone. Not being blest with children of their own, they nevertheless sought to make the children of other people happy, always having some one or two dear little girls to care for and raise. Mr. Paynter's sister Anna spent the greater part of her childhood with them, and was married from their home. At the time we were there they had taken a missionary's daughter, a sweet lovely girl who remained with them until she married a young missionary and returned to India. Aunt Harriet took us a daily ride in her carriage, and I never remembered her to leave the house without a basket of fruit from her own garden, a jar of jelly or some other nice thing for a sick or aged person. Her life was full of good works even down to old age. She lived to be quite an old woman. Her husband fully participated in all her work and deeds of charity and kindness. We loved them very much, and visited them several times during our stay in the north, and when they were called home to heaven, sincerely mourned their loss.

Our first home in New England was in Boston, in the home of a newly married couple, he a young Scotchman and his wife a New York lady. They were members of a Presbyterian Church in the city and were very kind to us.

It was here, after I had gone to the little room that was henceforth to be our home, sitting in a chair in the midst of trunks and packages, weary and sad, that I began to realize that we were pilgrims and strangers upon the earth, that we had indeed left *our home* and all

that was dear to us in a distant state. Instead of a large house, a narrow, contracted little room. My dear husband had gone out to attend to some matters, and I, instead of arranging our things and making this room that was henceforth to be our abiding-place, as attractive as it could be made, sat sullen and in tears, and that too in front of a large bay window that overlooked one of the most beautiful sights in all that country—Boston Harbor, which I saw not. To me it was a perfect blank, so full was my poor heart. The precious little children as they gamboled and played as happy and bright as though this had always been their home, could not even attract my attention or divert my thoughts from the past. I almost hate myself as I write and recall this unchristian weakness. It was weakness, indeed, but I am glad that I can add mostly physical weakness. For what a strain had been mine for so long, and yet I do not excuse my conduct. It was unwomanly and worse than all, it was wicked. The dear good Lord forgave me, but He gave me trial first. I do not know how long I would have sat there in that unhappy mood, looking only on the dark side and forgetting God's mercies for the moment, had not my dear little Mary fallen down from her sister's lap as she was trying to play nurse to her. This thoroughly roused me and in the efforts to soothe the little dear, I became the tender mother and the faithful, loving wife. The room was soon tidied up and by the time 'dear papa' came in, both wife and children were ready to give him a smiling welcome. We now began to realize in earnest that we were far from home and friends, and yet here in this stranger land were raised up many friends for us from time to time. Soon my dear husband was preaching in a Presbyterian Church as sup-

ply, and strange to say, that although it was very generally known that he had been banished by the federal government, we both made many friends. Indeed, I formed friendships that I never forgot, and yet I was always true to my colors. I used no deceit, but at the same time exercised that good common sense inherited from my noble father, which enabled me to receive the good and reject the bad, as also to be willing to give all merited credit wherever it was due, and to acknowledge whenever I had been mistaken as to the character and disposition of the people among whom I had been thrown. I say *I*, because with my dear husband there was no such prejudice, and no resentful feeling to conquer. Tried beyond measure, cruelly turned from a home that was his delight, cast out into a small prison-world without money and among strangers, yet never a word of bitterness or complaint. Quietly, sweetly and in the spirit of his blessed master, he went to work for Him, just as the way was opened, and he did good. How good is God? We had suffered much and we were in a strange land, but friends were raised up for us, and O! how many were the kind, sympathizing letters,* almost every one of which contained checks—some for a large, some for a smaller amount begging our acceptance with their Christian love. These evidences of God's goodness touched us deeply as our hearts went out in gratitude to Him.

After we had been in Boston for some months, a committee was sent down from Newburyport,—an old town in the northeast corner of the state, the same town referred to in an early portion of this history, where he had

*These letters of course were from our southern friends.

preached as supply and they wanted to call him as pastor,—to wait on him with another call to become their pastor, which call he accepted. Our stay here was made pleasant, and when after one year we were called to Lynn, the great shoe town it was with feelings of regret that we left the numerous kind friends in this pleasant old town for another home. It is true that often I would be most severely tried hearing unkind and bitter remarks about my people, and country, but I never made any retort unless forced to do so, and never once made an attack on any one, but whenever occasion required on my part the defense of my principles, I not only at once answered them, but stood up firmly and unflinchingly for my rights, and it never one single time got me into any trouble. On the contrary, I believe that this decided course of action was highly approved and gained the respect if not the love of even my enemies. One lady said;—

“I like Mrs. Paynter. She is a perfect lady, even if she is a southerner.”

I discovered one thing while we were living in New England, which was to me surprising, and it was this discovery among other things that induced me to say I was glad to have been so situated as to gain this experience.

I had always supposed from my knowledge of the Yankee character and forming my judgment principally from those I had met in the south and west that they were all pretty much alike, a meddlesome, snarling envious set, who were for war, bloodshed, devastation and extermination. No wonder with such my feeling and opinion I dreaded to go among them.* After being

*This was pretty much their opinion of us too. Nothing but misunderstanding all around.

there some little time I found I was mistaken, and that in this part of the country there were numerous phases of the Yankee character. What surprised me most of all was the number of southern sympathizers, Copperheads as they were called. These people were very bitter against the administration, boldly expressing their opinion, which greatly gratified me, as they did what I would not have dared to do. Consequently I often congratulated myself in silence for this piece of good fortune. I found also that even among the Abolitionists there were grades, some quiet, enquiring, and ready to be convinced, others rabid, violent and ever eager for a fight. I took pleasure in talking to and seeking to remove errors, as well as give information, to the former, while I as studiously avoided coming in contact with the latter. I might remark here, that it was difficult to bring to ourselves the fact that this terrible conflict, from the effects of which we had so severely suffered, was still raging in parts of our country.

Where we were there were no marks or signs of "this cruel war." It was known to be going on, it is true but as far off. Not that living reality it had been to us, trade was not stopped, Churches were still open to the preaching of the Gospel. A sight of soldiers in uniform was rare, some disbanded company or furloughed men would occasionally appear on our street. This transition would indeed have been most delightful, if we could have forgotten the loved ones, who were struggling and nobly bearing privation. For them we prayed as towards them our thoughts would turn.

We had a very pleasant home in Lynn Mass. The beaches were especially grateful, for my health was still poor, and the dear children loved so to play in the sand and watch the waves dashing against the

shore. I took care of dear baby Mary nearly all the time on the beach. Anna was sent off to school and then the dear baby and her mother would go down to the water's edge and sit for hours at a time.

When the church at Lynn gave him a call the following letter was received by them from our old church in Boonville:—

DEAR BRETHREN IN CHRIST:—

The undersigned, officers of the First Presbyterian church, Boonville, Missouri, having learned that our beloved, now exiled pastor Rev. H. M. Paynter, is temporarily supplying your pulpit, would state that brother Paynter has been pastor of this church for about seven years, during a great portion of which time our church has been greatly blessed, and we take great pleasure in commending him to you as a christian gentleman every way worthy of your confidence. As to his banishment, we can say nothing, for we are wholly ignorant of the charge upon which he was taken from us. But we can say to you that as a faithful Christian minister he stands high with his church, and that we deeply feel his loss. We trust that our Heavenly Father may put it into your hearts to extend to him that aid and assistance. that his condition at this time requires. He has the sympathies and prayers of his entire church.

Fraternally Yours,

WM. I. MYRES	}	RULING ELDERS.
MARCUS WILLIAMS		
G. S. MORSE		
WM. M. JOHNSTON	}	DEACONS.
JAMES HOOD		

I may say of this church, (Lynn) that so long as we dwelt among them they were kind, considerate, and helpful. They were so well pleased with Mr. Paynter that they extended an invitation to him to settle permanently among them, offering a good salary, a parsonage and other inducements. A most friendly feeling also exis-

ted with other churches, (all Congregational) the pastors of which called on and exchanged pulpits with him. But we did not wish to make a permanent home in New England, only waiting for the close of the war to return to Boonville, or go south. Our dear home in Boonville had been sold, coming under the power of lawless soldiers, it had been much abused and injured, and so our agent advised its sale. My dear husband's handsome and valuable library was packed up in boxes and stored by the dear good ladies of our church there, also two boxes of linen and other bed clothing, which latter were opened at Jefferson City, when it was being shipped to us and searched, their contents strewn around, so that they were lost to us, a loss which we never replaced in the same quantity or quality.

CHAPTER IX.

The authorities who had so strangely sent forth an edict for his banishment within the bounds of the state of Massachusetts, as strangely and unexpectedly revoked that order, so that we were at liberty to go where we pleased.

About this time, through the influence and at the suggestion of Mr. George Palmer, a prominent and wealthy citizen of Buffalo, N. Y., he was called to Calvary church, a very beautiful building on Delaware Ave. erected by Mr. Palmer. He accepted this call.

I cannot give a better introduction to this chapter than by inserting an article published by one of the papers in Lynn.

“REV. H. M. PAYNTER.

By request, we publish several articles in their proper connection, copied from another news-paper, which will be read with interest by the friends of this gentleman, in this place, who will be glad to know the favorable impression he has made on the citizens of Boston and vicinity during his two years' residence in Massachusetts.

He has preached with great acceptance in many pulpits both in and out of Boston, has formed the acquaintance of many distinguished citizens, been treated with much consideration, and been the recipient of many gifts. The church in Lynn, (Chestnut St. Church) in which he has labored during the past year, besides passing the resolutions which we append, has given to Mrs.

Paynter a handsome silver pitcher, and to Mr. Paynter a purse of money. He will leave for his new charge in Buffalo in a few days."

The Boston Courier says:—

"Mr. Paynter maintains a very excellent reputation, and is highly esteemed by a large number of worthy persons. Within a few weeks he has received a call from Calvary church in Buffalo, N. Y., after preaching there once or twice, and upon a full relation of the circumstances in which he is placed. He has accepted this call for a year, and it is in the highest degree creditable to all parties that the church and congregation though composed of men of diverse political opinions, have cordially united to welcome him to his new field of ministerial duty. His parting word is as follows:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BOSTON COURIER:—

DEAR SIR:—My sojourn in Boston and vicinity extending over two years,—is about to end.

Thrown here an entire stranger, under circumstances of peculiar distress and needing both sympathy and assistance, I have been the recipient of kindnesses as unexpected as they are disinterested.

There are times when an act of kindness to a stranger is sweeter than the song of angels, and keeps the desolate heart from sinking into despair.

We have high authority for saying, that such kindnesses are not forgotten by the Great Dispenser of rewards. 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.'

Through His rich mercies, may you receive rich mercies now; and in the world to come life everlasting.

Your names, with your kind words and acts are carried in my grateful recollection.

In returning hearty thanks, and in bidding farewell to all the good friends scattered throughout New England, and especially those resident in the goodly city of Boston, let me express that fondly cherished hope, that though we may meet no more on earth, we may through the mercy of God in Christ, renew our friendship in the ages to come."

From the Boston Traveler:—

“Rev. H. M. Paynter, one of the eloquent and able divines of Lynn, and a popular preacher of the gospel in other sections of Essex County, has received and accepted an invitation to labor in the Calvary church in Buffalo, N. Y.”

At a meeting of the Chestnut St. church and society, he'd in their vestry, a communication was received from their pastor, Rev. H. M. Paynter, announcing that he had received and accepted a call to a church in Buffalo, N. Y.

The following resolutions, after prayer, were offered:—

“*Resolved*:—That while we sorrow over the departure of our brother whose services during his brief stay with us have been so pleasant, as well as profitable, we would also express our most profound gratitude to the Great Head of the Church, that his ministry among us though so brief, has been owned and accepted by Him. and that so many persons through his instrumentality and the influence of the Holy Spirit cooperating, have been led to unite with the church, thus giving strength to this religious enterprise.

Resolved:—That we most cordially recommend him to the church and society in Buffalo, as a devoted and faithful minister, eminently sound in doctrine, and of a pure and spotless moral character.

Resolved:—That we present to him and to his family, our Christian sympathies, and best wishes for their future peace and prosperity, wherever God in His Providence shall call him to labor.”

Lynn, July 6th 1864.

The Buffalo Courier says:—

“Mr. Paynter will be a valuable accession to the clergy of this city. He is an earnest, impassioned speaker, and a man of strong mind and decided originality.

He was a member of the Presbyterian General Assembly which met in this city some ten years ago, and distinguished himself in the celebrated debate between Breckinridge and McMasters, in which he took part.

We learn that Mr. Paynter will soon enter upon his labors here."

Before going to Buffalo to reside, it was decided that I and the children should visit Elizabeth and Staten Island for a short time where his Aunt Harriett and Sister Sarah resided. My health was still very poor. I had not really recovered from our two years of bitter experience and suffering in Missouri. So soon as we reached Buffalo, I was put under the care of Prof. James White, one of the most skillful physicians of the city.

Under God I owe my life to this man, whose great kindness and tender care I can never forget. I shall cherish a life-long gratitude to him and now (for he is numbered with the dead) shall cherish his memory.

We expected to go to house keeping here, as there was a nice parsonage to the church, but my health would never permit. This was in many respects a most delightful home, society good, people kind and pleasant and in spite of my ill health. I enjoyed the year and would have been almost willing to have made this a permanent home, had it not been that my heart was with my dear people in their suffering. These were truly exciting times which followed Lee's surrender, the capture of Davis, and Lincoln's assassination. The whole country participated, and they made us all the more desirous of getting back to Virginia. I had not seen for many years my loved ones there, and only hearing from them at long intervals as we were fortunate enough to get letters through the lines.

Then too our friend and patron, Mr. George Palmer, had been called away by death after which the church would not have been so desirable as a home.

I will close this chapter with an extract from a sermon preached by Mr. Paynter on the death of Mr. Palmer a few Sabbaths after the funeral ceremonies in Calvary church. This sermon was published in full in a memorial of Mr. Palmer. This memorial I came across very unexpectedly last fall, during my visit to my daughter in Cleveland, Ohio. It was in the possession of a niece of Mr. Palmer's, whom I knew well in Buffalo. She showed it to me while I was making a call on her, as a pleasant reminder of the past. How it recalled those events now long since gone by, pastor and layman both gone, have met together to recount the mercies of the past, and sing the sweet song of redemption.

EXTRACT FROM A DISCOURSE OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF GEORGE PALMER, ESQ., PREACHED IN CALVARY CHURCH, BUFFALO, MAY 14, 1864, BY REV. H. M. PAYNTER, D. D.

The memory of the just is blessed.—Prov. x: 7.

“‘The memory of the just!’ What a delightful theme! As it is the duty, so it is the delight of survivors to remember their good name, and to add as did the Jews, ‘Let their memory be blessed.’ Good men leave behind them blessed memories. What an innumerable multitude, bearing on earth, and bearing away from earth to heaven their Father’s image, have left behind them a bright, ample appearance like that of the milky way in the starry heavens. As we cannot distinguish therein, individually, the stars, but know from the luminousness that the number must be incalculable, so the brightness of the appearance shows the profusion of the number of the just, and as some of these masses of light can, from their superior shining, be resolved into their distinct stars, so, of this vast sweep of glorious memory, some points can be clearly distinguished from the surrounding brightness. Not only those large

orbs which are seen from every point of observation in the church, but also the lesser stars which move in a narrower space, and are gazed at by fewer beholders, how instantly as one stands upon a spot where such a good man trembled, or wept, or prayed, or labored for God, or in a house which such a man gave to the living God, does the mind see such a star unalterably fixed and realizes 'that the memory of the just is blessed.' This could not be if death were extinction, or were such a disaster as that the just will never again be seen. Earth's men of renown live in the records of *time* and will live on until the close of the present dispensation, but the just live in the records of *eternity* and will live on in the ages to come, while from that new heavens and new earth which will emerge from the final conflagration and in which all things are new, every thing and person which is of the earth, earthy, will be excluded; in it the righteous shall shine forever and ever. It is therefore true, with an emphasis which the bible alone can announce, 'the memory of the just is blessed;' blessed in the family surviving, blessed in the church, blessed in the ages to come.

Therefore, though death physically is a disaster from which nature shrinks with a fear which reason justifies and religion does not disregard; yet, 'when we bury the just,' we cannot mourn without measure as do those who mourn without hope. Our sainted dead are alive forevermore. Upon the testimony of the living God who cannot lie, we know that their souls are freed from all pollution and misery and made capable of that further communion with Christ in glory, which they enter upon at death. They are received into the highest heavens where they behold the face of God in light and glory and enjoy ineffable bliss and where they await the full redemption of their bodies.

Upon that same incontestible testimony we further know that their bodies sleep in Jesus, they die in the Lord; and, 'blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.' Death, which dissolves all earthly ties, cannot injure their union with their Living Head. Their bodies are still united to Christ, and rest in their graves as in their

beds. Their bodies are temples of the Holy Ghost; and death cannot expel the spirit from this temple. True, they must be ground to powder, but this only to change and purify, not to destroy. At the last day, these bodies, by virtue of Christ's resurrection as their Head, will be raised by His spirit and united again to their souls. As they die in the Lord, so in the Lord they will rise, and their resurrection bodies will be spiritual, incorruptible, and made like unto the glorious body of the Son of God.

And why should it be thought incredible that God should raise the dead? Surely, He who created the body can restore the redeemed dust committed to His care. And He has promised so to do. For 'if the spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, He that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by His spirit that dwelleth in you.' And, 'if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.' Therefore, 'though after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.' For He 'shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body, according to the working whereby He is able to subdue all things unto Himself.' 'For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall arise first: then, we which are alive and remain, shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord, in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord.' And thus to every objection which may be suggested against these consolatory doctrines, we oppose the Savior's unanswerable words, 'Ye do err, not knowing the scriptures nor the power of God.'

Yes, the death of the just is not their extinction. In Christ Jesus they receive a life which death cannot invade, or destroy—that splendid possession called eternal life. Even though they die they shall live again; yea, shall live on, shall never cease to live. For

'He shall never die.' And that living existence of sinless enjoyment and power continues, flourishes, and enlarges forever. They shall sit down with Christ on His throne and shall judge the world. We devoutly bless God that there are 'the just' whom such triumphs and honors await; and that they remain fixed and cherished in memory as examples of what we admire and of what we ought to love and to be. They encourage us to hold on and hold out in the way the righteous have ever trodden. They show us how much struggling humanity may do for God. They take away from the repulsiveness and horror of death, for we see them having emerged from its gloom, shining back upon us and making the shadow of death less dark. And though, as generation after generation passes away individual lustres may be lost in the general brightness of 'the memory of the just,' yet the everlasting remembrance of each one is with God. And so long as eternity continues, so long will it be true that the memory of the just is blessed.

That our departed brother, George Palmer, had worth as well as wealth these surroundings show,—worth manifested in largeness of heart as well as in probity of life—worth as man, and worth as a child of God. He did good while he was living and now that he is gone his influence survives. To him we are indebted for the present existence of this church of living souls; for to him are we indebted for this house, without which in all probability, our church organization would have been dissolved. Our blessed Master looked with favor upon the Roman centurion of whom He heard *'he loveth our nation and hath built us a synagogue.'* And we, his followers may be pardoned for holding in grateful recollection the memory of that man who was so intimately connected with this enterprise that so long as Calvary church points its spire toward heaven, his memory will be imperishable. Our posterity will desire to know who and what manner of man did such great things for us, whereof we are glad. And it is a duty to which we cheerfully address ourselves to give a truthful though necessarily brief and imperfect portrait

of him who built this beautiful house as a dwelling-place for the Most High, where the poor of the people might ever find a sanctuary.

At the outset we wish it to be understood, that it is the delineation of the character, not of an angel, but of a man, subject to like passions with ourselves, that we attempt. It is not a creation of fancy, but the man as he actually was whose features we would daguerreotype. "Paint me just as I am" said the great Cromwell to Lely the artist; "If you leave out the scars and wrinkles, I will not pay you a shilling." He desired to appear as he was, scars, wrinkles and wart, along with the majesty of strength which reposed upon his whole face. And we are sure that our brother, were he living, would utterly oppose fulsome panegyric, all indiscriminate praise. He would be the last man to desire to go down to posterity other than what he was—a man of great abilities and stainless virtue; but not a model of perfection. He was conscious of failings and these failings were the subject of daily struggle, and of deep regret. Yet, as the spots on the sun obscure not the glory of his shining, so these imperfections, which were rarely allowed to influence his conduct, cast but a transient shade over the lustre of his name. We present him not as he is (as we trust) faultless before the throne, but as he was whilst he abode with us; and yet the delineation would be untruthful did it not contain some of the noblest characteristics of manhood, for a great man ceased from among men when George Palmer died."

In many respects this was a delineation of his own character, and though drawn by him of another, seems fitting to represent his own.

I have put in this extract, because it is not only in memory of a good man, but it brings out many of those precious truths, such as the resurrection of the just, the final victory of the saint, and His glorious appearing, those doctrines that were all so dear to him, that he lived up to, and preached to others. These words were more for the living than the dead, as his ever were.

About the last of July, after the war had closed, we went back to our dear old home. In another chapter I will tell of the joy and yet sorrow of that precious meeting with those dear loved ones from whom we had been separated so long.

CHAPTER X.

Again we visited Virginia after an absence of almost eight years, and during that time, O! how many changes had taken place. Death had been busy, and the war of brother with brother had just come to an end. No sooner had we reached Washington city, than we saw and felt many of these sad changes, and as we drew nearer home, there were still many more.

On arriving at Acquia creek, we found that as the railroad track had been torn up, we must go across the country in an ambulance. Here I cannot begin to describe my feelings of deep emotion and sadness, yet mingled with the fond anticipation of soon meeting with the loved ones at the old home.

O! how changed was everything, so changed that I did not recognize the dear old homestead as we drew near, for a moment contending with the driver of the ambulance, declaring that, that house deprived of its fences, its beautiful shade trees and other pleasant surroundings, *could not be* "Glencairne." But with all this change and other evidences of devastation and ruin, the loved father and mother, sisters (save one)* and brothers were all there to welcome us home, though five of these noble brothers had risked their lives, their fortune, their all, in defence of their country.

*One dear sister had gone home, sweet, lovely Fanny seventh daughter and twelfth child.

There too was the same good and faithful "old mammy" who came with her stretched out arms to take "Miss Alice," as she still called me, in her fond embrace. Said she:—

"Miss Mary (my mother) may come first, but I must come next."* and truly I was almost as happy to see her as I was the other inmates of this dear old home, for it would not have seemed like the old home with "Mammy" gone. She took our little Mary in her arms and bore her off, saying:—

"This is my child."

She was a great pet with her all the while we were there.

This was indeed a joyful meeting, and many were the scenes, incidents and even anecdotes recounted as we sat together around the family board, and most earnestly did we thank God that He so kindly and graciously spared our lives for this meeting after so many years of separation and of such painful excitement and suffering. I was indeed astonished to find them all so bright and happy, so full of life and energy when they had lost everything. No bitterness or abuse indulged in toward their conquerors, but a perfect willingness to accept the situation, and do the best they could, as God would direct and give strength.

But pleasant as all this was for us to be together and talk of the eventful past, of God's wonderful goodness to us, we felt that this was the time also to think of action, for the future. My dear father had lost everything of his earthly possessions almost. Had even lost office,

*This faithful old woman never left her "White folks," as she called them, but lived and died some years after the war closed, in this same old home. She and her two grand-children had remained with the family.

(Judge of the court of Appeals) all of his splendid law-library, and yet nothing daunted, he kept up his courage and his trust in God. He subsequently had his office restored and kept it till he resigned many years after because of ill health.

Under these circumstances, and feeling that his time was too precious to be longer away from his work, Mr. Paynter left me with our two little girls at my parents, and went down to Richmond, where he preached from time to time. He invested some money he had in business there, placing the business in the hands of one of my brothers. This was done mainly to help take care of his family.

Whilst in Fredericksburg he preached again for the Presbyterian church.

From the Fredericksburg News:—

“Rev. Mr. Paynter, at present on a visit to his father-in-law, Judge Moncure, of Stafford Co., Va., again filled the pulpit of the Presbyterian church, on yesterday. The text of the morning was I Chron. xxii, 5. The subject, the building of Solomon’s temple, in its descriptive magnificence and spiritual applications. With wondrous clearness, force and significance, the Reverend speaker drew the parallel between the visible and typical glories of the temple, the outward symbol founded on Mount Moriah, of an inward faith founded on the Rock Christ Jesus; and with striking power of illustration and deduction, portrayed the resemblance in stability, beauty and expression, of the believer’s life as built up in the spiritual temple which is the Lord Jesus Christ.

The discourse was one of great interest and information, and earnest faith and fervor.”

While in Richmond, he was often called off to preach in different places:—

“THE REVIVAL AT SALEM. The work of grace at Salem church, to which reference was made in the last

number of this paper, was one of the most interesting and remarkable seasons of refreshing which have been recently reported.

The meetings which were thus blessed were commenced under much discouragement.

The church is in Hanover Co., sixteen miles north-east of this city, in a neighborhood that was fearfully ravaged by the mighty armies that so long thundered at the gates of Richmond. The people had been so despoiled, that few had any means of conveyance to the church. Its pastor was away from home and sick. Repeated efforts to secure ministerial assistance had failed. On the day before the meeting commenced, it was not known what minister, if any, would be there. Some regarded the notice for special service with indifference, in the belief that the church was practically extinct. Heavy rains and swollen creeks hindered others who would gladly have been present. The congregations except on Sabbath (the 7th inst.) were therefore never large.

But God was there by His Spirit to reward that little band of praying Christians, and to give effect to the earnest presentation of gospel truth as unfolded by Rev. Henry M. Paynter, who with the assistance of the pastor, conducted the services. The meeting was a joyful one. Members of the church were revived. Sinners were converted. Between twenty and thirty made profession of their faith. Backsliders were reclaimed. An old feud which years ago had rent the church, was healed. Well might the congregation in which peace had found so happy a dwelling place, be called "Salem." Nearly every one of its members were now at *peace* with God.

In this connection it is interesting to note the mysterious workings of Providence. Two or three years ago, an earnest and faithful preacher was arrested in Missouri and confined a long time in a military prison, because, with the apostle Paul he had determined to know nothing but "Christ and Him crucified." As a minister of God he was loyal to the head of the church, and would not fall down and worship the great image

which a modern Nebuchadnezzar had built. Persecution drove him here, and he was honored in God's hand in this great work of grace. In years past his labors have been rewarded in the hopeful conversions of thousands of souls. Now that he is providentially among us and without a field of labor, we trust that his voice will be heard in many more of our congregations, and his efforts be blessed in the rebuilding of our feeble churches and repairing our waste-places."

Many other churches were visited and similar testimonies given of the work done by him in them. This was blessed work, for although he was most eminently fitted for the pastorate of a church, yet he seemed just where he wished to be when he could build up these feeble churches, and in desolate and to some extent unknown places where such work was needed was he ever most in his element. And O! what blessed results in this work do I recall while I write.

He was invited by a church in Petersburg to supply the pulpit for awhile. This he did and they were so much pleased with his preaching, that many of them wanted to give him a call, although they had been in correspondence with another man. I afterwards saw one of the members of this church in Richmond. and in telling me how greatly he enjoyed my husband's preaching, he remarked:—

"Many of the church were greatly disappointed that he was not called to settle with us."

"TABB-STREET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

The pulpit of this church was occupied on yesterday by the Rev. Mr. Paynter, now of Richmond, lately from Missouri, which state he left when political heresies had taken hold of religious freedom.

The eloquent minister, whose piety inspires his learning, and gives tongue to the spirit of the scriptures, took for his text Rev. v, 6.

Most eloquently did he invite his charmed congregation, to look to the "Lamb" that was "slain" "in the midst of the throne."

We understand that Mr. Paynter has no pastoral charge. We will venture to say that such a man in this country for whose political and civil liberties he has suffered, ought not to be without a pulpit and congregation he might call his own, and from which he is so well calculated to win them to that "better country" than even this would be, with all the rich furniture of the rights of man, with which our forefathers embellished it and made it freedom's abode on earth.

His text last night, in the same church, was "Our Father which art in Heaven." Not *my* father, not the father of our church, nor the father of our country, but *our* father. Not the father of my friends, excluding whom I do not like, nor the father of those whom *we* most love, but *Our* Father, who is God in Christ, filling immensity with His merciful presence.

We understand that Mr. Paynter will fill our pulpit until the pastor who has been called shall come."

Just before Christmas I received the following letter:

"I have just returned from Macon, Ga., where I have been to preach.

I have just received your last letter, telling me that you were not so well. Be very careful and cheerful. I will write so soon as I can make arrangements for you to come down to Richmond. I will get two or three rooms and we can live very comfortably here.

I will send in a day or so some fine black tea and other groceries; also a package of books for you and the children. Those for my dear daughter Anna, are interesting and will form quite an addition to her little library. Write her name in them and let her read them to you. I hope you and the children will have happy times together in the quiet of your room.

Tell Anna to be a good girl, study well and obey cheerfully and promptly.

As for the little prattler, 'Mary,' Papa would be only too glad to have her on his knee every evening. I

often fancy I can see you all as you sit around the nice wood fire, and wish I could slip in upon you. Let Mary have her picture books if you like. I think they will please her. Tell her Papa says, she must be a good girl.

Love for all the family and for your dear self."

Early in January we removed to Richmond, where we were most pleasantly situated after a time, at first going into only one room which with the children was rather confined quarters, especially as we had to make four rooms of one — bed-room, parlor, dining-room and pantry. We had our meals prepared and brought to us. We had learned during the war all manner of ways of living, and to make the best of things. But we eventually got two very pleasant rooms with a perfect lady, a true southern type of such an one, and so for the remainder of our time there we got along very nicely.

Mr. Paynter continued to preach as he was called on, and when. He supplied Dr. Jeter's (Baptist) church during his absence. (Dr. Jeter was a very prominent Baptist minister and had married into my family.)

About the last of June, just after Anna's school closed, we returned to Stafford, that is the children and I, for a visit to my parents.

In July, our fifth daughter was born. There was some disappointment that we did not have a son this time, especially with her father, but he took her to his heart to love all the same.

We called her Susannah Preston Lees, after a dear friend in New York, who had been very kind to us during the war. We had her baptized by Rev. Mr. Gilmer, Presbyterian minister in Fredericksburg.

Some months after her birth we removed to that city to spend the winter, so that we could put Anna in school. Mr. Paynter secured us a pleasant boarding

place and made every arrangement for our comfort. When we arrived in Fredericksburg, Mrs. B., the lady with whom we were to board, met me at the door with this remark;—

“Well, your husband has neglected nothing that would add to your comfort. He certainly is a thoughtful man.”

This was ever his character, and it seemed to grow on him, the tender, unselfish regard for those he loved. I often felt that it was owing to this great love and tenderness and kind consideration, that I, who was for so many of the years of our early married life an invalid, survived the weakness and suffering of those years. O! how he helped me, how he soothed my aching brow, the troubled heart, the anxious mind, by his endearing words, his strong arm, his gentle touch. O! Father in heaven, and can it be that I no more shall hear that voice, shall feel that strong and loving arm about me? But I do anticipate. The dreadful hour had not yet come.

After we were fixed in our new home for the winter he left us, to go to Kentucky to labor in the Transylvania Presbytery, as an evangelist, expecting in the early spring to come for us.

My three little girls were a great comfort to me. Anna was at school most of the time. I saw much of the dear ones at the old home, and heard constantly from him. The children, Anna and Mary, were in the Sabbath school and I took great pleasure in teaching them bible verses, catechism and hymns, writing to their dear father of their progress.

A little letter from Anna to “Papa”:—

“DEAR PAPA:—

I will try to have this letter ready to go with mama’s.

I was very sorry to hear that you had hurt your ankle,* but O! I hope you will get over it soon if it be God's will.

Grand-mother was with us nearly all day Saturday. She brought Mary a balloon and me some candy, an orange and some cake. Mother had a pleasant time with her. "Sue" is well and growing every day some. Mary was well when we heard from her. She is out at "Glencairne." You have been away so long that I have almost forgotten how you looked. I do wish you would come back or have us there with you.

Mrs. Beal and Miss Minnie are very sweet and kind to me in school and I am trying to learn fast because I know it will please you. I must stop now, so with many kisses your little daughter sends her love.

ANNA B. PAYNTER."

A letter from "Papa" to his little daughter:
Anna:—

"MY DEAR LITTLE DAUGHTER:—

A few days since I wrote your mother a letter informing her of my safe arrival, and will write to her again early next week, and as it has been some time since I wrote to you I will talk with you a little while this morning.

I must first record with devout gratitude to almighty God that my ankle is daily improving, and that now I am comparatively free from pain, although I cannot yet stand upon my feet. Besides this mercy, I am staying with very kind friends at Roseland, Mr. R. Young's, about a mile from this village. Mr. and Mrs. Young are very agreeable indeed. The eldest daughter 'Bettie,' studies to make my stay as pleasant as possible, while 'Susie' in her quiet way adds to the charm of the circle. Neither of the girls is handsome, but each quite intelligent. A small but well selected library of books shows quite a cultivated taste. Necessarily con-

*Sprained in getting out of a buggy whilst riding to an appointment to preach at Nicholasville, Ky.

finer as I am to my chair most of the time, I am glad to be in a family of some literary culture, under the control of religious influence. We talk much of things heavenly and divine. Interesting questions are suggested and discussed. I try to bring before them thoughts about Jesus, and sometimes the conversations are interesting in the extreme. Then we have readings from the poets and have animated discussions upon literary themes. I say daily to myself, I wish Anna and her mother were here, for there is no pleasure I have in which I do not wish you both to share. Next to the joys of salvation, I always place those of literature and cultivated society. This is why I feel so earnestly desirous to have you thoroughly cultivated. What a world of refined and pure enjoyment lies before you, if you will only study hard and have a well disciplined mind and habituate yourself to close and careful and correct observation and reflection.

I want to see your face beaming with the beauty of intellectual and moral worth. Live much with books, and above all live much with God. Let your young heart be given to Jesus, Let your young mind be deeply imbued with the ideas of the Bible, the grandest and best that can fill the soul. Let your life be sunny with the smiles of His peace. We become beautiful, by living with beautiful things. If you grow up in daily communion with Jesus, if you make large acquisitions of knowledge, in order that you may thereby the better glorify God, you let your young soul open lovingly to everything true, noble and lovely, then you will grow up good and beautiful, and be a great blessing to the world while you live.

I have filled a sheet and fear I will tire you, although I have very much I feel like saying to you my darling child. There are however a few things more I may suggest:—

1st. As you read this letter look in the dictionary for every word you do not know. Mother will help you to find them.

2nd. Write me a good long letter. See that every word is spelled correctly. Write in simple, easy, natur-

al style. Express your ideas with the utmost clearness and in the fewest words. Tell me about your mother and sisters and home, and school-mates and teachers, about your studies. Write it carefully, then read it over carefully to see if you can improve it any. By close study, and careful reading, furnish yourself with a rich variety of ideas.

Recollect every day the things you have heard or seen or read. Diligently and frequently review your studies, and all the books you read, and never read a book that will not inform the mind or heart. Often write down your idea of what you see and learn. This will help you to a clear understanding, and also help you to a clear expression of your thoughts.

Converse much with your mother and others wiser and older than yourself. Endeavor to learn something from every one, so that you may keep adding to your stock of ideas. Every healthy addition helps you to retain what you already have

Study these rules my dear child, until you are thoroughly familiar with them. Act upon them and you will feel your mind expanding every day."

Anna was very young, scarcely ten years of age, and it might seem too young to write to in this manner, but not so. He was accustomed to speak and write to her as an intelligent and responsible being. He had made a companion of her from a very little girl, and was accustomed to regard each child in the same way, so "baby-talk" was not allowed. They must be spoken to in distinct language and were required to express themselves in the same way. He paid great attention to the moral intellectual and spiritual training of his children, their deportment, table manners, companions, language were all considered and well regulated, added to which was his own beautiful example and daily influence. These things made for us a happy and pleasant home, even though we were often denied many of the comforts

and privileges of a more luxurious home, which money might have secured.

This correspondence was kept up throughout the winter, during our separation, and I have many other letters that would be interesting to note, but space forbids. Both the dear little girl and her Mother profited by and enjoyed the experiences and wisdom of this truly gifted, thoughtful and loving father and husband.

I have also a great many letters from places in Kentucky where he held meetings and so much good was done. I have one the reading of which so affected me, and gratified me too, from its tone of sincerity, that I will insert it here, even if I do anticipate some the time it was written, after he had been in Kentucky, and was about to remove to another place.

“*Russelville, Kentucky.*”

DEAR BROTHER PAYNTER:—

I heard from Brother McCurdy that you were going far away and would not preach for us again before your departure.

While I acknowledge the advantage of such a move to you, and those most closely united to you by natural ties, yet I cannot suppress the sorrow I feel in knowing the loss that *we* will sustain in being deprived of your worthy example, valuable instruction and pleasant social intercourse.

Although we greatly regret the change, we feel gratified to think that *you* will be bettered, and we rejoice to know that you have pointed out to us a path, and given unto us such principles that we can walk therein, though not so boldly, as if you were in front to guide and cheer us on the way.

Yes, ‘our little band’ will miss you, Mrs. Long will miss you, but *most of all* my husband will miss you.

Oh, sir, how can I ever thank you enough, for the patient and gentle manner in which you led him to Jesus?

Whatever privation or inconvenience you may have suffered in visiting our town, think it not in vain, for if the only good (and it is not) that you have accomplished be in this household, it would repay you to know, how you are enshrined in our hearts, remembered in our prayers, and mentioned in our home conversation. If you should ever return to old Kentucky, think of Russelville and the 'little band', and 'try and tarry with us,' if but a night, to tell us that 'Old, old story' again. Come to our house and you will be received with joy and gratitude, and any word of advice or suggestion from you in the future will be duly appreciated.

I regret that I had not the opportunity of becoming acquainted with your family. Remember me most affectionately to them.

My mother, husband, and 'the boys' join in much love, and when you approach His throne in prayer, will you remember each of the above, including my humble self. May the highest expectations of a fond father be fully realized in your promising children, and with the best wishes for your temporal and spiritual prosperity, and *very good* success in your ministerial labors, I remain,

Yours truly and respectfully,

FLORENCE B. KING."

CHAPTER XI.

Our year in Danville, Ky., was perhaps one of, if not the most pleasant of all our wanderings. We made selection of this place on account of the excellent school, "Caldwell Institute," for young ladies, under the care of Rev. L. G. Barbour. Our daughter Anna was too young to place in this school alone and so through the kindness and favor of our good brother, Mr. Barbour, we were granted a home in "the Institute," that is the dear little girls and myself, a most pleasant and desirable home we found it too, during the whole of our stay there. We hold in very grateful remembrance the worthy principal, his family and his splendid corps of teachers, all of whom added much to our enjoyment and made me feel the separation from my dear husband far less than I otherwise would have done. He, in his evangelistic labors, was of course much away from us, yet he came as often as he could, writing frequently and sending us from time to time many reminders of his thoughtfulness and love.

The people of Danville too, were attentive and kind, and we formed some long to be remembered friendships here. Many incidents and events of this year I would be glad to recall in this chapter, as well as speak more particularly of friends that I knew and loved, but space will not allow.

We left Danville with much regret at the close of this year and as the church in Hopkinsville, Ky., need-

ed a pastor, it was deemed advisable by the Presbytery to have Mr. Paynter supply them. However, as the Presbyterian church still kept up the fight of sections, this church was ministered unto by both north and south, one preaching one Sabbath and the other the next. This of course was not very pleasant, and a thing scarcely to be desired and a plan that as we afterward found, did not at all work. Our stay here in all respects was very disagreeable, and I would fain pass it by without a record, did it not in some things connect so with this life that I cannot well do so.

It should have been one of our most pleasant abiding places, as being the home of many of my kindred. We were also pleased at the prospect of again going to house-keeping after so many years of boarding. I am sorry to have to add, however, that so far from my anticipations having been realized, it was but one scene after another of privations and suffering. The memory seems almost like a dreadful night-mare to me, and but for the one bright moment that brought to our home and to our hearts a dear little boy, I think I could not even now, so long a time from the recurrence of those events, record them without most disagreeable sensations.

This, however, as the birth-place of our son, Henry Martyn,—for his dear father,—will ever be a point of deep interest. There was great rejoicing when on the 22nd of April 1868, a son was given us from the Lord, and we thanked God, our long deferred hopes were at last realized.

It is not necessary here nor would it be pleasant to enumerate the many trials and difficulties that surrounded us and that finally induced us to leave this place. To me it was indeed a most happy moment

when we left a home that although in the very midst of Southern people, had been so disagreeable to us.

Mr. Paynter had received an invitation to supply the pulpit in Louisville, Ky., of Rev. John Young, while he was in Europe. We kept house in Louisville also, and the people were as kind and pleasant as the Hopkinsville people had been the reverse. Our year here was very gratifying. Indeed, such a very good impression did Mr. Paynter make, that the greater portion of the people wanted him to settle with them as pastor, but he would hear of no such arrangement, and just at this time a call came from Springfield, Illinois, which he determined to accept.

We left Louisville with much regret, for the people had endeared themselves by their Christian kindness to us and we always remembered kindly this stay among them, and the numerous friends we left behind us.

While in Louisville he received an urgent call to go to Nebraska City, to preach as a candidate to one of the Presbyterian churches there. The writer of the letter an old friend and great admirer, was very solicitous to have him called to that church, but as it was not an entirely unanimous call and he would not listen to the arrangement, they then proposed to organize a church for him, but he opposed this, because he said it would split the church into factions, and then made the proposition that he and the minister preferred by the smaller party, should both withdraw and let the church unite on another man. They took his advice. He was a peace loving man always, and never a stirrer up of strifes. He had some kind and noble friends, not only here in Louisville, but in every other place where he had labored, and I know *all* would gladly bear me testimony, not only to his faithfulness, but to his

sweet, loving, charitable disposition, not alone in Kentucky, but in Missouri, in fact North, East and West, wherever he had been and by whom known. As I write there comes up before me a noble army of dear brother ministers, some older, some younger, some individually associated with him in the blessed work of saving souls and testifying for Jesus. I cannot mention the names of all, nor is it necessary to do so, but there are those whose names come so vividly before me as those precious memories are enshrined in my heart, that involuntarily I find myself recording some of them. That dear old man, now a saint in glory, Rev. W. S. Plummer,* whose patriarchal appearance, kindly, sweet smile, made us love to look upon him. His wise and fatherly counsels were ever helpful to my dear husband. During the war, himself a sufferer, he kept watch over us, and many are the expressions of sympathy and encouragement in letters he wrote both to me and to him during our sojourn in the North. Then there was Nathan L. Rice, Dr. W. L. Breckinridge, Dr. Murray, of Elizabeth, during his early years, besides O! so many with whom he worked in Missouri, Illinois, Kentucky, Mississippi, Louisiana, too numerous by far to mention. A *few* too in Chicago, God bless them all, every soul who helped him, both ministers and laymen, (of whom there was a goodly host) have through the pages of this book, my everlasting gratitude. Many of them are still living and many have gone home.

Our dear little boy grew and thrived. He was a most beautiful baby and gave evidence of a gentle, lovely disposition. We dedicated him to the Lord. Rev. Dr.

*He was also for many years pastor of a church in Richmond, Va., where worshipped some of my ancestors.

Hendrich, then of Paducah, Ky., administered the rite of baptism before we left Hopkinsville.

Having been called to preach for a church in Springfield, Ill., near the close of his year in Louisville, he spent some days with them, which visit resulted in a regularly made out call for his services.

CHAPTER XII.

"CALL TO SPRINGFIELD.

REV. H. M. PAYNTER,
Louisville, Ky.

DEAR BROTHER:—We had a meeting of our church last evening, and they authorized the session to call you as our under-shepherd, and we think we are directed by the Lord in this matter. Our rules, a form of church government, require that we should name some sum for your worldly maintenance or support, and we have named the sum \$....., as the Lord may give grace to his people to this end.

Come by next Sabbath if possible.

Believing that your ministrations in the gospel would be profitable to our spiritual interests, do earnestly call and desire you to undertake the pastoral office of the third Presbyterian church of this city, promising you in the discharge of your duty all proper support, encouragement and obedience in the Lord. In testimony whereof we have subscribed our names.

By order of the session,

JAMES S. LAMB,
JOHN S. VREDENBURG,
R. W. DILLER,
E. R. ULRICH,
REV. J. H. BROWN,

Moderator of the Meeting."

After he had labored there for some little time, the presbytery appointed a committee to install him over the third Presbyterian church. I will give an extract from the report of these services:—

**"INSTALLATION OF THE REV. H. M. PAYNTER AT THE
THIRD PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.**

A very large congregation assembled at the third Presbyterian church, yesterday morning, to witness the impressive services on the occasion of the installation of the Rev. H. M. Paynter, as pastor. The pulpit was occupied by the Rev. Dr. Glover, of Jacksonville, and the Rev. Dr. Brown, the Rev. Mr. Robertson, the Rev. Mr. Wines and the Rev. Mr. Paynter, of this city.

The services were commenced by a voluntary on the organ, by Mrs. Gregory, after which an invocation by the Rev. Mr. Paynter. This was followed by a chant by the choir. Mr. Paynter read the 110th Psalm:

"The LORD said unto my lord, sit thou at my right hand until I make thine enemies thy foot-stool," etc.

Mr. Robertson then gave out the 505th hymn, beginning:—

"Go preach My gospel, saith the Lord," etc.

After the singing Mr. Robertson led in prayer. Then was sung the 508th hymn:—

"Let Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take the alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their solemn charge receive," etc.

Then followed the Rev. Dr. Glover's address, from the 10th chapter of Proverbs, part of the 30th verse. The discourse was one of great eloquence, power and impressiveness, giving the mission of the Christian minister, his work, its importance and its responsibility: his success in winning souls, with the conditions of success, summed up in one word, wisdom. Wisdom is foresight, prudence, piety, zeal, in gospel work.

Upon the conclusion of this address, Rev. Dr. Glover announced that the third Presbyterian church had requested to be brought into pastoral relations with the Rev. H. M. Paynter, and that they were met by appointment to consummate such union. He then proposed the usual questions to the candidate and to the church, which being answered in the affirmative, he pronounced the Rev. Mr. Paynter the regularly consti-

tuted pastor of the church and congregation. Charge to the pastor by Rev. Mr. Robertson; charge to the people by Rev. Fred Wines, in which the duties of each were strongly put forth. Mr. Wines concluded by reading the resolutions and address adopted by the fourth Presbyterian church, Louisville, Ky., on the occasion of the Rev. Mr. Paynter's resignation, his pastoral relations therewith, and sent to the third church of this city.

In the evening the three Presbyterian congregations of the city met in the same church and united in the celebration of the Lord's supper. The audience was large and the services were very impressive."

Of those who signed this call, only two remain:—E. R. Ulrich, a noble man of God, who was ever a firm and tried friend, and R. W. Diller, an aged saint just on the threshold of eternity, whose days have been in true service. The pastor and two of his elders, with the venerable moderator, are now recounting God's goodness, His love and His mercy at God's right hand in glory.

We entered upon our life in Springfield under favorable and encouraging prospects, among a refined and cultivated people. The church building was large and handsome. Unfortunately there was a debt upon it, which was, as it always is, an embarrassment and a hindrance to growth, and as is usual in all such cases, this state of things is visited upon the pastor. He is made responsible. However, I may not record on the part of these people anything but kind treatment during the five or six years we were among them.

The church grew and prospered too until worldliness entered into it. The preaching was perhaps too close, too self-searching to suit some, but my dear husband, himself a truly consecrated man, could not lower his plane. He felt he must preach as he believed, let

others do as they would, and let the consequences be what they might. His firm convictions after years of study of the blessed word, were made the rule of *his* life and the basis of *his* teaching. Each year of his life he became more and more convinced that he was right, and to stand firm and true to those convictions, come what might, was his full and decided determination. In this church were many chosen ones, dear Christian people who loved the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth. To them his ministry was helpful and they grew in grace, but there were those more worldly who could not stand the clear, searching investigation of the word of God.

The five or six years spent in Springfield were among the most pleasant to us, since we left our old home in Missouri, I might say more properly, since the war.

Socially it could not have been more delightful. Many of our dear relations and friends visited us from other places, and we also had relatives living in the city. It was here too that our precious little Gilman Vreedenburg was born, our youngest, our Benjamin, a sweet lovely baby, the pet and pride of his dear father, always near him, in his study, at the table, wherever he went, his two dear little boys were his constant companions. He would romp with them, play with them to their great delight, he as noisy as they. Precious little Gilman is his companion now. Methinks he was waiting at the beautiful gates to welcome "Papa" home.

Henry when only four years old, took a severe cold which settled in his eyes. He had to be kept in a darkened room. During this time, his father was so patient and loving. He would lie on the bed by him telling him stories, trying to entertain him in various ways take him on his shoulder and trot up and down the floor, playing

horse to the infinite delight of the dear little boy. His children were his pride, his untiring care. For them he had great hopes, great ambition and determined to give them a good education. Our daughter Anna, who had had the very best advantages in school graduated with honors in the high school at Springfield, then spent a year at Monticello female school, graduating there also before she was twenty. Her father's highest ambition for her, next to seeing her a good Christian, was to have her a finely educated woman. He commenced this education when she was but a child. I would sometimes demur, saying she was too young for such drilling but it went on all the same, and he had the satisfaction of seeing its happy results, for she fully repaid him by diligent study, as well as in her noble exalted womanhood, all his care and expense on her account. She afterwards, for a time made a good teacher.

In June of 1873, he was summoned to his father's death-bed, by his brother:—

“Father has been gradually sinking since last Wednesday. He now has a twitching about the face that the doctor thinks is premonitory of another stroke. He says he is going down gradually but sees no immediate danger though it may come suddenly. If you wish to see him alive, I would advise you to come at once.

Your affectionate brother,

JOHN.”

He arrived in Kittanning a few hours before his father's death, and was not recognized by him. This gave him great distress. On reaching the room he knelt by his precious father's bed-side, and as his brother John said, “poured forth such a prayer as I scarcely ever listened to; it surely was inspired.” This was a sad hour to him, for he tenderly loved and greatly revered that father, and it would have been a sadder hour still,

but for the glorious hope of re-union, by the still more blessed hope of resurrection.

Through the influence of Rev. Dr. Richards, an old friend, he was invited to preach in his church, Charlestown, West Virginia, for some months. He writes to a brother there, one of the church people:—

“DEAR BROTHER:—

As to Rev. Mr. Paynter, I can only repeat my unvaried testimony to his great moral and intellectual worth. I have known him for eighteen years, and have yet to learn the first thing that would affect the confidence which I at first reposed in him. So far from this, all my subsequent knowledge and acquaintance, has served to deepen my sense of his ministerial qualifications. He is able and scholarly and a faithful expounder of the oracles of God, whose paramount desire is to tell dying sinners of a Saviour, and always and everywhere more anxious for the flock than for the fleece. A man of prayer and singular devotion to his master's honor and interests. An untiring pastor, at home, in the cellar and garret, as well as in the drawing room and pulpit. I hope you may be so fortunate as to obtain his services for a longer or a shorter period, as God in His providence may direct.”

This letter is an original one in thought and expression, and very characteristic of Dr. Richards. He was a very pleasant man, I used to love to have him call at the parsonage, as he did sometimes during our stay in Vicksburg. He was always so cheery and had something pleasant to say about our little home or his entertainment whatever it might be.

He writes:—

“CHARLESTON, W. VA.

DEAR WIFE:—

I am this morning somewhat tired from the labors of yesterday, but thanks to the Lord, am still able to la-

bor. O! When I think of the great work given me to do, and of the great requirements, I tremble. I do daily ask our Father to keep me pure, and give me grace to walk humbly before Him. Were it not for the precious blood of Jesus and the strength of God I would sink down utterly overwhelmed.

The services were very solemn and tender. Strangers present from New York and Boston seemed deeply interested in the discourse. The leading physician here remarked:—

‘That was one of the finest sermons I ever heard.’ This when repeated to me did not please me but when he went on to say:—

‘I studied my bible more after hearing that sermon than I had done for years,’ I thanked God.

Dr. R. started north on Thursday. He is very much interested in my preaching. Says it is the right way. We have talked by the hour over it.”

This notice appeared in one of the daily papers.

“The Rev. H. M. Paynter, of Springfield, Ill., formerly of Vicksburg, Miss., occupied the pulpit of the Kanawa Presbyterian church. The services were unusually interesting and instructive.”

To show the further appreciation of his services, the session of the church prepared the following paper and handed it to him when the meetings were over.

“The session of the Kanawa Presbyterian church, at Charleston, West Va., desire to express to the Rev. H. M. Paynter their appreciation of his labors in our church and parish during the absence of our pastor, the Rev. James Richards, D. D; and they do most especially commend his labors as an evangelist, and his successful and faithful preaching of Christ Jesus among our people in the pulpit and in the family. He has been more than diligent in his visits and public services. The working classes of parts of our county, can realize with more than usual satisfaction, that to the poor the gospel has been preached.

We commend him to the brethren wherever his lot may be cast.

J. H. BROWN.

ISAAC SMITH.

JOHN CLAYBURG.

I give these extracts from letters telling of his work in various portions of the country, to which he was called to preach. I need not comment on them. They tell their own story, and do but testify to his great fidelity in that sacred office to which God had called him.

When he returned to Springfield, he had made up his mind to offer his resignation, that he might engage in evangelistic work for a time, and thinking it might be better for the third church to get a single man to minister to them. He had preached for a church in New York city for a few Sabbaths, and he received the following note from them:—

“We the undersigned members of the session of the 9th Presbyterian Church of this city, cordially invite you to occupy our pulpit. Many of our people have expressed the wish to have you come back and preach for us again, and we trust that the blessing of God may attend the preaching of the gospel by you in our midst.”

The third Presbyterian Church of Springfield, adopted the usual preamble and resolutions in accepting his resignation. It is not necessary to give them here. We give in their place a paragraph:—

“PASTORAL RESIGNATION.—We learn that Rev. H. M. Paynter, pastor of the third Presbyterian Church, in this city, resigned his charge yesterday morning, to enlarge his sphere of usefulness by removing to a field in New York City. During his five years of faithful pastoral service in this city, Mr. Paynter has drawn many earnest friends about him, who deeply regret his departure. His zealous labor, pulpit ability, and purity of life, have united in the general recognition of Mr.

Paynter as a faithful pastor and Christian gentleman; and many besides his immediate congregation and clerical brethren, unite in tendering him their best wishes for his success in his new and larger field of usefulness.

Many expressions of regret were both spoken and written by friends and admirers, for he had the esteem and respect of all who knew him.

COPY OF A LETTER WRITTEN TO HIM ON HIS LEAVING
SPRINGFIELD, SIGNED BY SOME OF THE PROMINENT
CITIZENS.

“*Rev. H. M. Paynter:—*

DEAR SIR:—

We are informed that you are about to leave our city, having resigned your charge as pastor of the 3rd Presbyterian church for another field of labor in the ministry. We regret that you have determined to leave our city we have observed your course as a citizen, and as a minister of the gospel, and in taking leave of you we desire to say that you leave us with the good will and regard of all our people both in and out of the church. We believe you to be an eloquent preacher, a devoted worker in the church, among the people, and above all a pure minded, honorable man.

As you go from among us we are pleased to have an opportunity to commend you to the good people of whatever place you may cast your lot in the future.

Trusting you may be successful in all your efforts in doing good wherever you may be, we are truly and sincerely your friends,

JOHN L. BEVERIDGE,

Governor of the State.

GEO. H. HARLOWE,

Secretary of State.

C. E. LIPPINCOTT,

Auditor of State.

S. M. CULLOM,

Pres. State House of Rep.

And after the farewells had been spoken, we again turned our faces homeward to Virginia. It was hard to say these farewells, for we were much attached to the people, for they had been kind and pleasant to us and our home among them had been a happy one.

We arrived at the dear old home in July. The weather was intensely hot, but the country was cool and inviting. Under the great old shade trees, the dear children gamboled and played, none of them happier or brighter than our precious boy Gilman, now two years old, our darling and pet, loved and admired by all.

CHAPTER XIII.

“ We have no tears Thou wilt not dry;
We have no wounds Thou wilt not heal;
No sorrows pierce our human hearts,
That Thou dear Saviour, dost not feel.

It was during this visit to Virginia that our precious boy Gilman was taken ill. He had up to this time been healthy. The hot weather, with a change of medical treatment, had a bad effect on his system, and the child succumbed to the disease brought on by teething. He languished for some weeks, fading away like a beautiful flower, and with the sweet word “Mamma” on his lips, his precious spirit passed into the other world and it left us O! so sad! His dear father baptized him just before death. This was indeed a most bitter stroke to him, for again had he placed his hopes on this dear boy, for his little preacher. He was to be educated as such, to take his dear father’s place when, his work done, he should be called home, Gilman was a most interesting child, and a remarkable one in many respects gentle, lovely in disposition, and intelligent beyond his years.

Yet while this was such a severe blow, as well as disappointment to him, he bore it as he did everything with sweet submission to the will of God. He placed the precious body of his dear boy in its little casket, and then stood by it, committing it to the God who

gave himself for just such little ones as he, speaking the precious promise that God's word gave for our consolation and our hope. We placed this dear little form in the old family burying-ground, and in a few days left for our future home in New York, where he had been laboring until summoned to his dying boy.

Our stay in New York was marked by no special thing of interest. I was very sad, and perhaps grieved more than I should have done, being much alone, the children at school, and Mr. Paynter away attending to church duties, pastoral visiting and so on. I was aroused somewhat from this morbid state into which I had fallen, by my husband's illness, which threatened to be serious; but God in His mercy and goodness raised him up again. Though suffering so very much himself from this very bitter stroke, how sweetly he talked to me, soothing my troubled heart and pointing me to the source of all comfort.

While in New York, at the earnest solicitation of a friend, he was induced to invest some money, that he had by prudence, economy and inheritance saved up, in the hands of a house in St. Louis considered perfectly reliable, the head of which was an old friend in whom he had perfect confidence and whose business reputation was excellent. This was not the fortune of a Vanderbilt, but quite a nice little sum laid up for a rainy day, and which he intended investing in another home. The friend at whose suggestion he loaned the money was to be also benefitted by the move and so he felt not only perfectly secure but confident that it would, with the blessing of God, be a success, and for the benefit of his family. But it proved to be a most unfortunate transaction. For a time things went on well. We had been getting a comfortable support from our income

from that money as it had been invested previously, together with his salary for preaching. Becoming somewhat suspicious that things were not altogether as they should be, after his time was up in New York, he took us down to St. Louis, in order to look after this matter. We remained there during that winter, put our children in school, and he visited numerous churches, both in Missouri and Iowa, where from time to time much good was done. He also preached in the different churches in the city as he was called upon. I have a number of sermons that were published at that time, but I cannot even give extracts from them, much as I would like to do so, for there is so much yet to record. I have not reached the experience and trials of perhaps the most eventful and significant portion of his life, so I am forced to omit much that is not only of deep interest, but of most important bearing, as it serves to show what a very busy life was his, how full of service and testimony. And yet I feel that it would scarcely be either a true or a complete life, if I did not record with equal truth and candor, his every day life, his transactions with his fellow-men, as well as his spiritual life and teachings, all of which corresponded, blending into one perfect whole by the grace and power of God's Holy Spirit dwelling in his heart, influencing his motives, and at the same time enabling him to forgive his enemies as well as pray for those who despitely used him. He lived in constant communion with his God, in that light and under that influence from day to day; no wonder that he was ever so patient and submissive under all the vicissitudes of life.

He seemed to feel his loss all the more, because much of this money was mine, my dower at marriage, which he had so carefully preserved for the future use of his

wife and children, but it was all gone, some during reverses of the war, and this last by *fraud*. But I make no comments on this, nor will I seek to recriminate those who were the cause of this loss. It is past, let it go. The strongest term I ever heard him use in connection with the transaction was in speaking of this man:—

“Mrs. Paynter, he is a bad man.”

Poor man! It was indeed a great shock to him, but he bore it bravely and heroically. In so many different ways was he called to suffer, but instead of becoming discouraged and giving up, it only seemed to incite him the more to greater effort, and his noble soul rose above adversity and trial, strong in his Father’s love, and trusting in Him. “Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him,” was ever the motto of his life.

All hope of buying or building a home was now gone, and this was indeed a sad disappointment to us both. The weather being very hot in St. Louis, we concluded after the children’s school closed, to go up to Chicago for the summer, expecting to return in the fall to St. Louis.

CHAPTER XIV.

And now begins his life in Chicago, from 1875 to 1893, nearly nineteen years, in many respects the most important of all his fields of action, the scene of almost constant trial, suffering and privation. and yet of heroic faithfulness, constant testimony and wonderful success as an author, and expounder of God's blessed word. In recording the events of these years, I shall deal strictly with *facts*. They will tell their own story. Even now as I think and as these events come up before me, the temptation is very strong to indulge in bitterness of expression and unkind epithets, for the remembrance of numerous injuries and continued slights from sources where there should have been upholding and encouragement, forms a strong inducement to do so. But I will not, neither will I make any comments, merely give the facts as they occurred. It is all over now, and I thank God that although "The archers * * * sorely grieved him, and shot at him, and hated him: * * * his bow abode in strength, and the arms of his hands were made strong by the mighty God of Jacob." Gen. xlix, 23-24.

For all that faithful service, though not appreciated by man in many instances, he has already reaped his reward.

His attention was in some way directed to the mission at Campbell Park, under the control of the third Presbyterian church. He became considerably interested

in this mission, after preaching for them several times. I will give his own statement of this church, his impressions and so on, after I shall have spoken of my own feelings and impressions concerning it.

In the first place, I was greatly opposed to remaining in Chicago: then I did not at all like to have him engage in this work under the existing circumstances. I suppose pride was at the bottom of it, and ambitions for my husband to take a more conspicuous place. I went up to Campbell Park church one evening, but not being at all prepossessed with the appearance of things, concluded to attend the Jefferson Park church, it being nearer and more to my mind. I did not, however, then know or even believe that this would be a permanent thing with my husband. I did not discourage him, although I did not fully enter into his plans, that is by any word of mine. Of course, the failure on my part to attend the services there was anything but encouraging to him in his work and I knew it, but I could not help hoping that he would only work there during our stay in Chicago, and that we might as was at first arranged, return to St. Louis in the fall.

I would not say so much about myself, or my feelings in all this, did it not show how much he had to encounter in this which was truly a "labor of love," and the better to show the astonishing result of this work under so many and such aggravated difficulties. I should have responded heartily to this call, giving him all the aid of a true and devoted wife. Even to this hour, as I write, how bitterly I regret this, how gladly would I undo it, but alas! this cannot be done, the past can never be recalled.

After I saw how much his heart was in this work, and how under his earnest efforts and faithful preaching

and teaching of the word, people became interested, the congregations increased and altogether there was such a decided improvement, I agreed to go up near the church to live. We secured a neat house, quite near the church. How delighted we all were after a year or so of boarding to get once more into *a home*, and as the house was new and very convenient, I proposed to the children that we do without a girl, and do our own work. They readily agreed, and so we made the experiment. It worked well. All the children took their parts, and as they were ambitious and faithful, everything moved on smoothly.

The first winter in our new home the dear children had the scarlet fever. They were quite sick for a long while, but God in His infinite goodness and mercy spared their lives and restored them to health again.

I will now give a paper prepared and read by Mr. Paynter, after he had been one year in this mission.

“CAMPBELL PARK MISSION.

A review of the past year's work by the Pastor.

BELOVED IN THE LORD:—As Samuel did, so do we. He set up a stone and called it Ebenezer, saying:

‘Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.’

God has crowned our year with His goodness:

‘He hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad,’ and we raise this memorial to His glory.

I arrived in Chicago the middle of June, 1875. I came because powerfully impressed that the Lord had work for me here. My prayer for a people to address was answered through the agency of my esteemed brother, G. W. Sharpe. On the third Lord's day in June, I addressed the Oak Park Congregational church on ‘The Mission of the Holy Spirit.’ Next Lord's day, at Maywood, I talked on ‘Jesus' words to Nicodemus.’ On July fourth I preached at Lake Forest. In the meantime my attention had been called to Campbell

Park mission, a work of which I had never heard, but whose history awakened a lively interest in my mind. This was a mission of the third Presbyterian church, begun in a small room on Hoyne street, with about twenty persons. Early next year this building was erected, and the services of Rev. G. A. Hair were received for one sermon on Lord's day. Through their labors the nucleus of a congregation had been gathered together and the field was represented to me as being a promising one. I felt strong desire to work there for our glorious Master, and well do I remember the first night I preached in this house. No one knew me. Few—less than thirty—were present. The first discourse was on Eph. i, 13: 'The gospel of your salvation.' My first acquaintance was Mr. Hanscom, who has since proved a steadfast friend. My next was Mr. Kingsbury, who is still with us, and who was the first person here to speak to me about staying. He said he thought that a congregation could be gathered and three hundred dollars could be raised in the field. I spent that night in prayer. The next morning I was ready to offer myself for the work. An arrangement was made with the session committee on Campbell Park, and I entered upon what has been to me a labor of love. By God's help I have continued in this work to the present day. Over nine hundred visits have been made, and in almost every family I have visited have I read the scriptures, prayed and distributed tracts. Thousands of pages of religious reading have been scattered abroad. The increasing attendance warranted the hope that two services a day could be maintained, and on the fourth Lord's day in July, there was preaching in the morning for the first time in this chapel, about thirty-five persons coming out. From that time two services a day have been maintained with increasing interest and congregations.

The attendance now ranges from about one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and seventy-five in the morning and from one hundred and seventy-five to two hundred and fifty in the evening. Giving that important part of God's worship, that fruitful means of grace,

has been regarded at every service. In February one hundred dollars was raised and expended in beautifying the chapel. The finance committee have discharged their duties faithfully.

In September two important parts of the work were commenced. The choir was organized, and to their efforts we are indebted for this delightful feature of our worship.

The other feature of the work, begun in September, was the weekly bible reading for ladies. The meetings have continued, been well attended and productive of great good.

A young people's meeting, largely attended and greatly blessed; a cottage meeting, which has a hearty welcome in many a house; and a ladies' prayer-meeting, which I trust will long flourish, have been established during the year. The Thursday evening meeting is well attended, and is carried on with much zeal. Brother Robertson, the beloved superintendent, has done faithful service in the Sabbath School work. On the first Lord's day in February, the Lord's supper was celebrated for the first time in the mission. About fifty persons sat down to the feast.

One question at the beginning of my labors remained to be answered: Will this people come out to hear? Will they receive the gospel in its simplicity? Will they be willing to spend one part of the day in the study of the word? That question experience has answered. The simple gospel has power to attract and hold the people. You will bear me witness that I have abstained from the 'newest sensation,' from 'the progressive theology of the day,' from 'the themes anent the times,' and that I have not shunned to declare unto you the whole counsel of God, and yet week after week have you come out to hear, not eloquence, not argument, nor smoothly flowing periods, but simple expositions of the word, and your earnest listening has manifested your deep interest in learning the precious thoughts of God.

These studies have taken us in company over a large section of Divine truth. The person and work of Jesus

and of the Holy Ghost, man's utter ruin by sin and restoration by grace, God's love, salvation by blood, the freeness of the gospel, separation from the world, entire devotement to God, the claims of humanity, upright and holy living, and the Lord's return as the hope of the church, these and kindred truths have been presented to your attention. And you have received them, and to some degree allowed their proper influence on heart and life. The Christian walk of all our members has been correct; the growth in grace and knowledge of some of them very marked. The people are kindly affectioned one to another. Old friendships are cherished; new members welcomed with a heartiness which soon makes them feel at home. And when it is remembered that one year ago we were almost entire strangers to each other, these are facts worthy of notice, and to be mentioned to the praise and glory of God.

The bible is largely studied, family worship generally observed and the Lord's day honored. Every one is willing to help, and the desire is constant in many hearts that we might all be emptied of self and be filled with the spirit, and so be fitted for our Master's service every day. Let us, brethren, live, labor, pray for the conversion of men. What a priceless destiny is yours, beloved, if you turn 'many to righteousness'! Let the coming year witness a large increase in your contributions. Remember the words of the Lord Jesus:

'It is more blessed to give than to receive,' and then out of love to God and His cause, give all you can.

Make it your fixed purpose to be present at both services on Lord's day. Be much alone with God. Count life by heart-throbs beaten for God, for man, for duty. Then will you be blest and be a blessing. God will use you in winning souls to Christ. Your brethren will honor you. If the dear Lord tarry, you will be gathered to your father's in an honored grave. And when the Master comes you will hear that noblest of welcomes:

'Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord.'"

How faithfully he labored from day to day, early and late, with a heart firm and true, earnestly and unflinchingly trusting in God, the able paper prepared by him as the result of his year's work, will abundantly show. He states the number received as well as those wishing to be organized into a church.

Many additions were made to the third church through this mission, and soon the people began to feel that they would like to belong to a separate organization. Accordingly a petition was sent to the presbytery, making known their desire and asking to be organized. This request was at once refused. Some time after, the pastor of the third church, with two of his elders, came up to the mission and had a call meeting, the object of which was to explain the reason of the refusal of the presbytery to grant their request, as also to try and persuade the people to give Mr. Paynter up as unsuited to the position. This meeting, contrary to their expectations, resulted in the expressed wish that Mr. Paynter be continued as the supply to the mission. Indeed, so earnest were they that one or two of the most prominent members arose in their seats, stating that if Mr. Paynter did not continue they, as well as many others, would leave the church.

"*Mr. Paynter* they wanted, and *Mr. Paynter* they would have."

I use the expression of one of those persons. As the result of this meeting, Mr. Paynter was engaged for six months longer. It may be that some of my readers may wonder that in the face of such opposition from the third church, he should have been willing to continue his services to their mission. But he felt he knew that he was doing great good; that this opposition was founded on no good reason, and the work thus inter-

rupted would be permanently retarded. Seeking his Master's glory, not his own, he agreed to remain that much longer. But notwithstanding good was being done, the church was receiving constant additions, and the people desirous of retaining him as their pastor, in a church of their own, the relation between pastor and people was dissolved. Both were much distressed. When his last sermon was preached, from Acts xxv, 27, the house was crowded with outsiders as well as church members and members of the congregation, for a feeling of sympathy had been aroused throughout the community. The circumstances had become well known, and it was very generally concluded that he had been badly treated. I make no comments. These are the *facts*. A notice in one of the city papers will show how this was regarded:

"Rev. H. M. Paynter, of the Campbell Park church, has resigned its pastorate and delivers his farewell sermon on to-morrow. Mr. Paynter has labored very assiduously in this field during the past year, and has accomplished a great and good work for the church, which has expressed its regret at the loss of its pastor in a series of resolutions which are highly commendatory to that gentleman. It will be difficult to fill his place more acceptably than Mr. Paynter has done it."

"MR. PAYNTER AND THE CAMPBELL PARK CHURCH."

For the past year the Campbell Park Chapel, which is a branch of the third Presbyterian Church has been presided over by the Rev. H. M. Paynter. Mr. Paynter's labors in his chosen field have, during the twelve months, been remarkably productive of spiritual benefit to those who have been members of his congregation, and also in a relative degree to the community in general. It is with sincere regret that his congregation and many admirers learn of their pastor's resignation from his present post of duty, and the high respect and esteem in

which he was held by the members of his flock is amply evidenced by the appended resolutions.

At the commencement of Mr. Paynter's labors, the church organization was numerically weak. The result of the year's work is a large increase.

The gentleman's pulpit abilities are much above those of the average ministerial worker. He richly deserves the sentiments of respect and esteem which are accorded him by an endeared congregation. His labors in other vineyards will undoubtedly be productive of the same benefit as has attended his good work here.

The following are the resolutions:

Resolved: That by the earnest zeal and untiring energy, the faithfulness, consistency and honesty of the Rev. H. M. Paynter's evangelistic and missionary labors amongst us, for the tender solicitude and earnest sympathy which have always brought him to the bedside of the sick and dying, we owe him life-long gratitude.

Resolved: That we especially owe him a debt of everlasting gratitude, for the ability, learning and scriptural research displayed by him in expounding God's word, opening up unto us new channels of thought, and making clear to our minds many of the mysteries of man's sinfulness and redemption, removing doubts from our minds, filling our hearts with joy and peace, and bringing many souls to Christ.

Resolved: That we cheerfully and heartily commend our brother to the kind consideration of the Christian brotherhood, everywhere, and pray that his services may be greatly blessed of the Lord, wherever He may be pleased to place him." *

*For some time after this disruption, there seemed to be a blight, as it were, upon this little church. One after another tried the field, but could do nothing, until its present worthy pastor, who has succeeded well, and now they have quite a neat building, and the congregations are growing and the church is self-sustaining. I may be pardoned here if I draw attention to a *fact* that will bear me out in much that I have said in this record of the unchristian as well as ungrateful attitude of the Presbyterian

These resolutions, for their sincerity, originality and beauty of expression and sentiment, are transcribed here.

“The clouds hang heavy 'round my way
I cannot see,
But through the darkness, I believe,
God leadeth me.”

Those members of the Campbell Park Church who were friendly to Mr. Paynter, feeling that they had not been treated properly in not having their wishes regarded, as to continuing his pastorate over them, determined, trusting in God, to form themselves into a committee, asking Mr. Paynter to unite with them in public worship at some specified place. The first meeting for public worship was held in Owsly Hall, gradually gaining in strength and numbers. The progress met with determined the friends to form an organization.

On the first Sabbath of October, 1876, a few persons met at the house of Mr. George Rounds, 145 Hoyne avenue, and after prayer and consultation, felt impressed to begin a movement that would, with God's blessing, be used to His service.

This was to organize themselves into a church and request the Rev. H. M. Paynter to preach for them as their pastor. Accordingly the German Evangelical church was offered them, and they were organized as “Calvary Tabernacle.”

Church in this city, towards Mr. Paynter in all his efforts to work for them. At the time this little church was dedicated, a brief history was given of the work there and by whom, which was published with the dedicatory services, but in that printing not one word of the untiring, persevering, effective work of one who had really given it a start and a position that led to organization. This was commented on at the time, not only by his family, but by those outside, who remembered this earnest, laborious worker.

"The organization services begun with an invocation by the Rev. Mr. Paynter. The reading of the cxxii Psalm was followed by an anthem, and then was read as the second lesson, the second chapter of the epistle to the Ephesians. "The Lord is My Shepherd" was sung by the congregation, when the Rev. Mr. Paynter delivered a brief address, in which the history of the movement was given.

Messrs. James W. Boyden, Alexander McKinney and George I. Rounds were then ordained and installed elders, and Messrs. James McKinney, A. J. Shuts and I. B. Weeks were made deacons.

Then followed, read by the Rev. Mr. Paynter, the confession of faith, covenant and form of government of Calvary Tabernacle:

CONFESSION OF FAITH. 1. We, whose names are hereby subscribed, rejoicing in the assurance of salvation, acting under the deep conviction that God has called us to take this step, and impelled thereto, as we believe, by the Holy Spirit, do desire this day to be united together.

2. We are to be united together into the Church as an assembly of believers, gathered in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the power of His Spirit, unsectarian in spirit and undenominational in form.

We desire to be known as Calvary Tabernacle, and to be conformed to the New Testament model in doctrine, government, walk and work.

Our object is God's glory in personal growth in scriptural knowledge and holiness, and in being fitted by Him for His service, if He so please.

Our mission is, to visit the sick, relieve the distressed, help the needy, work and pray for the conversion of sinners, and be ready for any suffering or service to which our blessed Lord may call us. In order to carry out this object and mission, we now declare our faith and purpose.

We believe in the one only living and true God, self-existent, infinite in every perfection, the Father, the Son, the Holy Ghost—equal in power and glory, the Creator, Preserver, Governor of the universe.

In the plenary inspiration of the Old and New Testaments, and accept them as the only infallible rule of faith and practice.

That Adam, and in him the race, fell from a state of holiness into a state of sin and misery, and that all men are by nature sinners condemned and ruined.

That in order to an entrance into heaven, men must be regenerated, and justified and exercise repentance towards God, faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

That the only way of salvation is by Jesus Christ, the 'eternal Son of God,' and also truly the 'Son of man.' who after He had by His obedient sufferings and death, perpetually glorified God in fulfilling the law in atoning for sin and in an everlasting righteousness, which is unto all and upon all who believe, arose from among the dead and ascended into heaven.

That the gospel call is to every one, that 'whosoever will may come,' and that whosoever by faith receives Christ as He is given us of God, is justified, regenerated, saved by grace through His blood.

That all true believers, though differing in attainment, may have the same standing in grace and are indwelt by the same spirit.

That regeneration is not the old Adam-derived nature, but the implantation of a new nature, of a new life by the Holy Spirit received in union with Christ, and that each nature is distinct, unchangeable and like its source.

That it is the privilege of every one united to Christ, to be assured of salvation, and that no believers should rest satisfied without this assurance.

That the grace of God, which bringeth salvation, teaches the saved to deny ungodliness and worldly lust, and to live soberly, righteously and godly in this present evil world, and that the believer will endeavor thus to live every day.

That when the Lord Jesus comes for His own,* there

* The glorious doctrine of "The second coming," to which he clung with that firm tenacity of purpose, that naught could disturb to the close of his life.

will be a resurrection of the just, who with the changed living will be caught up to meet the Lord in the air, in order to appear before the judgment seat of Christ, to render an account of their stewardship, receive their reward and be forever with the Lord.

That the true attitude of the believer is that of watching and waiting, looking continually for the blessed hope, the glorious appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ.

That there will be a resurrection of the unjust who with the unsaved at that time, must be judged before the Great White Throne and that all whose names are not found written in the book of life will be cast into the lake of fire, which is the second death.

COVENANT:—Having made this confession of our faith, we now enter into solemn covenant with each other and with God—(Here all the members rise)—We avouch Jehovah to be our God, the Lord Jesus Christ to be our prophet, priest and king, the Holy Ghost to be our comforter, teacher, guide, seal, and the bible to be our rule of life. We covenant joyfully, unreservedly, that we dedicate ourselves and all that we have to the Lord, to be used in His service, and to His own glory, that we will, by God's grace, sanctify the Lord's day, maintain family religion, attend regularly to all the services of the sanctuary; that we will do all we can by prayer, labor and money to build up the Church in faith, holiness, numbers and usefulness: That we will maintain a life of purity and uprightness toward all men in word and deed, and that we will walk in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord.

We further covenant that we will eschew all gossiping and evil speaking, all idling and meddling with other people's business, and everything not seemly in saints, that being members one of another, and all of Christ, we will recognise each other as a brother or sister beloved of the Lord. We will help, shield, watch over each other, and cherish such a tender regard for each other's feelings and welfare, that the world will be constrained to recognise our brotherly love, and that God is in us of a truth.

Into this covenant with each other and with God, we enter to-day, and may the God of all grace enable us to keep it faithful to the end."

The form of church government, with the receiving of the members and other forms will be omitted here.

"After singing and reading I Corinthians xi, the Lord's Supper was administered, and the service concluded with prayer and the benediction.

Messrs Edward Murdoch, Robert McClean and S. Webb were elected trustees of Calvary Tabernacle. There are now sixty-five members in the society."

I have been thus particular in giving the origin, form of faith and so on of Calvary Tabernacle, for the benefit of many of my readers, especially in this city, who may have had false impressions of this whole affair.

The formation of this church, which as you will see was by Divine appointment even though, for the time being, its results were not such as he would have desired or contemplated, produced some prejudices against him, together with what they were pleased to term his peculiarities. But in reality it was that he would never to the smallest degree make any compromise either with the world or with the church in its worldly policy. Then too, *his* known adherence to the then hated and unpopular doctrine, "the second coming," made him to be thus regarded.

The other day, in looking over some old papers, I found a copy of a little church paper edited at Calvary Tabernacle. I will give an extract from it, as truths by his pen:—

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

The cross of Christ is the sweetest burden that I ever bore; it is such a burden as wings are to a bird, or as sails to a ship to carry me forward in my desired haven.

If we could see the end as God sees it, we should see that every event is for our good. When we get to heav-

en, we shall see that every wind was wafting us to glory,

There is a joy in devoted piety compared with which all earthly delights are dross and emptiness. He who lives in an habitual taste of nearness to Christ, has a peace which no worldly fountain can supply, peace with God peace with himself, peace in trouble, peace in death, peace which flowing from heaven is to him the pledge and foretaste of eternal bliss. The smile of the Saviour rests ever upon him, shedding a sweet radiance through his soul, brightening every path he treads, cheering him in toil and conflict, and growing clearer and fuller till it reaches the beautiful vision and gazes on the unveiled face of the Lord."

These thoughts are the true utterance of a heart that was kindled with a love divine, whose life, energies and constant prayer was for the good of others. Himself a devoted follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, by whose power he was sustained, in whose army he had enlisted, he was ever on the lookout to benefit and help his fellow man.

In this same paper was recorded the death of one* of Calvary Tabernacle's greatest friends and patrons, a notice written by him, also a little scrap of poetry in one corner,—“Lines addressed to my wife.” “A single grey hair,” which awakens tender emotion. There are many grey hairs now, and henceforth there will be more, if, as it is said, they come by sorrow. Mine shall come in quick succession now, as shadow after shadow rests upon my brow.

In June of 1877, on her twentieth birthday our daughter Anna was married to Hiram A. Tucker, son of an eminent Baptist minister of Chicago. Her father assisted by the Rev. Dr. Gibson, then pastor of the second Presbyterian church, Chicago, performed the

*Mrs. Martha Woodwell, whose funeral he preached and whose loss was keenly felt by him.

ceremony. We had a nice, pleasant, little home-wedding. Anna and her husband remained with us for several years after their marriage.

I omitted to mention in a former part of this record, that during our stay in Springfield, our daughter Anna united with the church. She was at this time the only one of our dear children who had made a public profession of their faith, but we surely looked for them all to come in, for had we not the promise? They were children of the covenant.

There were some valuable additions through this mission to the Presbyterian church, and for ourselves in our home as well as church life, some precious dear friends who bravely stood by us, in our after troubles and trials. Of course we had to practice the strictest economy in our home, as the salary for the work at the church was small. Our little savings were all gone, but we did not suffer. It is true, at times we were sorely tried, but our faith failed not, our dear Heavenly Father did not forsake us, kind friends were raised up, and we did not suffer our wants to go beyond our means, consequently we were contented and happy. The children whom God had given us were our comfort and our joy.

Our dear daughter Mary (Minnie) united with the church during this year and was a happy young Christian, giving us great help in the religious training of her younger sister and brother. Her influence over them was very great. She was an active little worker too, always in the lookout for something to do for Jesus. Many of her young companions were brought into the fold through her influence. Her father had safely trusted in her, and he was a very happy man. She organized a little society called "The Busy Bees,"

which met every Saturday afternoon. It was indeed a most pleasant sight, to see those dear children, some eight or ten little girls, presided over by dear Minnie, all with their work in hand, making little garments for sweet Charity's sake. Henry was admitted and acted as treasurer. He ever wanted to be near his sisters, with whom he had been raised and always associated. He was as kind and gentle in his manner and bearing as were they. Their society was always opened by prayer and the reading of a portion of scripture. Some of the garments they made were taken to the Foundling's Home. They also hunted up needy children and fixed them up for attendance upon the Sabbath school. They were indeed a very busy, industrious hive of bees, and the honey they made was very sweet to our taste, long after their little society had been disbanded. I am very sure the memory of this will be pleasant to each one of them so long as they live, neither will they once regret having been thus employed.

"The Rev. Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Paynter, celebrated their silver wedding on Monday evening last, in the little church, Calvary Tabernacle. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Munro Gibson, of the second Presbyterian church, in his usual happy manner, the church people and invited guests, to the number of two hundred and fifty being present. Refreshments were provided, conspicuous among them wedding-cake both bride's and groom's. A number of pretty and valuable gifts were presented. The bride's cake was ornamented by silver twenty-five cent pieces, fresh from the mint, arranged in rows, from the border to the top. It looked very pretty and inviting, enhanced by the promised taste of silver. A thoroughly enjoyable evening was passed, and the guests departed wishing such weddings came oftener. Mr. Paynter is now pastor of Calvary Tabernacle, in which he has many friends."

This little church began under promising auspices,

and was the subject of many prayers, earnest and importunate, for its growth and success. Its spirit was Christ-like, and it struggled hard amid many difficulties and trials for existence, an existence which threatened often to go out, but strong in faith, they nobly struggled on. Under Mr. Paynter's pastorate they had done well, and they were much attached to him.

"The members of Calvary Tabernacle, an organization effected some two years ago, and worshiping in the building situated on the corner of Ogden Ave. and Flournoy Sts., have for a long time considered their place as not centrally located, with regard to the residence of members as might be desired. In pursuance of this idea the Board of Management have cast around for a more favorable site.

The organization starts out in its new field on a partially changed basis, owing to the resignation of the Rev. H. M. Paynter, who has filled the pulpit since the birth of the organization. It is with deep regret that the congregation receive Mr. Paynter's resignation, and they only release him from his present charge, in the belief that he can be instrumental in the accomplishment of more good in the more extensive field of labor which he has chosen.

Mr. Paynter resigns his charge for the purpose of pursuing unrestrainedly his work as an evangelist. He has, for the past month, been holding revivals in different parts of Canada, which have been largely attended, and have resulted in many conversions. It is hoped that a new pastor will be found to succeed Mr. Paynter, who will unite the interests of the church and thereby insure its future prosperity.

WHEREAS, our pastor, the Rev. H. M. Paynter, feels it his duty to engage in evangelistic work, and desires to be released from his pastoral charge of Calvary Tabernacle, therefore

Resolved, That inasmuch as many of us have become attached to our dear brother, and his most worthy family, we sincerely regret that circumstances have been

such as to have led him to tender us his resignation, still we heartily rejoice that the Lord is so greatly blessing his present labors in Canada. In view of his great success for many years as an evangelist, we feel it best to interpose no objections to his present course of action.

Resolved, That in according to our dear pastor's wishes, we dissolve our relations as pastor and people, with a dear brother whose earnest and untiring efforts in our midst, during the last two years, have resulted by the grace of God, in bringing many souls out of the darkness into the glorious light of the gospel, and in quickening and leading many of us from a low plane into a delightful atmosphere, where our trust and assurance is much nearer perfect, and far more satisfactory and soul-inspiring, than we ever before enjoyed.

Resolved, That during the term of brother Paynter's sojourn here, he has imposed upon us a lasting debt of gratitude by his profound and ever lucid exposition of God's word, often unfolding in a masterly manner, the most important yet obscure and most neglected truth, the same tending greatly to our spiritual growth, and also by his ever kind and consoling words spoken by the bedside of the sick and dying, and by spiritual instruction cheerfully given to all who have manifested a desire to grow in the knowledge and grace of our blessed Lord."

As this says, he had been laboring in Canada. He had received an earnest invitation to go there which he had not thought right to refuse. Had he been all the time with the little church, it possibly might have succeeded better, but there were fearful odds against it and it finally had to succumb.

But were the seeds sown there lost? No, no. They were precious seeds of God's own planting, as were those in Campbell Park. And although in this case as in many others "One soweth, and another reapeth," so also, "He that goeth forth and weepeth bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing,

bringing his sheaves with him." Man plans and arranges, but God directs, and His children are ever ready and willing to have him come into their lives as He deems best, and most for their good.

Had this organization been more liberal, as it is called, in their views, and allowed a greater freedom in thought with the freer expression thereof, that characterizes so many churches of the present day, they no doubt would have continued longer in duration.

During Mr. Paynter's stay in Canada, his brother John, whose health had become greatly impaired, in consequence of repeated and severe afflictions in his family, was advised to visit Colorado in hopes it might benefit him. He came to Chicago to visit his brother on the way. It was a pleasant meeting and I was always so glad that they did meet, for it was the last time they ever met on earth. Dear John passed away one year afterwards, and now they have met again, met where there is no more parting. Father, mother, sisters and brothers, almost a reunited family: but one more of that family* remains to be called home.

While he was preaching in Canada, he was most earnestly solicited to cross the water. Said they:-

"You will do much good in the old country. Your earnest defense of the truth, your clear, convincing and powerful appeals to the sinner, with *your* Bible-readings as *you* conduct them, will we know be gratefully received and listened to."

He thought over it, prayed over it, and so began to think favorably of it, but here was a dilemma. He had no money, he wanted me to accompany him, but as that would be an additional expense, and as a part of

*The first wife's children, his own brother and sisters.

our children were yet small and greatly needed the attention of one parent, at least, it was decided that he should go alone. Of course this was a great trial to us both, but we felt that he was called, and we also felt strong in the faith that the money would be forthcoming. The first person called on, a lady of wealth and one we had esteemed as a good friend, declined to let him have it, but the dear Lord raised up a friend in the person of a good Elder, and so the matter was settled. My precious husband in obedience to an urgent call from over the water, girded on his armor, bade adieu to his family, after having committed them to the kind care of his heavenly Father, and left us to carry the glad tidings over the sea.

CHAPTER XV.

It was a source of deep regret and sorrow on our part, that we had to be so much separated during our married life, and sadly did we miss each other's society. Had it been for mere earthly gain, we would have been content to do with less, but it seemed to be the direct leading of providence, not to be disregarded, painful and trying as it might be. He was a dear lover of home, very domestic in his feelings and tastes. All the little plans and arrangements of home life were entered into by him with marked interest, ever the tender, loving, thoughtful husband, the kind, affectionate, unselfish and considerate father. His constant aim seemed to be to do something for the comfort of home. He took great delight in seeing everything nice, neat and well-kept around the house, and so far as was in his power, added from time to time articles and pieces of furniture, books, and other things to make it more attractive.

He loved to give us little surprises. One day I well remember, he came into my room and said:-

"Come here, Alice."

I followed him into the parlor, when he pointed to a very nice rug which he had had woven. It was already on the floor, and looked very pretty.

He had a great deal of taste, which he often displayed in the selection of dresses for me and for the girls, more than once for Christmas presents, and for my birthday. He not only purchased these dresses for me, but on several occasions had them made up.

He was a splendid provider, and when at home, would watch the market so that we did much better in the way of purchasing provisions when he was the buyer.

He had a horror too of debt, and would urge me not to go in debt on any account. He cared very little for dress and it seldom gave him a moment's thought, and yet I never knew a neater person in *all* his habits. He took a bath every day and carefully arranged his toilet, after which if you would only let him alone with his books and papers, he was all right.

He would sit in a chair by the window, and write and study all day long, never once even requesting silence.

When engaged in study he seemed so completely absorbed that nothing whatever disturbed him. On the contrary, he would be perfectly oblivious to what was going on about him. I would pass by, put my hand on his head, stoop down and kiss his forehead, when he would look up and smile, and then go on with his writing or studying.

But here I am wandering away from the true record as it comes along. I could not help it. As I took up my pen to follow the thread of my narrative, these thoughts came up so vividly, so naturally, recalling so many precious memories, that I could but yield to the desire to transcribe them here. I must leave them, however, and go back, for in this chapter I was to trace the journey of my dear one across the water.

Committing his dear family to God, he bade us adieu and left home May 29th 1879. From New York, we received the following message:-

“Good-by. Leave for the boat in five minutes. Sail at 3. God bless and keep you all, and provide for your needs. Read Phil. i, 4, Psalms cxi.”

He sailed in the steamship, “Indiana,” state line.

To say that we missed him, would indeed but half express the true feeling caused by having him go away from us to be gone perhaps many months. My health too was poor. Our dear daughter Anna and her husband were with us, and indeed were a great comfort to me in my loneliness and hours of sadness.

Our dear children, Minnie, Susie and Henry were also very helpful and as good and sweet as they could be. I often said during his absence in my letters to him, “I do not know what I would do were it not for dear Minnie, she is so lovely and kind to her little sister and brother, taking almost the entire charge of them, reading the Bible to and praying with them.” She truly was a great comfort to us both.

We then attended upon the services of the eighth Presbyterian church. They were requested to offer prayers for his safe journey across the waters, and for a special blessing on the work he was called to do in that country, and among those people.

Most eagerly were the papers read to hear of the safe arrival in port of the “State of Indiana,” and after a pleasant and somewhat stormy passage, he landed at Liverpool, England. From there we received a long and interesting letter, telling of the journey, of his reception by his good brother, the Rev. J. J. Muir, of Waterloo, in whose church he afterwards held a glorious meeting, and whose friendship and kindness were

repeatedly chronicled to us from time to time, and made us love him with a grateful affection, though we had never seen him, never expected to meet him in this world. Nevertheless, he was a friend to one we loved, and that was sufficient for us to love him.

A series of meetings, a good and noble work, the result of which eternity alone can reveal, was begun by him and continued for one year, during which time he went from place to place, from city to city, as he was called and invited by those interested, and the various pastors of the churches in which he preached. Much good was done. Many souls were converted. Many of God's dear children were comforted and strengthened as was expressed in letter after letter written to him and to me about his blessed work.

In his own letters written every few days,—for he was so good always, when away from home, in letting us hear repeatedly from him,—he would tell of the goodness of God in opening doors of usefulness to him, and in giving him thoughts and power to proclaim the everlasting gospel and expound the precious word. Also in sustaining and keeping him in good health.

Many of those letters, both from him and to him, I will insert here,—that is, extracts from them. It would take too much space to record them all, and so I will only give from a few the expressions of the people, as that will be sufficient to prove how much he was appreciated, and how gladly words of truth were listened to. He spoke often at Mildmay mission, under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Pennyfather, (both since gone home,) and was invited to remain a year with them, provided I was willing. Mrs. Pennyfather and others wrote to me about it, but I did not feel as though I would like to



HENRY MARTYN PAYNTER

FROM A PORTRAIT TAKEN IN ENGLAND

make my home there, but still expressed myself as willing if it were for the best. I was pleased, however, when he decided not to accept the call.

Here are the extracts, taken from papers there:—

“SPECIAL SERVICES IN WATERLOO.

A series of evangelistic services were commenced last Sunday, in the Presbyterian church, Great Crosby Road. The Rev. J. J. Muir preached in the morning. He said that the evangelist had a distinct place and work. The early church possessed the pastoral evangelists, and the later new-testament church was at last beginning to see that the gifts of pastor and evangelists were still bestowed for the most part, not on the same, but on different men. The Rev. H. M. Paynter, of Chicago, in the evening, gave a stirring address on the necessity of being filled with the Holy Spirit, if men would work for God. Mr. Paynter's voice is powerful, his style direct and personal, his illustrations familiar and telling.

Of his tremendous earnestness and enthusiasm he leaves on the mind of the auditor no possibility of a doubt. His preaching has already awakened a good deal of interest in the neighborhood. He has held an afternoon meeting every day at 3 p. m. for the explanation of the scriptures, and at half past seven in the evening, an evangelistic service. We understand that he will have a children's meeting at three o'clock in the afternoon today, and that he will again preach in the Presbyterian church, Waterloo, to-morrow, besides holding an open air meeting on the green at the station.”

From “The Times,” Liverpool, England:—

“The meetings continued until July 25th. The community was stirred, the Presbyterian church and church of England people greatly revived, and many professed conversion to God. A marked peculiarity of the work was, that it was almost entirely confined to the higher circles of society. The converts embraced persons of mature age, young people and children.

On Tuesday the 22nd, Mr. Paynter gave a Bible-reading on "Consecration." It was a most deeply interesting and solemn day. At the close of the reading Mr. Paynter asked all who had found peace and joy in believing, and who could and would then and there, consecrate themselves and their all to God, to rise and unite with him in a full consecration to God. Large numbers arose, many in tears. He prayed, followed by Rev. J. J. Muir. It was a day that will never be forgotten by those present.

On Friday Mr. Paynter gave his last Bible-reading there, subject, "Door opened in heaven." He was listened to with very deep attention, and was very heartily thanked by the people for his labors in their midst. He goes from here to Aberdeen, Scotland, and from thence to Hull, Eng., to continue his labors."

This Rev. J. J. Muir was a great friend, and expressed a deep interest in him and his work, from the very first throughout. He received much kindness from him. I have many letters expressive of interest and appreciation of my dear husband, not only from him, but from others during his stay in their midst, thanking me for my goodness in letting him come so far away from me to do them good.

While laboring in Liverpool, he made the acquaintance of the great philanthropist, Matheson, a wealthy tea merchant of that city, who became greatly interested in him and his work. He was frequently a guest at his home, Poulton Hall, and when he had become fatigued and weary with continued speaking and untiring labor, Mr. Matheson would send for him to come to his home and *rest*, which he did. I shall ever feel under the greatest obligations to this noble man of God. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these," etc. I have too a number of letters from this dear, good man, and received also some presents from him.

Mr. Paynter made many warm friends during his labors in England, and in other places. It was a singular thing about him through life, that his friends were true and devoted and could not be turned away from him, but he had also some enemies, and they were equally as active against him. But one thing I may say with truth, that no one could ever find accusations against him of any merit, or cause for reproach. There was prejudice because of his beliefs, his unflinching and determined adherence to certain forms of theology and scriptural interpretations. but they moved him not. Firm as a rock, he ever stood, and I now look back as I write and recall his hours of severe trial, of suffering, yea of persecution, none of which moved him from his course, for he was not a man to form an opinion on simple hearsay, or even to take any but a well authenticated view. In other words, taking his opinions and belief from *the Bible*, he felt *perfectly* secure, in fact, invincible, and so he was never afraid of any attack, but stood firm in his theories and belief to the close of his life, and I thank God that it was so. I would not have had him change his position or make any compromise whatever, for all the glory or honor of this world, and I also thank God, that from a long and sweet communion with him, all these *precious truths* have taken such a deep root in my own being, that I can go on through my now sad and lonely journey, rejoicing, knowing that I too will come into the full and complete reality of those things that have already been revealed to him.

I also give here an extract from a letter from my dear husband, written from Liverpool:—

“On Sunday I preached three times, in the morning in the C — — St. church, the oldest Presbyterian

church in the city, at night also in the same church, and in the afternoon, in the Y. M. C. A. rooms. This is a very aristocratic church, and it is considered a great compliment to be invited into its pulpit. I preached in the simple way I always do, in the morning on consecration, "To me to live is Christ"; in the evening, on Jesus' gracious invitation. I was very much pleased, indeed, with the church, the appearance of the people, the attention they gave, and the increased attention at night. My heart is full of gratitude and praise to God. O, that He may keep me right, and use me to the praise of His glorious grace.

On Friday last I received a letter from dear brother McKaye of Hull, England, to go there and give them a month's preaching. I wrote him I would, God willing. I will go there from Aberdeen, the visit to which place, I wrote you of last week. Thus you see the blessed Lord has in infinite grace opened doors one after another."

In making selections from his letters I find myself wishing I could transcribe them all. They are so full of love for and intense interest in his work, so kind, affectionate and thoughtful of his family, of good advice to his dear children, that they are worthy of record.

O! how I have regretted as my pen moves on in this story of his dear life, that during these earlier years I did not so fully enter into and sympathize with my precious husband in his glorious work as I learned to do afterwards. Ambitions of a worldly character would be suggested to me by the Evil One, and yielding somewhat to these, I often found myself giving way to their siren and baleful influence. Such feelings indulged in must ever bring most bitter regrets. Thank God they were lived down, and His love, His grace, with the precious teachings of my dear husband, brought me safely through, enabling me not only to see those things, but to rejoice

in them so that before we were separated by death, there was such a complete intermingling of thought and feeling, that we *two* were indeed *one*.

The following letter written by him during the meetings in Liverpool, I will give throughout, as it is such an excellent one, and gives an account of the meeting of which I have already spoken.

“MY TRUSTY AND WELL BELOVED:—

I am the guest of Dr. Simpson, a homeopathic physician here, a fine man who has an interesting family. On yesterday (Sabbath) I preached three times. It was a solemn time indeed. In the morning I preached to a large congregation from Romans xvi, 12. At night at 6. 30 to a crowded house on Judges i, 10-13 and xii. 1-21. Then at 8, again to a large crowd in the skating rink. It rained nearly all day, but this did not hinder the people from coming out. The pastor, whom I have written you was set at full liberty in Jesus, is a happy man, and at the close of my evening bible-reading in his own church, gave a very solemn talk to his people, that he had been trying to please man rather than God, that he had never known before what the power of the gospel was, and much more of that same sort.

The meetings here are very precious. The very cream of the Liverpool society comes out every afternoon and night. But I am very sorry we have not yet reached the poor. High-born ladies are present, women of the highest refinement and culture and they listen with deep delight. Interest is very good. Meetings very solemn. Today I gave a bible-reading to children. Crowds out, happy faces, happy hearts. Many adults present. At the close, ladies and gentlemen crowded around me saying;—

“A most delightful meeting.”

Last night the church of England preachers came out to hear me, seemed greatly interested, and one of them led in prayer.

But the most remarkable feature of the work was the

radical change wrought in the pastor, a most excellent man. He frequently talks with me, and asks me to pray for him, that he and his wife may become wholly consecrated. Before he first spoke to me, I saw the struggle that was going on in his mind, but I said nothing. He introduced the matter to me in the presence of his wife, (I was then, and had been his guest since I came here and was such until yesterday,) and very unexpectedly to me as follows:—

“After I heard you preach and saw how deeply you were taught of the Lord, I and my wife watched you very closely, to see if in your daily life in our home, there was anything inconsistent with the high position you took in your bible-readings, and if we had found one thing not in accord with your entire consecration to God, your influence over us would have been broken, forever. And I must say that we both believe that you are wholly consecrated to God.”

He then went on to tell me of how he had been such a worldly preacher, had sought to please man rather than God, had never properly studied his bible, but that now he was truly awakened, and that he, by the help of God, vowed he would be more earnest, more faithful. He asked me to pray for him. We knelt then and prayed. It was a solemn hour.

I believe the Lord is going to bring him into a large and wealthy place.

You may believe that I was humbled before God that he had deigned to use me in this way. Glory be to His holy name. Love and kisses to the dear ones. The Lord bless and keep you. Live near to him. Be much in prayer. Be full of the Holy Spirit.

YOUR LOVING HUSBAND.

The following is a letter from Poulton Hall, the home of Thomas Matheson, the gentleman whom I have already said was so kind to him:—

June, 1879.

MY PRECIOUS WIFE AND FAMILY:—

I mailed you a long letter on Saturday, but I will

write this morning to give you my impressions of an English gentleman's rural home.

Mr. Matheson, the owner of this princely estate, invited me upon my arrival to make his house my home, but I thought it best to remain in the city during the meetings, but as his pastor invited me to preach for him yesterday, and Mr. M. renewed the invitation, I accepted it and came out on Saturday. Crossing the Mersey to Birkenhead, I took the cars to Bromborough, and walked from the depot. The walk was through a succession of attractions. The winding road leading by ivy and moss-covered walls, and over-shadowed by the wide spreading beech, presented new beauties at every step. The walls were venerable with age. The beech trees unlike any at home, recalled my college days when I read "*Fugere pudor verumque fidesque.*" The laurel, the fir, the Spanish laurel were intermingled with the statelier trees, giving a pleasing variety to the leafy scene. The trees were vocal with the songs of birds, many notes of which were new to me, and very sweet and musical. Here and there as I caught glimpses of the much famed English lawns, Cowper's lines would come back to memory and I would live over again the happy hours I spent in his company. The walk was most delightful. Joy streamed in through every sense. My only regret was, that you my dear family were not with me to partake of that joy. My soul was full of gratitude to God.

It is a very difficult to convey any clear impression of the place by the pen. The Hall is built in the Elizabethan style, three stories high and as long as the block in which you live. It contains about twenty-five or thirty rooms. The first impression is that of solidity, the next of the genuine home feeling. The rooms are large, the furniture solid, the walls adorned with paintings and engravings of the highest character.

The quiet of the home corresponds with the quiet of the scene around. In front of the house, the lawn spreads out in all its variegated beauty. The garden is hidden from view by a beautiful copse of wood, and

which is surrounded by high walls, is entered by a gate, always kept locked, — is kept in a high state of cultivation, and it as clean as any other part of the estate, not a weed, not an unpleasant object, offends the eye, nor mars the beauty of the scene.

Upon my arrival I was ushered into my room, where I spent the first few minutes in prayer. Soon after Mr. Matheson made his appearance, gave me a hearty welcome and announced dinner at 6. P. M. the very time at which, in Chicago, the children are entering school, 9 A. M. After dinner, Mr. M. invited me to the drawing-room, but as I had to preach, I excused myself.

"At ten," said he, "the bell will ring for prayers."

At that time I repaired to the prayer-room, and when I was seated the bell was rung, and the house servants, five in number marched in, all dressed with great neatness, each having a spotless, white apron and a little cap on the top of their heads. Mr. M. conducted the family worship with reverence, simplicity and fervor. His reading and praying touched my heart very deeply, and when he asked the Lord to bless my visit to the salvation of many precious souls, and to protect my family and provide for their needs, I could not keep back the tears, I felt that I was at home with a brother in the Lord, and praised the Lord for His loving kindness to me.

As we parted for the night, Mr. M. remarked:—

"The bell will ring for prayers ten minutes after eight, and breakfast will be on the table at fifteen minutes before nine."

I was awakened early by the singing of the lark.

High in the air, he poured forth his morning lays.

Last night the thrush warbled forth his sweet notes, until I fell asleep, and now the lark arouses me from my slumbers to join him in worshipping the great Creator.

These are part of nature's matins and vespers. Let me not lag behind.

To a minute the bell rang for prayers. Everything here is done by clock-work, and there is, I believe, a clock in every room. I was requested to conduct the

worship. We start for church twenty minutes past ten.

Precisely at the time, an open coach was at the drive.

Part of the servants were taken in with us. The coachman sat by the side of Mr. M., who held the reins, and off we started, at a brisk trot, along a winding road, every foot of which presented new beauties. Ten minutes before eleven, we reached the Church. I was taken into the vestry, introduced to the pastor, Rev. Mr. Henderson, was robed in the gown and conducted by the beadle into the pulpit, where I sat for a few moments musing in my strange attire and position. The services are conducted here in the churches as they are at home. I gave a Bible-reading on the relation of the Holy Spirit to the person of Christ. I preached about fifty minutes, was listened to throughout with fixed attention, and observed that quite a number were deeply affected.

I do trust that souls were blest.

After we arrived at the Hall, Mr. M. remarked:—

“I have a Sunday school here at three, and will be pleased to have you say a word to the children, and I have a service at half past six for the servants of the Hall, and of the neighboring families and the small farms around, and will be glad to have you speak to them.”

“How long,” I asked “have you been conducting these services?”

“About twenty years.”

“I trust much good has been done.”

To which he replied.

“Yes, I can bless God that many have found Jesus.”

The school numbers perhaps seventy or eighty, and I was happy to talk to the dear little ones. At half past six I entered the chapel, which is a part of the Hall, and found about one hundred persons. As I looked at their quiet ways, neat and respectable appearance, I felt how happy the families blest with such servants. I preached to them, and they listened with fixed attention. At the close of the services Mr. M. and I walked through the garden, and he told me something of his

personal history. He has drunk deep of the cup of sorrow, and it has been sanctified to his good. He is an accomplished gentleman, but more than that a most intelligent and thoroughly consecrated man, who evidently enjoys much deep fellowship and communion with the Lord. He is one of the first business men of Liverpool, and is a living illustration of the fact, that a man can manage both business interests, and at the same time walk in close fellowship and communion with the Lord. His reputation is that of a man kind to the poor, and liberal in every good work, besides being an active worker personally in the cause of Christ.

God bless and keep you all.

Your loving husband and father "

This letter was mainly for his dear children, whom he knew would take a deep interest in all he would write concerning himself and his travels, and there are many more just such letters, from other points of interest, but I cannot give a copy of them all here. They would fill a volume in themselves, but I have one from Aberdeen, which is the next place to which his attention was directed, that I will insert here:—

" JULY 28.

MY PRECIOUS WIFE AND FAMILY:

O! how good the Lord is to me. As our precious Minnie wrote to me in her last sweet letter, so I write you, "I am very happy in the Lord."

Here I am at Aberdeen, at the latitude fifty-eight degrees, only about two thousand miles south of Greenland, and I am here by the invitation of the people to tell the story of grace. O! that my tongue may be a tongue of fire, used by the blessed Lord.

The ride from Liverpool here is much such as I have already described. The same high, picturesque hedgerows, green swards, charming landscapes that fairly fill one with their own quiet. A few miles before reaching Aberdeen, the road struck the coast, and for the first time my eye rested on the waters that lie between Scot-

land, Denmark and Norway. We rode along the coast for about sixteen miles, and I enjoyed the ride very much. When we reached Aberdeen I was met at the station and cordially welcomed, then driven to the home of James Abernethy, Esq., Ferry Hall. Here I was again welcomed by a hearty shake of the hand by Mr. A., a venerable man of seventy-five, with long flowing, gray beard. I was shown to my room, had a good bath and rest, after which was shown into the drawing-room and presented to the family, Mrs. Abernethy, four daughters and one son, and again welcomed to Ferry Hall.

I had a sweet season of communion with the Lord, and a lovely sound sleep; and in the morning found Jesus present in my room, precious to my soul and heaven very near. In prayer I was enabled to give myself and all my dear ones to Him; also to wrestle for a blessing on Aberdeen.

After morning family prayers and breakfast, I was accompanied by some of the family to enter free Church, where Rev. Mr. Bell preaches, and where I am to labor next week. He did not know I was in the church, and I was very much affected when I heard him pray most fervently for

‘Our dear brother who has come from Chicago to labor in our midst,’ etc.

I felt, O, how good is God to thus bear me up in prayer, and I prayed very earnestly that God would use me here as he had done elsewhere. O! may He keep me very humble and very self-emptyied.

After services I made myself known to Mr. Bell, and the family invited him to breakfast with me this morning.

Just as I was leaving the church, one of the elders of South Church came up and asked me if I would preach for them at 2 P. M. I said, yes. Met a large congregation at this hour.

Dined, rested one hour, and then preached in the Baptist Church at 6 P. M. Then at eight in the Institute, which was packed full of people who listened with

deep interest till the close. Quite a number remained for the after meeting.

Among my hearers was Rev. Dr. David Brown, Prof. of Theology in the Free Church Seminary, and author of the ablest work on Post Millennium. He has a very fine head and is a venerable looking gentleman. I hope to meet him again before I leave the city.

Aberdeen is called the 'Granite City,' and rightly. I have not seen either a brick or frame building; all are of granite. Union street, the main street of the city, is a very beautiful street, long, wide and clean—very clean. The streets are swept every day, and the middle of the street is as clean as the sidewalk.

I will send you some photographic views of the city; also of the building in which the meetings are being held.

This afternoon held my first Bible reading; room packed full; meeting peculiarly solemn; indications are that we are going to have a good work. God grant it may be so. May scores be converted."

Extract from another letter:

"This is Saturday, my rest day when I can get it.

To-day my kind host, Mr. Abernethy, gave me an airing in his coach. Himself, wife and daughter, Kate, accompanied me. The day was delightful, and air bracing, and so I greatly enjoyed the ride."

Then follows a very pleasing and instructive account of the numerous objects of interest along the drive. The buildings are minutely described and pointed out, so that by looking at the views he sent us of Aberdeen, we could trace his course. He did this very much for the children's sake.

After luncheon, he says:

"I go to Major Ross', whose guest I am to be next week. He is of the British army, Albyn Place. Mr. Moody was here during his visit to Aberdeen. He is also an elder in the Free High Church, the place where the meetings are to be held this week. He is a fine

Christian gentleman, and he and his family have been very kind to me.

I can truly say I have been treated with marked respect and distinction everywhere I have been. Pulpits have been opened to me, while learned professors and high civil functionaries have expressed great delight at my Bible readings, and everywhere the preachers have not only taken the deepest interest in my work, but copious notes of my readings, and have expressed themselves as delighted and assisted by them.

On Thursday of this week I repeat here by request, a bible-reading I gave in Glasgow, and which some gentlemen residing here heard me give there. I trust this will be a great week of blessing for Aberdeen.

The Lord's day services were peculiarly interesting and solemn. I spoke four times. At night the hall was densely packed. Audience still as they could be.

Many in tears. The word was with power. Glory be to God! The Lord gave me perfect freedom from the fear of man and full liberty.

One old gentleman came up to me as I was leaving the church for the fourth service, and said with much earnestness, 'The Lord sent you here, sir, and we are going to have a blessing.'

This is the second time this remark was made to me on yesterday, and I believe the same.

I returned to my room, very tired indeed, but very happy, very grateful to the blessed Lord for His great kindness to me. I asked the Lord to forgive all the imperfections of the services, bless you all and keep me very humble and full of His grace.

Your loving husband and father.

And thus I might go on, copying letter after letter, and everyone breathing the same happy, cheerful, earnest spirit of devotion to, and love for the service of His blessed Master, and all at the same time expressive of the true love, interest and ever thoughtful consideration of the happiness of the dear ones at home.

It is a very difficult thing, in looking over these let-

ters, to make a selection. I find myself wanting to give them all, they are so good, but there are such a great number and the work spread over such a long time, that I cannot use them all in this way, and so am forced to single out extracts from a few.

I have letters from Glasgow, Edinburg and Dundee and other places in Scotland; also Hull, Bristol, London and others in England, with some from Dublin, Ireland. His labors extended over a year, from June, 1879 to the last of July, 1880.

Besides preaching in churches as invited, he also gave bible-readings and in many private houses, Lady Hobart's, Lady Borough's and others. I have numerous notes from different persons expressive of the great delight and benefit these bible-readings ever were. I give one or two:—

Norfolk Circuit, Hyde Park.

“MY DEAR SIR:—

Not being able to come to the Bible-reading today, I write one line to ask you a question I had intended to have asked you in person, namely, whether or no there is any hope of your giving us a week or two more of your very interesting and helpful readings before you leave London, or if you cannot do so now, perhaps you might be able to do so later in the season, if you remain so long in England. I think there are many besides myself who have enjoyed and been benefited by your reading, and who would feel very grateful if you would kindly give us a few more, at any time when you could do so without inconvenience to yourself. I am the more anxious about this as I rather fear I shall be away from London for the rest of the week and should feel very sorry never to hear you again. I know there are many Christain ladies who would very gladly open their homes for such a purpose.

Thanking you for the help and comfort they have afforded, believe me to be
Yours most sincerely.”

A letter from one of these ladies:—

“DEAR MR. PAYNTER:—

It is really with regret that I see this week is over, when we have had the privilege of your holding Bible-readings in my house.

I feel myself deeply grateful to our loving God for the messages He has sent to me through you, and I have to assure you also on behalf of many friends, how deeply we have valued your teachings and counsels, and that I trust in the blessed day when we all meet before God, you may have fresh cause for joy and praise in seeing the results of your words spoken in this house, in that we have been stirred to walk more worthy of our wondrously high calling, and been more whole-hearted in our life devotedness to God's glory and service than we have been hitherto.

I must indeed ask you to accept my personal thanks for your valuable words to my soul, and for having so kindly come to my house, and I must ask you to remember my family and myself in your private prayers, that we may all live only and wholly for God.

One friend, who has greatly enjoyed the readings here, and to whom I happened to mention the path of faith by which God had brought you to London, wished much to relieve you of concern about some of the small incidental expenses of going about and to this I have made a small addition, assuring you that it would have been a very different sum, if the Lord had seen fit to trust me with a larger income. I hope you mayn't feel any offence or slight at so small a matter being done or spoken of by me.

Believe me, Yours truly, C. A. H.”

Again she writes:—

“My heart is too full for my voice to be heard, but let me give you my earnest thanks, and what is worth more, assure you that God has *spoken* through your voice so clearly, so blessedly!

You knew not, as you spake these sentences, how the Lord was answering my morning prayer, ‘*Show me now Thy way.*’

Only God knows our perplexities, and only we know when He is throwing light upon them. May I never forget the teachings on Saturday on Consecration.

Great indeed is the peace of passing 'into the ownership' of our precious, precious Lord. I thank you for using these words.

The truth to day, 'Our Lord's Return,' is one of the *best treasures* of my soul. All you said of its *power* in sorrow, I have proved to be true. It has been my life in deepest grief, and I felt that nothing else had any power to help. I do intreat you for the sake of sad hearts, continue to urge Ministers and all Christians to bring out this mighty comfort that 'Jesus is coming,' when they would smother grief. I know how I longed to hear more of it.

May the Lord bless you, and be giving out great blessings of His love and presence to your dear ones at home, while you are ministering to the spiritual needs of this country. You will greatly rejoice when you know also how much God has used you here. If we do not meet again (as I hope we may) it is only farewell, 'Till He Come.'

C. A. H."

Another:—

DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST:—

It pained me that you should have gone off so quickly today, without even a moment in which I could bid you good-bye and thank you as I would have done, for coming. Very grateful am I to you for your great kindness in giving us those precious lessons, and that too when you must have been considerably missed. I can only ask that there may be such a blessed result from your teaching here as shall add to your crown at the 'Lord's appearing.' It is very good to think that you will be returning among us* that we may look for more of your Bible-readings. You have indeed an overflowing of the water and bring blessings thus to many oth-

* It was then thought that he would accept Mrs. Pennyfather's invitation to labor at the Mild May Mission for a time.

ers. We have richly enjoyed those readings. O! for power now to live out those truths!

Wishing you a prosperous journey and a great many sheaves; O! ask that I may have *one*.

Yours in the love of Christ,

E. M. S.

These are all evidences of how greatly my dear husband was appreciated, and above all how he was used of the Master for His glorious service. He opened the way for our loved one to testify and preach. He caused the people to hear, and He also opened their hearts to remember our personal needs, so that all our wants were abundantly supplied, and at times during his absence their kindly feelings and gratitude were expressed by appropriate gifts to me and our dear children.

I have still some other letters from him to us but before I give them here, will insert a letter, or part of it, from a correspondent of the "*Evangelist*," New York:—

REV. HENRY MARTYN PAYNTER IN LONDON.

The Rev. Mr. Paynter, a member of the Presbytery of Chicago, is doing a good work here as an Evangelist, and conversions are attending his ministry. He has been on this side of the Atlantic for several months. He landed in Glasgow* and began preaching there. He has preached in several of the churches in Edinburg, as Dr. Moody Stuart's, Dr. Thompson's, Dr. Boyce's and others; several in Glasgow, Aberdeen, Dundee. One was in the church of the sainted Robert Murray McCheyne.

He made two visits to Aberdeen, the first of three weeks, the second of a month.

In all these places, as I am informed, the churches were greatly blessed, and there were many conversions.

*In another place I have stated that he landed at Liverpool: be that as it may, he preached in both places with very great success, and it matters not which was first.

He was obliged to decline several invitations. The same success attended his preaching in Hull, Liverpool and other towns in England.

Besides laboring a portion of February, in Dr. Donald Frazer's church here in London, he came on a special invitation two weeks ago to 'Mild May Park Conference Hall' where he is still holding meetings. This is in that part of London called Islington. He has held 'Bible Readings' every day, sometimes twice a day, besides preaching at night.

These meetings have been attended by great numbers and at some of them several ministers have been present and a great and continuing interest has been awakened. I have attended some of these services. I have heard ministers and others speak of the great value of Mr. Paynter's labors at 'Mild May,' especially his 'Bible Readings.'

All denominations of people attend them, and their attendance day after day attests their interest.

Here follows an account of 'Mild May,' its work and so on, but as many are already acquainted with this work, I need not insert that portion of his letter.

In a former part of this memoir, I have spoken of a letter written me in reference to his acceptance of a call to 'Mild May' as one of the messages written me by Mrs. Pennyfather. This letter I will give before I go on with more of his letters to his family.

DEAR MRS. PAYNTER:-

I am encouraged by Mr. Paynter to send you a few lines expressive of our deep interest in the solemn addresses he has been giving us during the past two weeks. We feel very grateful to God who has inclined his heart to minister among the Christians of England, and especially for bringing him to this place where so many have felt helped and strengthened by his teachings. May I venture to send you a copy of a book which will tell you something of the spot where Mr. Paynter has been lately working for the Master, and in which he has kindly expressed a great interest.

There are some here who are asking God that Mr. Paynter's visit there may not be merely a temporary one, and I have ventured to suggest that if God should call him to further ministry in this land, we should count it a privilege to offer him an humble dwelling in this part of London, which he might look upon as an English home.

I had great delicacy, as a perfect stranger in naming this to you, and only venture to do so at your husband's request, feeling a happy confidence that God's children will not misunderstand each other. I am sure that you and he will lay the matter before the Lord, who guides the steps of His trusting servants, and sends them on His own messages. I only want you to know, that in case you should come to this country, you would find a hearty welcome, and true sympathy from a little band of God's children residing here. God will make all plain, and if your dear husband is to be one of His dear messengers to London, He may permit us the privilege of speeding him on his way, and offering a loving welcome to his family.

Pardon me if I am taking too great a liberty, and accept the Christian greetings of friends at Mild May.

Yours very truly,

C. PENNYFATHER

Mild May Park, London.

But he never returned to England. God in his infinite wisdom had other work for him in his own country. He was now to testify more particularly with his pen, and his great work, "The Life of Christ,"* was after great struggling, labor, unwearied study and much prayer, given to the world as the crowning point to all these efforts, the cap-stone that finished up his life-work for Jesus.

He would sometimes say to me: "Alice, when my books are all completed, just as I wish them, I shall cross the water again and you shall go with me."

*To be spoken of in a future chapter more at length.

But this plan was never carried out. His work here—his work there—was done!

Extract of a letter from Aberdeen:

"The work in Aberdeen was a deep and powerful one, up to the last night the interest was unabated. The converts were from all classes. Two days before I left, I was enquired of, if I would not come back. The preachers felt that my work was not done; so did the people. One who has been a worker for Jesus for years and was greatly refreshed, remarked in the evening of the last meeting:

"We will pray him back."

As I look upon all the Lord has been pleased to do, I can only say:

"Bless the Lord, O, my soul! and all that is within me. Bless His holy name."

Again:

"On yesterday I began a month's campaign in Hull, having been invited here by the Rev. Dr. McKaye, and the meetings for the next two weeks will be held in his church. He, like myself, is a bible reader, preaches no sermons. He has altogether the most delightful church I have seen on this side—intelligent, hearty, earnest. The church carries on five Sunday schools. The session to a man is in hearty sympathy with evangelistic work. The singing of the congregation stirs the soul. The pastor has no salary, lives entirely by faith. Pews all free. When I told them that I had for years lived the same way, they were greatly rejoiced. House was full, congregations increased at night and a tender time it was. Three Presbyterian Churches unite in the work. Mr. Giblin's Patterson's and McKaye's.* O! may the Lord shower down blessings. May it be the mightiest meeting yet. How I wish you all were with me.

On Friday next, August 30th, it will be three months since I landed in England, and how has the loving-kind-

*Dr. McKaye has since gone home, too. And now they have met in the full reality of all their blessed teachings while on earth.

ness of God followed my every step. He has raised me up friends. He has supplied all my wants. He has opened doors of usefulness for me, so that I have been constantly employed. He has enabled me to supply all your needs at home, and, better than all, has used me to comfort many saints and bring many sinners to Himself. During this time He has graciously kept us all in good health. No plague has come nigh our dwelling. No sorrow has pierced our hearts. How great is His goodness, how good is His love. Help me to praise Him, my dear wife and children, and may your lives and mine be one continued song of praise to the Lord."

Copy of a letter written to the donor of a handsome suit of clothes, while he was in Glasgow preaching in the Knox Place Church.*

"DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD:

I have never seen your face, but I am sure you have a loving heart, how otherwise could I have been the recipient of your earnest expression of love to Jesus, manifested toward me, His servant.

It is worthy of warm thanks, and I must be permitted to testify the same to you. I am sure this is according to His mind for whose sake it was done, and who will not forget your testimonial of love to him. I pray that it may, and I know that it will return in rich blessings on your head. May He so abundantly fill me with His Holy Spirit, that when in your gift I appear before my fellow-men, I may be constantly reminded of the gift of grace, and of the saint's beautiful robe of the Redeemer's righteousness and be so enabled to hold them up that saints will be filled with joy and sinners be led to receive the gift and be saved by the grace of our Lord.

Your brother in the salvation and patience of Jesus Christ.

HENRY MARTYN PAYNTER,

Chicago, Ill., U. S. A."

*This man was a banker, an elder in the Renfield Church, who heard him preach in Aberdeen and was so pleased that he sent him this gift.

In another letter, he says:

"I have this week received two letters from Edinburgh, in reference to going there; also a letter from Glasgow, begging me to go there and labor, so you see I am going all the time."

"CHRISTIAN CONVENTION AT GLASGOW.

At the annual Christian convention at Glasgow, Rev. H. M. Paynter, of Chicago, spoke at length on 'The Power of service.' Among the variety of powers of service, he mentioned, 'thorough conversion,' 'entire consecration,' 'the Divine call,' and an intimate acquaintance with the Scriptures. Another element of power was through prayer and by a knowledge and intimate acquaintance with God. Then there was intimate acquaintance with human nature. One more element was a broken heart. The next was holiness of heart and life. Another was 'always at it,' and the last was 'filled with the Holy Spirit.'"

These were all familiar and most precious topics to him. Living himself in the very atmosphere of prayer, and being a *man* of prayer, he lived ever in such constant and close communion with God, that he could at all times and in all places, hold up these same precious truths to others.

Letters to his children, Susie and Henry:

Yesterday was Lord's Day. Your father preached twice to large crowds of people, talking once to the children, and you ought to have seen their eyes sparkle as I talked to them of Jesus and His salvation for dear little children.

I daily pray God to bless you both. I do so long to see you both happy little Christians. You will never be happy without Jesus, and I do hope you will both give your hearts to Him before Christmas. Jesus loves little children to give their hearts to Him. A great many children, and young people, too, ask me about my children, how they look, how old they are, if they study hard and if they are little Christians. I tell them 'Anna' and 'Minnie' are. O! how I long to tell them

that dear little Susie and Henry are too. 'Papa' does so long to hear from yourselves that you have received Jesus as your Saviour. What a happy New Year it would be to me, so far from you all, to get this good news.

On yesterday I was at Professor Simpson's. He and his wife are very dear Christian people. They have two little boys, and very sweet little fellows they are, so gentle, so loving to each other. They loved to have me tell them of Jesus. Like you, they have a dear little brother in heaven. As their mother told me of little Rudolph, I thought of our precious little 'Gilman.'

When I was ready to go we all kneeled down and prayed. I prayed first, then the two dear little boys prayed. One of them said:

'O! help us to live holy lives that we may meet Rudolph and Mr. Paynter's little boy in heaven.'

Then the mother prayed, and she very earnestly asked God to bless Mr. Paynter's wife for her great kindness in letting her husband come over here, and bless Mr. Paynter and make him a great blessing to the people. Then Prof. Simpson prayed, or, rather praised God for the children in heaven; asked God to bless the children of both families, that those living might be good and useful Christians. The whole scene was very affecting to me.

Just as I was leaving, Mrs. Simpson handed me a note, to get some Christmas presents for you and the children. I will send each one of you a gift; also a Christmas paper. The good people of Aberdeen are also going to send your mother a gift. And Mrs. Dr. Simpson, of Liverpool, has sent one to me to send her. Hope you will have a happy time; wish I could be with you."

God in His goodness and mercy gave us so many of these days which we can recall with great pleasure as we give him the praise. The only mar to this particular occasion, was the absence from us of one who ever made these occasions so much the more delightful and pleasant. Often was this the case, but we have many, O, so many

tokens of his ever thoughtful remembrance, and we knew he was thinking of us and praying for us. One of these gifts, and the one I prize more than all, is his own loved face—a life size picture—so natural, so kind, so sweet and loving in expression that it seems almost as if he would speak to me as I gaze upon it, and I often talk with him when alone as I am looking upon that dear face.

The children also received a very interesting and instructive letter from him, giving an account of his trip to Brussels and Antwerp, which I would very much like to give in full, but I find I must curtail, though I hate to do so.

An extract from the letter I will give:

“Having a little spare time, I thought I would take a short rest and a sail on the water, so left Hull last Wednesday and arrived at Antwerp, distance some 270 miles.”

Then follows a minute description of both Antwerp and Brussels, their public buildings, people, characteristics, and so on; the museum, statuary, paintings handsome and venerable churches: the prison of the Inquisition and other objects of deep interest. A number of photographic views of all these places were also sent us, on which were marked the various places mentioned in his letters. These letters, full of instruction and description of places he had visited, as I have said before, were written more especially for his dear children, and they looked forward most anxiously for them from time to time during his absence.

The former was written near the Christmas of 1880. All these things were received, and gave us much pleasure, not only that they came from an absent loved one, who was ever so thoughtful of us, but also that they

gave fresh evidence of that pure unselfish love that was always planning and thinking for us. These seasons were always observed and made attractive and pleasant for our children by interchange of gifts, good feeling, and so on, and no one entered more heartily into the spirit of it than did he. He loved to plan surprises for us, bringing up and secreting about the house numerous mysterious parcels, regarding which no questions must be asked, but about which a wonderful curiosity was excited, yet not one would really have liked to know. The greater the mystery the greater the pleasure anticipated. They, too, had their little secrets and mysteries about which 'papa' and 'mama' were to know nothing. There were also other days, such as birthdays, anniversaries that were always observed and commemorated in some pleasing manner, which enable us, mother and children, to look back with feelings of gratitude to God.

From Mary (Minnie):—

“MY DEAR FATHER:—

Your last letter was so sweet and comforting I thank you very much for it.

I am getting along nicely in school, passed my examination on 91, and stood 97 467 general average for the term, am studying very hard. I know this will please you also, to hear that Susie and Henry are both studying and stand well in their classes, 'Susie' says 'Henry' is called the best boy in school. She too has been promoted to a higher class. 'Mamma' is going to send our pictures to you. I have commenced reading as you told me and have been studying the book of John and find it very interesting.

Dear 'Papa' please send me some tracts, such as you think are suited to me.

We all miss you very much and long to have you at home again, but if you are doing good we are willing to

spare you longer. If you are not coming home soon, please write me a nice long letter.

‘Mamma’ and all send love and kisses to you
Your loving daughter.”

The long letter was written, This dear daughter in her sweet, simple life of testimony from day to day was a great comfort to him, rejoicing his heart.

From ‘Anna’ :—

“MUCH BELOVED FATHER:—

Your letters since you left have been intensely interesting and it has been with much pleasure that I have perused them; also with a heart full of gratitude to God that He has been so good to us. He never forsakes us, does He? We have been wonderfully kept, none of us have been sick since you left, but our neighborhood has been a sad one, there having been five deaths around us recently. Dear Mrs. Billings is gone. Everything about her death was beautiful. She looked so sweet, just as though she was sleeping. I do not know that the Saviour was near, for they would not let us talk to her. I did wish so much that you could have been here, for I know you would have in some way comforted her, and directed her thoughts to her Saviour.

I am very busy in my work; have been reading some and studying more. The moments are so rapidly converted into hours, the hours into days and the days into months, that I can scarcely call them my own till they are gone.

I am making a linen scrap book, please send me some pictures to put in it. I would like to have the royal family, such as you sent ‘mamma.’

I will try and write you again soon. May God bless and keep both you and us is the prayer of

Your loving daughter.”

Anna had a good deal of her father’s energy, perseverance and I may say heroism, for she too in the line of work she has followed, has exhibited all these wonder-

ful traits of character, and her father greatly admired her.

From little Susie:—

“DEAR ‘PAPA’:—

Dinner is not quite ready—while I am waiting I will write to you. Where are you now? Did you get the letter I wrote you last time? I am doing well in school. My Sunday-school teacher came to see me yesterday.

Our sewing society* is so nice. We have made a great many hearts happy by sewing for them. We fixed up one little girl for Sunday School, and on Christmas we took our money from the little bank and bought presents for the children in a poor family. It made them so glad and we felt so happy.

I have had a bad cold. I could not speak above a whisper. I am beginning to read my Bible every day now,—so is Henry.

‘Papa’ you promised I should take music lessons and Miss Lida Hair will give them to me cheap. It is dreadful to think you will not be with us at Christmas. We all miss you so much and say ‘I wish he was here. ‘Mamma’ feels so badly about it too. ‘Papa’ please hurry home we all want to see you so badly.

Your little daughter:—SUSIE.”

This letter is just as she wrote it, expressed in her own childish way, and needs no comment.

It was carefully preserved by him. I found it among old letters, with others equally attractive and childlike. She and Henry kept a little journal, the out pourings of two young hearts that beat warm and true for an absent loved father, which he read with deep interest.

Just as he was about to leave for home he wrote the following letter:—

“This is the last letter I shall write. Should it please the adorable Lord to spare me until Saturday of

*The “Busy Bees” spoken of in another part of this memoir.

this week, I will sail on the steamship of the national line—'The Italy.' Should it please the Lord to give me a prosperous journey I expect to land in New York about July 22nd or 23rd—sixteen or seventeen days from this date. Dear brother Matheson sent me the money to bear my expenses home."

This letter, as may be supposed, gave great joy to the household. The days and almost the hours were counted until the 'Italy' should arrive in New York. O! what a welcome we gave him when he did return to our hearts and to our home.

CHAPTER XVI

He did not remain at home many days before as was ever his wont, he began to look around for something to do. Greatly invigorated by his trip, and still full of the blessed work that he had been engaged in for the past year in foreign lands, he felt impatient to keep up the same blessed service for his Master here in Chicago, or elsewhere if it should please God to direct his steps.

In some way his attention was drawn to the Stock yards, which he thought might be a good field. This was work he dearly loved, as I have said, and seemed eminently fitted for, to build up, organize, and strengthen weak, feeble churches. In this work he was ever successful, but too often sowed seed for others to reap the bountiful harvest, and so it proved in this case.

He had not labored there very long, and he labored most faithfully, early and late, with a willing heart, before the numbers and interest had so increased that an application was made by the people to Presbytery to organize them into a church. And it seems the application was regarded favorably from the following notice which appeared in one of the daily papers:—

The committee appointed to present the petition to the Presbytery of Chicago to organize a church at the stock-yards met with a most favorable reception. The petition was signed by one hundred and fifteen persons. It was received and assurance given to the committee that the Presbytery would organize a church early in September. This will be good news to our citizens, who have so long desired a Presbyterian church in this place.

In view of this fact, the Rev. H. M. Paynter, who has been laboring here for many months with so much energy, perseverance and acceptance, will preach next Sunday evening, on "The Church — its organization and object."

No Mother, with all her characteristic pride, admiration and love, ever looked forward with more unfeigned and sincere pleasure to the fulfilment of her fondest anticipations and parental hopes, than did he at this near prospect of his labors being crowned with such sure success.

But again was he to be disappointed, and again was he treated in the most shameful manner by this Presbytery.* A second Campbell Park affair, though greatly aggravated. I will not go over all the circumstances, nor make mention of the little tricks and schemes unworthy a man much less a Christian man and a brother, that were perpetrated in this affair. It was a terrible stroke to him, and one for which he seemed so entirely unprepared. So much had he become interested in this work and completely absorbed in its ultimate consummation that he forgot for a time his past experience with these brethren. To me it was not such a surprise. I

*It is but right and proper to add here that the membership of the Presbytery with a very few exceptions, is changed, and that the present members, most of them, are ignorant of all this.

looked for just such a termination. It angered far more than disappointed me. On his account I felt grieved, and when I saw his pale face and watched him pace the floor of his room for some time in great agitation, I confess there were many very bitter thoughts in my heart towards those who had so cruelly wronged him.

May God help me to forgive them, as he did.

Calmly and sweetly he turned to me with these words as I was giving way to my feelings:—

“My dear wife do not talk in that manner. They have indeed treated me very badly. It is now the heat of summer and I have no place to work, but we are in the hands of God. He knows all about it, and for some wise purpose has permitted it. We will now look to Him and to Him alone. I will promise you one thing however, that I will give up churches, except in so far as my services may be needed and I am called upon to preach and expound the precious word of God, which cannot be taken away from me. I will turn my attention more directly and earnestly to Evangelistic work. The world is my field. It is large and I do not fear but that I will have much work to do always for the blessed Master. His love has followed me all my days. He will not forsake me now.”

Nor did He, for few if any of God's ministers were more blessed in the saving of souls and comforting of saints, while he has left an unsullied and precious memory, not only to his dear family, but to all those who heard his voice and received his teaching.

A very strong paper though severe was prepared by him to be read before Presbytery as a protest to their treatment of him, which paper he was urged to have published, but would not lest it might do the church he loved (Presbyterian) harm.

In looking over his writings of every character, I find so often the expression, "suffer with Him," or "for Him."

He seemed to have felt he was to be one of God's suffering children, and so it seemed indeed that he was; so much of trial and suffering came into his life from time to time, and O! how sweetly and beautifully and often touchingly, did it purify and exalt his nature, lifting him almost above the world and its ordinary and common place minds. Did I believe in Christian perfection in this life, I would say, in looking at his life and experiences, in recalling so much that was so beautiful, so consecrated, so much to be admired and imitated and loved, "There is a perfect man."

The Church was organized, but he was dropped out, and so it ever was in Chicago. I am thus particular in emphasizing Chicago, because it was so nowhere else.

So far as the Presbyterian Church was concerned, he was given no aid, no encouragement whatever, and yet in this very place, for a period of over eighteen years, he testified for his Master, won souls to Christ and comforted many a saint. It was here that his wonderful book "The Life of Christ" was written. In this mighty and heroic effort also he received no help either by word of encouragement or financial aid from any in his own Church. Friends were raised up as I have mentioned farther on, and men of the world, who were kind as well as helpful.

You may ask why was this. I know not. Paul, the apostle, the greatest preacher who ever lived, suffered for Christ's sake. And a greater than Paul, even the Blessed Master Himself was derided, spit upon and put to death.

In connection with this event, and before closing this chapter, I would like to add a tribute to two of God's dear Christian Ministers, to whom I shall ever feel a debt of gratitude for their persistent efforts to have justice done, for their encouragement, defence and Christian conduct towards my dear husband. I refer to Rev. Henry T. Miller, Presbyterian and Rev. E. F. Williams, Congregational.

May God bless and keep them wherever they abide is the sincere prayer of his grateful widow.

CHAPTER XVII.

Like all true and noble spirits, he rose superior to this misfortune and trusting in his God for help went to work again. He had long been contemplating a "Life of Christ." Indeed much of this had been thought over, studied and mapped out in his own mind for many years past. He had also written out a work on the "Holy Spirit," which was never published. He now determined that he would give himself up entirely to evangelistic work, in connection with the preparation of this book, "The Life of Christ." All who have been fortunate enough to read this "Life" can testify to its truth, its beauty, its correctness, its helpfulness in the study of the word. It has been widely circulated, carefully read and heartily commended.

Thus commenced a most remarkable authorship, begun under difficulties, continued in heroic perseverance amid pecuniary trials and such discouragements as would have disheartened any ordinary man. It finally succeeded, and has amply, astonishingly, most satisfactorily repaid years of toil, privation and study. Besides all this, these books are now a blessed monument to his precious memory, more blessed by far than any of marble or of stone.

The first book published was the 'Holy Supper' in a simple paper back, which was sold for fifty cents. Other

books followed which were bound in like manner until the series of four, 'Supper,' 'Sorrow,' 'Death and Resurrection' were ready for distribution.

I will follow them a little in their entrances into the reading of the religious world, through their trial, magnanimous effort and complete success.

The Holy Sorrow was dedicated

"To her who has been a true help-meet who has borne up with a noble fortitude, under the many trials and privations of a laborious ministry, extending over thirty years, and without whose patient and steady exertions, and cheering words this series of books could not have been written, by her grateful and loving husband

THE AUTHOR."

He says in his Preface:

The events connected with the last days of Jesus, have been the Author's study for many years, and he is not unacquainted with the literature which the sorrow in Gethsemane has called forth. In this volume he has availed himself of all that would aid him in his exposition of the subject. His aim has been to give a critical exposition that would make the successive facts and the whole subject plain to the common reader. How far he has succeeded he leaves others to judge.

He feels grateful to God for the kind reception given to his first volume the 'Holy Supper' for the many thanks given him personally and by letter, from those who have read it, and for the words of hearty approval and commendation from so many eminent laymen, scholars and Divines. He commends this volume also to the favor of God, with the prayer and hope that it too may have a like kind reception, and be alike used in blessing."

It must be remembered that he had nothing and had started these books in simple faith and trust in God, with what success to his heroic efforts is told in the pages that follow.

But before I continue this, I must go back some to speak of events that had pleasant if not important bearing on his life, and on ours in connection with his

In August of this year he married his niece, Hannah Painter, to Mr. Silas Tucker, a brother to Hiram A. Tucker, who married his daughter Anna.

The following May, I was called to Virginia, to see my dear father, who was in his last illness and died during my visit. I was accompanied by our son Henry, the funds having been furnished me by a relative of mine. I had to leave my husband with only the two girls Mary and Susie. I knew he would be very lonely and at this time hated much to leave him, but of course my duty was to go.

He writes:

Since I last wrote, I have been on the sick list, and still I feel quite feeble but am better and hope I shall continue to improve. I am busy trying to get out my book, that I may sell some to live on. Things are not as they would be if you were at home, but both of the girls are doing the best they can and I must say have pleased me well.

As yet no place for preaching has appeared. My dependence under God is on the sale of my books. A gentleman bought some from me on yesterday. I am spending all the time I can on my second book (Holy Sorrow.) I hope to have it ready for the press soon Express my highest regard to your dear father and mother. How I would love to be with you all. The God of the aged be their God and stay. They know of the blessed rest beyond. Love to my dear boy Henry. Glad he is having such a nice time.

Extract of a letter from Susie, written in her own childish way, and telling me how they are getting along;—

“MY DEAR MOTHER:—

I hope you had no trouble on the way. Everybody is enquiring for you, and seem to take a great deal of interest in Minnie and me. We have gotten along splendidly. Minnie has just been lovely. I never knew her nicer. We have not had one cross word between us since you left. Everything she tells me to do, I go and do it, and everything I ask her to do, she does it also, and that is the way we get along so nicely. How do you like our plan? I did not know that Minnie could cook so nicely. We have such nice meals. I don't think papa has missed you so much because we try so hard to please him. He has been just too sweet and takes such an interest in the way we keep house. To day Minnie and I swept the house all over and really it looks almost as sweet and as clean as if you had done it yourself.

Minnie is going to make a tapioca pudding for dinner, and I will tell you how she succeeded in my next letter. Papa is so good. He gets everything we ask him for.

The cooking and housework are jolly fun, but when they are over then comes tears, but mama, I can't help it. Sometimes, it seems so lonely without you and Henry. I have had two or three hard cries, but I don't let papa see me, for I know it would disturb him. I miss Henry so much. If I could only see you and him for a little while! I would not let Minnie take off the string he tied around the lamp.

We sit out on the steps at night, and don't have breakfast till 8 o'clock. That is stylish, and papa lets us do as we please.

Tell grandpa and grandma I would give worlds to see them, and I am so proud that I was born in Virginia.

Good bye, darling mother, I am trying hard to please you.”

Susie was a bright and happy child, impulsive, it is true, and often quick tempered, but as quickly over and ready to make amends.

From Kansas City, where he was called to preach soon after my return home, he writes:

"I am glad to tell you that the Lord is blessing my labors both here and in Ronsdale. There a general revival is in progress. I leave them on Saturday; will return to preach every night and give Bible-readings every afternoon. Last Lord's day night I preached on 'The Second Coming' to a large congregation. The discourse seems to have aroused a deep interest, and so has my preaching generally. It has brought the Bible to the front and I am always glad of that."

Thus was *self* ever lost in the great desire to glorify and honor God and His blessed word.

He continues, thinking of his dear family next:

"How my heart bleeds for you all this very cold weather, as I think of what you may be suffering. But I leave you all in God's hands. I pray Him to keep you from all harm and to supply all your needs in Christ Jesus. How I long to see and be with you all. Pray for me."

Here's what the people say:

"The gospel meeting last night at the 2d Presbyterian Church, was the best of the series. The attendance was good and a most wonderful impression was produced. Rev. H. M. Paynter spoke on the 'Blessed Hope of Our Lord's Return.' It eclipsed anything we have ever heard on that subject. The audience was spellbound to the close, and impressions made by his stirring utterances, inspired by the word of God, are never to be forgotten. Those who heard them will set about the work of saving souls with new zeal and to lead a more holy and consecrated life before God. The subject for this evening will be 'Heaven.' Bible reading at 2:30."

"Rev. H. M. Paynter will remain another week at the Second Church. Great interest on the subject of religion by his stirring appeals and 'Bible readings.'"

How happy he ever was in these 'Bible readings,' specially so when the topics were such as to touch his

heart. The 'Blessed Hope of the Lord's Return,' the 'Holy Spirit'—its indwelling power, the 'Resurrection of the Body,' and the 'Life Everlasting' were to him ever most precious themes, consequently to those who listened to his inspired teachings, they were equally helpful and inspiring.

How and when the first Bible-reading occurred in this country, will be shown by an interesting statement from the reader himself:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GAZETTE:—

My attention was called this morning to an article in your issue of yesterday, upon which permit me to make two remarks. I know not who gave you the information, but I may say, I gave the first Bible-reading in June, 1850, in the Presbyterian Church, Xenia, Ohio, thirty six years ago next June. So far as I know this was the first Bible-reading ever given in this country, and if any was given in Europe before that time, it has never come to my knowledge, and while I was in Europe I made enquiries upon that point. Since then I have been a constant student of the Bible* itself, and have carefully studied it over many times.

For the rest of that year I gave a sermon one half of the day, and a Bible-reading the other half, and after that, with rare exceptions, abandoned sermons, (in the modern technical sense of that term) altogether. Since then I have given Bible-readings both morning and evening.

I have given these Bible-readings to the plainest and to the most cultured people in the country, in villages, large towns, and in cities such as Boston, New York, St. Louis and New Orleans and others in our country, in Canada and great Britain. I have delivered the

*I have two Bibles so completely worn away from constant study leaf by leaf, that they must be held together by an elastic band, and as I look at them they are but silent witnesses of how he studied those sacred pages.

same series of readings and on the same days in the drawing-rooms of the English nobility in the afternoons and in the West End among the London poor at night, with equal acceptance and blessing to both widely separated classes.

It may interest those now attending these meetings in the Second Church to know how the first Bible-reading originated. A gentleman named Smalley called upon me in 1850 to talk about his soul's salvation. I was young, my head was crammed full of theology, I had never been brought in contact with a living heart upon this most momentous question. He asked me what faith was. I hurled at him enough theological definitions of faith, to have covered him like certain of old were covered with shields. I quoted to him Luixellen, Piclet Dick, Hill, Hodge and others, and after I had finished he looked at me with most charming simplicity and said:—

Now will *you* please tell me what faith is?

I was mortified and confounded. "Mr. Smally," said I, "If you will leave me I will try and find out what faith is." He left. I fell upon my knees and prayed to God most earnestly that He would show me what is faith!

While wrestling in this prayer, there came to my heart with most inspiring and startling directness the suggestion:—

"Why not try to find out from My Word what faith is!"

I stopped praying, got my Bible, began to study *it* thoroughly, for the first time in my life and after two weeks of hard study, my first Bible-reading was *born*, not *made* but *born*, for it was a living product of the heart and head bowed hourly before God in prayer. While I was exploring His Holy Book I may add that through that teaching Mr. Smalley and others were brought to the Lord."

These wonderful Bible-readings! How much pleasure and profit they brought not only to hearers in Chicago, but from one end of the country to another,

from Massachusetts to Florida on the one side, from Minnesota, Iowa, Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee on the other, throughout Canada, and across the water,—in England, Scotland and Ireland, wherever his voice was lifted up in proclaiming these blessed truths. Do I exaggerate? No. Thousands and thousands of those privileged to hear would bear me faithful witness to the declaration of this statement as they will rise up in glory as gems for his crown.

While he was in Kansas, and laboring so hard, this being the time of great financial struggling with him, our son Henry, though but a mere lad, seemed impressed with the feeling that he ought to be doing something to aid his father. Accordingly he came home from school one day bringing his books with him and told me he was going to work to help his father:—

“Mamma” he said, “I cannot stand it to see father work so hard.”

He seemed so resolute and determined, that I felt he was capable of judging what was his duty, but knowing what an estimate his father put on a good education, as that he intended to give him, as he had and was giving his daughters, I rather demurred, but he took the step, went to work with a will, and was soon by his good character and prompt attention to his duties in such high favor with his employers, that they would not hear of giving him up, even though his father felt a desire to have him continue his school. Unfortunately he was in such financial embarrassment, that he was almost forced at that time to let him remain in business, but it was always a source of great trouble as well as disappointment to him, and he felt that his noble boy had made this sacrifice for him, and still hoped that in some way he might yet be able to

carry out his plans and wishes for his dear and only son. I am sure that Henry will never have cause to regret his course, even though it was self-sacrificing and painful in the extreme. His dear father fully appreciated his noble heroic conduct, and gave him full many a blessing.

I will here insert a letter, which although written some time after this will better express his feelings than I can:—

MY DEAR BOY:—

You have been very much on my heart in prayer to God for your conversion and salvation. I had hoped to have given you a good education, and you have a mind capable of receiving it, I had also hoped if it should be your Heavenly Father's will, that you would be a preacher. But as you know I have been unable to do this, and now it seems as if you were to become a business man. But in business you can become as truly a useful and happy Christian man, as if you were a preacher, and this my dear boy is of the first importance. Suppose you should make millions, and yet fail of being saved, what would it all be worth? Nothing, and worse than nothing. But if you take Jesus to be your Saviour, and learn of Him, and follow Him, then can you honor him with your money and in your life and become a useful man. You know my dear boy, I would not have you become a Christian, unless I knew it was for your best interest in time and for eternity. All your grand-parents were Christians. They knew what was right. They were intelligent and thoughtful people. I have had a varied experience. I have spent years in the study of the Bible. I have had an ample opportunity to test the value of the salvation of God, and the worth of Jesus, and I declare to you, my precious child, that I would not exchange my struggling life with Jesus for all that the world could give me without Jesus, and I do long that you may see this and act upon it.

For the most part your young life has been a great comfort to me.

Study to be kind and gentle to everybody.

I have been praying for you and I want you to pray for yourself. Make it a matter of inflexible rule to go to church every Lord's day morning. Do not allow anything to keep you from this but sickness. Make it a rule to read at least a few verses in your Bible every day, and do not forget daily prayer to God, asking Him to bless you and teach you and give you His salvation.

Remember that you are a child of the covenant; that your mother and I dedicated you to God in baptism. We gave you to the Lord. O, will you not recognize this, and take these vows upon yourself? You are not too young to die, and so not too young to follow Jesus. Nothing would make your father happier than to see you an earnest young Christian.

I leave these things for your consideration; do not, I entreat you, put them off. Attend to this all-important matter at once. Make it a matter of calm and deliberate choice. I am sure you will never regret it, and will thank me with all your heart for this letter and for my deep interest in your eternal welfare.

I close with the most earnest prayer that God will guide you and bless you, and give you His full salvation."

This letter is only one of many written to his "dear boy," from time to time, when he was separated from him, and the knowledge of his love and tender interest, proved a precious thought as well as a great help to him in his business relations,

To return to his books.

Of the "Holy Death," which was the third of the first series, *The Interior* says:

"The Holy Death is another of the series, which the Rev. H. M. Paynter is giving to the Christian public.

In this work, the author sets forth the conditions and the motive which arrayed each sect and party of the Jews in hatred of Christ.

We are safe, we think, in saying that Mr. Paynter's work is the clearest exposition of the conflict between Jesus and the Jews, that has ever been given to the Christian public. We are aware that this is high praise, but he has succeeded in condensing the literature of the subject, which is diffuse even in Farrar, into brief space, without obscurity, without omission of any valuable fact, and in a lucid, agreeable and systematic style and form. The euphony of style is pleasing. We have perused the work with warm appreciation of its merits, and with refreshed admiration of the sublime and glorious character of the victim of the 'Holy Death.' The reader will be impressed with the uniformity of human nature, and the identity of the character of sin, as seen in the exposition of Jewish prejudices, passions, motives and actions, with these which he sees around him in the world to-day."

Bishop Fallows, of The Reformed Episcopal Church in Chicago, says:

"The Sorrow, the 'Death' and the 'Resurrection' of Jesus, by Rev. H. M. Paynter, have been in my library for nearly two years. During that time I have had repeated occasions to consult them, and my judgment is, that in no other works on these subjects, can the reader find as clear and satisfactory developments of the great facts belonging to them as in these volumes. The scholarship is apparent on every page. There is no thrusting upon the reader, dogmatic discussions or paltry expectations. The reader's attention is kept steadily to the facts, and his interest is held fast from beginning to the end."

Also, Prof. Wm. C. Roberts, Lake Forest University;
"DEAR BROTHER:

I have examined with great pleasure your works on the 'Holy Life,'* 'Supper,' 'Sorrow,' 'Death' and 'Resurrection.' You have brought together an astonishing amount of material that is full of interest to the preacher and hearer, if not to the scholar. I am sure that even

*This letter was written some time later, after the "Holy Life" had appeared. He speaks of the whole series.

the scholar will discern much that is new to him, while the general reader will find a rich feast of facts, developed principles and deductions. A new edition of such a work should be hailed with delight by all lovers of God's word. The volumes cover the most important part of the New Testament, and heart of the Holy of Holies of Divine revelation.

Every minister and Sunday school library should have on their shelves a complete set."

He also adds:

"Accept my thanks in behalf of the university for your generous donation of nine volumes. I hope they will prove helpful to our students."

Dr. Roberts has since returned to his old home, as secretary of Home Missions in the city of New York. I have also a very pleasant letter from him in connection with the writing of my husband's "memoir," which I have taken the liberty to quote from in another part of this record.

He donated a set of these books also to his old seminary, "Jefferson," not long before his death. And since his death I have, as a tribute to his memory, donated a set to Princeton, Washington & Lee, and to Wooford College, Spartensburg, South Carolina. I may donate to others as I have opportunity and think they will be appreciated.

A noble Christian woman, who respected much the author, has, since his death, shown her appreciation of these books as well as her great desire to have them circulated, by purchasing a number and distributing them. All honor be to her name, and may she long be spared to serve, honor and glorify her Master.

Rev. J. Eells,* Prof. Lane Seminary:

*Dr. Eells has since gone to his eternal home, where he will sit down in company with the author at the "marriage Supper of the Lamb."

“MY DEAR BROTHER:

With more pleasure and profit, even than I had anticipated after reading the high commendations which accompany it, I have perused your treatise on the ‘Holy Supper.’ I have not thoroughly verified all your statements respecting some of your views, derived from a critical study of the Greek terms, but those that I have examined are so accurate that I am willing to accept the rest. I am pleased with the order and the interpretation, and do not doubt that the book will be a genuine satisfaction to every really devout communicant. If you desire to use any of these words to promote the circulation of the book it will give me pleasure if they shall have any such effect. Were I a pastor I should most heartily recommend it to my people assured that it would do them good.”

From the *Herald and Presbyter*, Cincinnati:—

“We have on our table three excellent books by Rev. H. M. Paynter, A. M., author of other volumes: the first being a critical exposition and elucidation of all that is said in the New Testament relating to the Lord’s Supper. The author gathers light on the institution of the Supper, by an exhaustive description of the feast of the Passover. He presents a clear exposition of the words of institution, “This is my body which is given for you.” Repudiating the literal sense ascribed to them by one church, and the sacrificial character claimed for the institution, he maintains the purely symbolic sense of the words, and that the benefits received from the institution by the worthy participant are spiritual. The subject is presented in a new, and in all respects, in an interesting and instructive light. Accompanying this work is the ‘Holy Sorrow’ of our Lord, the scenes in the garden of Gethsemane, which is also discussed critically and fully and in an excellent spirit and manner. The ‘Holy Death’ is the title of the third, a critical exposition of the narrations concerning the trial, condemnation and death of Jesus.”

Many others of like commendation could be given had I room. The books met with a ready sale. As he

had to publish them himself, of course they had to pay for themselves out of their sales. With no capital and no help in the beginning, it required the utmost skill, wisdom and prudence in the engineering, and also involved great self-denial, personal labor and attention, and after all as a crowning-point to all his efforts and labors, true and undaunted *faith* in God.

Without taking from any of this I would say that he owed much to some of the noble men who from time to time did his work.

Of all his books, the "Holy Sorrow" has made the deepest impression on me. I have read it several times. In this little book, the life of Jesus is before us, His intellectual and moral supremacy. In these chapters are some of the most sublime passages ever written upon that subject. So numerous are they, and so intimately connected, that to repeat a single paragraph here and there without its complete and significant connection would be but to mar the whole. I would therefore recommend to my readers as worthy their special notice, this little volume, the smallest of the series, though by no means the least in significance or interest. Here they will find clearly, satisfactorily and attractively set forth, the beautiful and complete character of Jesus, and the religion that He taught, in striking contrast to the founders of Brahminism, Buddhism and other false religions.

Here too are given the words and acts, the prayers and agony of Jesus in Gethsemane, and from thence of all His lonely and sorrowful way through the garden up to the very foot of the cross.

His betrayal by Judas, His desertion by his disciples, His prayer to His Father, that if it were possible this

cup might pass away from Him, leading up to the offering up of Himself a willing sacrifice to God for man.

This book from all its associations has been very precious to me; indeed, so have all these books. They are my constant companions and next to my Bible, the source of my comfort, my joy and my hope of a blessed reunion with their gifted and most precious author.

Many times as I am reading, I come across some striking, some beautiful, some original thoughts that I wish much I could transcribe here. I cannot give them all, but in "Holy Life" Part III, page 334, is such a beautiful tribute to woman, that I will find room for it. He says:

"And well might woman have the most exalted views of Jesus, and be heart and soul in His service. He was the first to affirm and defend her claims to dignity, respect and co-equality with man. His words concerning her and His laws respecting marriage, have done more to elevate and ennoble her than all other teachers and agencies besides. He restored her to her true position. He ever regarded her as worthy of, and treated her with the highest respect and most considerate tenderness. He was the first one who gave a knowledge of the strength which she possessed; showed her that she had a true womanly interest, and place of service in His movement. She soon saw with true womanly instinct, His interest in and regard for her. She felt herself drawn to Him, and His whole deportment towards her, as suppliant, sinner, helper or host, was marked by such simplicity, purity, gentleness and honor, as to win her confidence and esteem, and link her to Himself and to his cause. And all His intercourse with woman was such, as Guizot beautifully remarks, that nowhere did the Godhead manifest more winningly."

Read these books, and you will find many more such striking and beautiful passages.

Many letters similar to these I have already given, came to him from Kentucky, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Tennessee, where he had sold his books. He sold them himself. His plan was to visit a city, call upon the ministers of the Presbyterian and Congregational churches, and make known his mission to these brethren. In almost every instance his call resulted in his being invited to preach a part of the Sabbath Day. His books were examined by these brethren, often purchased and most heartily commended to their congregations. He never called directly on the Pastors of other churches, though Episcopalians, Methodists and Baptists often purchased his books.

He was frequently solicited to preach and often his preaching was so acceptable, that he was requested to remain in a place and hold meetings. Two precious meetings were held in Indiana, one at Warsaw, and the other at Wabash, which were periods of very great blessing to the people.

Often as he journeyed along he would be solicited to preach for churches too poor to remunerate him, but he hesitated not on that account, always considering it his duty to go, feeling that in the discharge of his duty, the Lord would take care of him and provide for his necessities. All the time his labors were very arduous and he would write sometimes:—

“Often my burdens seem too great to bear, but I roll them over on the Lord, and He takes them so that I can go on my way rejoicing even if the way does seem at times so dark. Keep up your courage, my precious wife, the Lord will sustain you. We are in His hands, and He knows what is best for us.”

Sometimes he would have little spells of sickness, and sometimes there would be sickness at home.

Sometimes the sale of his books would be brisk and then again rather slow, but there was ever that strong faith in God which naught could disturb. He would as promptly check in me, while he sought to encourage and sympathize with my trials and privations, every disposition to complain or doubt our Father's kind care and love.

I was constantly asked the question:—

“When does Mr. Paynter write his books, for he seems to be constantly travelling and yet every little while a new book appears?”

I did not marvel at this question, for I often wondered over the same thing myself. When he would come home on a visit, he studied constantly. I would most earnestly protest against it telling him he needed rest and certainly should take it absolutely when at home. But the burden was a great one, upon him, that I knew too well, but was helpless to either remove or lessen it. When I would insist that he should lay by his pen and come and talk with me, he would reply:—

“My precious wife, you know how I love you, what a joy, what a privilege it is to me to be with you and my precious children, and that *home* is to me the sweetest place on earth, but you know that it is all important that I get these books finished. It is my life-work and all* that I have to leave you and my precious children. I can look at you, and you know that I am near you.”

Then he would look at me with such a sweet smile. Ah, I can see him now, as he sat at that window writing and studying. O! Father, help me and give me grace to bear this stroke. Thou knowest, not I.

*Precious legacy, brain work and heart work, of a truly inspired life.

"It is thy hand, my God!
My sorrow comes from thee,
I bow beneath thy chastening rod;
'Tis love that bruises me;
I would not murmur Lord
I know thy will is right."

The twilight hour, the blessed twilight hour was always mine, when we would sit together and talk of family matters, sometimes of the future, of our trials and struggles, of God's goodness and mercy, of how we had been led along through strange vicissitudes, of the mysterious leadings of Providence and of his never failing trust in his Lord and Savior. When we would have these talks, he would say in such a hopeful assuring way:-

"If God spares my life, Alice, to complete this work, I will have it so arranged that we can live on the income from it, and not have to be so much separated."

It was for this he worked so hard, especially towards the last. The last year of his life was one of great labor, both physical and mental. I don't think he realized himself how hard he was working, and yet I have often heard him say he did not believe he would live to be a very old man. He loved study, was happy among his books, but so great was the desire on his part to complete this work and make it self-sustaining, that he tried too far his powers of endurance, and even the strong man broke down under the heavy burden he had assumed. I have known but one other man who labored and studied in this way, and that was my honored father.

Sometimes in thinking over this, the temptation from the wicked one comes to me with such awful power, as it says:-

“Why was he not allowed to finish his books; was God kind?”

O! Father, forgive even this thought, It was *Thy will*, and that will must be right. It is all plain to him now, and will be to us hereafter. Let us patiently bide His time.

CHAPTER XVIII.

In the spring of 1883; I was called up to Cleveland to be with our daughter Anna at the birth of her first child, a little girl who lived only one day.

While I was there, Mr. Paynter visited Cincinnati, in the interests of his books. There he met with much kindness from his brethren in the ministry, and had through their assistance very good sales of his books.

He writes to the children:—

“The weather has been too stormy for me to do anything for several days, and I have been thinking of the great goodness of God in opening a place for me to preach. How long I shall be here I cannot tell. Don’t let us distrust God, no matter how dark things may seem. Read Habbakuk iii, 17–19. May we be brought to know this in our own experience.”

Afterwards he also writes:—

“I have been very kindly received by all the brethren whom I have met. Dr. Edwards, in whose study I write this letter, is an old friend. He has entered very heartily into all my plans; gave me a kind note of introduction to his people also a list of those whom he thought would buy.

All the pastors have been very kind in opening the way for me. I have already sold many books, and hope to sell many more. I spent an evening with an old aristocratic Virginia family. They were very kind, and invited me to call again. I need not tell you how constantly I think of you and pray God to bless and keep you.”

Soon after the first of May, he returned home, and they removed to the west-side again. They had some difficulty in finding a suitable house but finally got settled.

He writes:—

“Since I last wrote to you, I have been as busy as a bee. Dear Minnie has been sick in bed and I have had all the care of the house. Minnie is a good house-keeper and does well. Not so well as you (who could) but pleases me well. She is very busy with her book.* It has been absolutely necessary for me to be out every day selling my books, to meet the necessary as well as extra expenses. Thanks to our kind Heavenly Father I can now with His blessing on my labors not only carry on these expenses but also have some money for you and the dear children, but I cannot spend many idle hours.

This week I put another book into the hands of the printer, and the corrections of the proof sheets will take one day of each week. Minnie’s book will be out in a few days. Henry’s health is excellent. I am making arrangements so soon as as I can to start out with my books either to St. Louis or Indianapolis.

I send ten dollars to Susie. I hope soon to be able to send her more. I will also as soon as I possibly can, send you the money to come home if you can leave our dear child. Give her, her father’s deepest love and sympathy, and tell her that the Lord knows best. He bestows these gifts, and He takes them away, and all will be well.

When we came over here we agreed to keep out of debt, and the dear children are content with what I provide for them, not always very much, but it is paid for and that is better than going in debt to be constantly dunned. I have to work every day, and all day long, so that I seldom get to bed until late and then must be up early in the morning.

*‘Caleb the irrepressible.’ A bright little southern story, written when she was seventeen.

Minnie read me Susie's letter. It is a very good one indeed and I enjoyed it very much. She is becoming much more womanly. The Lord bless her and may she grow to be a good Christian woman."

He always took such a deep interest in whatever concerned his children. All their pursuits and plans were of the utmost importance to him, and he was ever ready with a kind word of encouragement or praise. Anna in her teaching, Minnie with her book, Susie in her studies and Henry in his daily work for his employers, all were sure of their dear father's interest and sympathy.

He ever sought too to clear my brow from any dark shadows, as well as lighten the burden that often the too great pressure of outside care and anxiety would bring upon my heart, by a soothing word, a hopeful expression, a tender, loving smile.

"Never mind, dearie," he would say, "Don't let these things worry you; Don't fret, it will do no good, only injures you. Put your trust in the Lord. He has lead us through many a strait. He will not forsake us now. We can recount many, many blessings. We are in good health and we are spared to each other."

"Spared to each other." O! What meaning in these words! How they enter my very soul as I recall them. It was said to me more than once, when I would suffer my trials to overcome me, poor weak frail me! But I understood not then, as I do now, their full meaning. Since he was taken away and I have no longer the gentle touch, the soothing hand, that ever like magic brought me to myself, it has come into my life as it never did before. I could not associate death with that strong form, his powers of endurance were so great. He was always bright, always cheerful, surely

he would not die. Said a gentleman in writing to me after his death:—

“I think your husband was the happiest looking man I ever met. I saw him on the street, in my store, in the pulpit; and he had ever the same happy expression, never seemed cast down.”

And this was true, for although he had many setbacks, such as loss by fire of a number of his plates, failure of the men engaged in the work as well as numerous other difficulties to encounter, he bore it all patiently and bravely, rebounding from them by fresh exertions and renewed efforts, with increased faith in God, which was indeed the true secret of his hopeful cheerfulness, enabling him to go forward in Divine strength.

In April of this year 1884, our daughter Minnie was married to Mr. W. R. Parker, of Chicago. Her father, assisted by the Rev. E. F. Williams, performed the marriage ceremony.

They had known each other from childhood and went to school together.

The 3rd of December of the same year, Anna's second little girl was born. This little girl was always a favorite with him, and as she was often with us, will come in again as I write of him, and his home life. Her grandfather also baptized her when she was some months old.

Susie was taking a course of studies at Park Institute, this city, under the care of Mrs. Alice E. Bates, a very finely educated lady, who took great interest in Susie, and was very kind to her so long as she continued under her care and tuition. Susie studied well and graduated with the honors of her class. Just before her graduation, and when she was preparing for

it, she received the following letter from her father in reply to hers, giving him the information of the honor conferred upon her. She well knew the pleasure it would give him to hear of her success.

“MY PRECIOUS CHILD”:—

I received and read with very great satisfaction your letter of the 22 inst. I congratulate you on your success and hope you will acquit yourself with great credit.

Your general course since you have been with Mrs. Bates, has pleased me very much, and if I had the money I would most gladly arrange for you to go to Europe with your class.

There is one mistake in your letter which should not have occurred. It is the use of “of” instead of the verb. Learn to write with entire accuracy. I will show you the mistake when I get home.

I hope I may be able with God’s blessing to provide you handsomely for your graduation. I will surely do all I can, and if it please God to give me favor and success, I will be ready for you in time, so you need not be uneasy.

May you be greatly blessed. It would greatly delight and comfort me, if before you graduate and begin life as a young woman, you were to become a sincere follower of Jesus, and unite with the church.

Remember me kindly to Mrs. Bates, with love to all at home.

Your Father.”

During this year, our dear son Henry professed religion, and united with the church. Because of the treatment their father had received from the Presbyterian church in Chicago, our children were so prejudiced against this church, that I could never get them interested in it. After their father had begun his evangelistic work, and they of course could not be under his direct care and teaching, they became in some way interested in the Union Park Congregational sabbath-school first, and so when Henry decided to go

into that church, I concluded to go in with him, for a time at least. It so happened that we were in communion with that church for six years. Susie also joined during that time, and I must say, we had a most pleasant church-home. He rejoiced much that all his dear children were professing christians, and most earnestly exhorted them to become truly devoted and consecrated in their lives. His standard, lived up to in his own daily life, was high and exalted, admitting of no compromise with the world, no affiliations with its people or ways. He even sought to inspire them with the same hopes and ambitions that actuated him, yet most gentle, affectionate and kind, in his remonstrances, reproofs and corrections, never stern or forbidding. He rather encouraged and conciliated than found fault. He realized that they were young, buoyant and full of life. Their home-life by his precept, example and teaching, was ever so complete, so beautiful, so harmonious, the atmosphere by which they were surrounded ever so pure and healthful that it seemed indeed almost an easy thing, even though subjected often to far different impressions and influences and even temptations from the outside world, to become noble men and women.

This was perhaps one of, if not the hardest, most trying of all our years and surroundings, and we had very hard struggling to get along, but with God's blessing in keeping us in comparative good health, we cheered and comforted each other. Sometimes, it is true, when he would be away and I all alone I would have a good cry, as I would think of his hard work, our continued separation and the mighty burden that of necessity rested upon him. Often too, I fear, I was tempted to write of those troubles too much. The longing for sympathy, the

yearnings for some one to tell my sorrows to prevailed, and I felt condemned when I would yield to this impulse.

I give here a letter written to our dear boy Henry, by his father, on hearing from him that he was going to unite with the church:—

“MY DEAR BOY:—

You do not know what a thrill of joy you sent into your father's heart, when you told him you were going to apply for admission into the church. I do trust that the movement came from the Holy Spirit, and is but the outward expression of the fact that you in heart have received the blessed Jesus as your Saviour, and that it is the one purpose of your heart to follow Him as long as you live.

It is a most blessed and important step to take. I would suggest to you a few things.

1st. Aim and seek in everything always and everywhere to speak and act as it becometh a Christian to do. Let your parents, sisters, employers and everyone see that your life is in everything what it ought to be as a Christian.

2nd. Never go to any place or engage in anything on which you cannot ask the blessing of God and have the presence of your Saviour. Let this be an inflexible rule. It will save you many a sorrow.

3rd. Make it a point to be always present at church on Lord's day and on Wednesday evening. Of course you will join the young people's meetings.

4th. Diligently improve your spare time in the study of those books that will help your Christian growth, and by reading those books that will store your mind with wholesome ideas.

5th. Never allow a day to pass without prayer and the careful reading of the Bible. Without prayer, you cannot grow. It is

“The Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,”

and you might as well try to be a useful, intelligent

and growing Christian without the study of the Bible, as to expect to be an intelligent, successful business man, without thoroughly mastering the principles and details of business.

The life you are entering upon is the only truly noble and successful one. Aim high in it. Study in all things to please God. Honor and love the blessed Jesus and the Holy Spirit, and you will find all God's promises yea and amen to you.

May the dear Lord greatly bless and comfort your young heart, May you more and more find His service your delight, and may your path shine brighter and brighter to the perfect day.

Your loving Father."

CHAPTER XIX

After living with us for three years, our daughter Mary and her husband, removed to their own home. Their dear little boy, Gilman Moncure, was born during these three years, and baptized by his grand-father when only a few months old.

Our son Henry had a very severe spell of illness, just before we left this home to try life in a "flat." He was graciously spared to us. His dear father returning in April of the same year, spent some months at home with us. How he watched over his dear boy in his convalescence, as he ever did when any one of his children were sick, or in any trouble. Instantly were his anxieties aroused, and his great love for them with his untiring patience exhibited. Forgetful entirely of self, his whole aim and effort was to interest and care for them. This entire renunciation of self marked the conduct of his whole life, regulating every act, not only in his family but towards his fellow men.

He was also much interested in the dear little grand child that had come to our home during his absence.

I have more than once in this life intended to speak in a special manner of one person, whose friendship began some time before this for him, and whose many acts of kindness deserve particular and grateful mention

He was indeed a friend worthy of the name of friend From the moment almost of his first acquaintance this

gentleman became so deeply interested in him, that he ever afterward even to the very hour of his death, entertained for him the highest respect, admiration and Christian love, becoming his firm and fast friend, giving him aid in more ways than one, for it was he, and he alone who helped him financially in bringing out his books. These books were early appreciated by him. He at once perceived their merit, the good that they would do if put in circulation. He also realized that this would take money, and although not a wealthy man himself, yet he freely gave of his money as he saw it was for the glory of God and the spread of His truth, and he could see that this truth, as interpreted, expounded, though it would doubtless excite much discussion as well as provoke prejudice, yet as truth it must prevail, and so he was willing to make any sacrifice to help it along. This man was Thomas F. Masterson, of St. Paul. I will take the liberty of giving some of his letters here:—

“DEAR BROTHER:—

Your very, as always, interesting letter of the 10th inst. was duly received. I have come to look with eager interest for your letters and wish that I could better return the favor, as I feel I am greatly in your debt. That I am highly favored in this respect, of course.

I approve of your disposition of the draft. A singular coincidence is connected with it. I had your dear wife in my thoughts when I sent it,—used you as the channel. My dear brother, I shall not forget you.* I am praying all the time for you that the good Lord will supply all your needs of every nature, open the hearts of the people to minister to you in carnal things in return for the rich spiritual gifts He permits you to bestow.

*Nor indeed did he. Time and again was the friendly aid given both to him and to me, and that too in the most delicate manner.

I recall that portion of your letter relating your experience at Lincoln, (Nebraska) to brother Douglass. He seemed to appreciate it. He is a man that I can talk with upon the subjects uppermost in my mind, and find a willing listener. They are scarce though. The growing worldliness of the church is becoming more apparent every day, and soon it will be hard to distinguish between it and the world proper.

My dear wife is coming out more and more every day in that implicit faith which is required of us. We are studying the gospel of Matthew, commencing with the third chapter, and taking one subject, a paragraph at a time, which we find is more profitable than scattering so to speak all over the Bible. Then the gospels are the foundation stone, being Christ's own words upon which to build. We all want your prayers.

Yours in our coming Lord,

T. F. M.

Other letters will be given as they come in his life.

The 'Holy Life' was now occupying his time and attention, and I may add study. Volume by volume, numbering five (the sixth still in manuscript) were carefully prepared for the press.

Hear what is said:—

"These words give (a) a continuous narration in the very words of the four narratives, thus showing the historic development of Jesus of Nazareth, from the announcement to Zachariah down to His ascension into heaven; and (b) the results of the latest scholarship upon the whole subject. The Life, Part I, goes down to Jesus' entrance upon His Judean ministry. Part III gives his Galileean ministry down to His transfiguration. Part IV covers the ground from His transfiguration to His institution of the supper. The titles to the succeeding volumes sufficiently indicate the subjects treated of. The 'Holy Return' in two volumes, is a study of Jesus' last messages given to the seven churches. The series, gives the whole life of Jesus in a new and satisfactory form, and is altogether the most compact unfolding of it ever given to the public. The aim

of the work is to let the facts speak for themselves, and the reader's attention is not distracted from them, by dogmatic or sectarian discussions nor by homilies or exhortations."

Of the volumes already out, twenty thousand have been sold up to this time, and have given universal satisfaction, as the following expressions given of the judgment as coming from Professors of Colleges, Theological Seminaries, Pastors of churches and so on clearly show;—

"Your books impress me as being likely to prove very helpful to Christian people. They give clear and impressive views of the experiences in the life of our Lord which cannot be enough dwelt upon by His disciples. No Christian's life can fail of being greatly stimulated and helped by the frequent perusal of these books, and may they greatly help God's people by giving fuller, clearer, richer news of the wonderfulness of Jesus love.
E. E. G."

The Pioneer Press, St. Paul, Minn. says:—

"A careful scholarly and thoughtful review of the Life of Jesus. The author expresses his thoughts with clearness, force, and precision, in language exceedingly plain and simple, with an evident determination to make himself understood, and in a way that holds the interest of the reader to the end. The student will find these books helpful, and those who have not the time or educational requirements for such research, will find these volumes most serviceable, and the teaching very pleasant."

"Next to our Bible, my family and I prize your books. They are rich food for both heart and intellect.

Custom House, St. Paul

T. F. M."

"I am glad to know that great numbers of your books were sold in my charge, and I have since heard from my people strong and hearty expressions of the interest and profit, which they have found in reading them. Their wide circulation in any church cannot

but promote its intellectual and spritual improvement.”
Central Church, Denver, Colorado.

DEAR BROTHER:—

I am delighted with your life of Jesus of Nazareth. Every page shows fine scholarship, painstaking study and an intellect all aglow. The calm, thorough and candid discussion of every mooted point, the steady aim to give the portrait of the Holy One of God, with rigid adherence to the facts, yet with a brush dipped in your own heart's love to Him, the clear historical unfolding of the monument from beginning to end and the complete continuous narrative of all the facts, in the very words of the four gospels, all combine to make your work of very high value. It is unique, scholarly, uplifting, helpful and written in a style that is captivating. I consider it a standard in its department, and worthy of a place in every library, as I give it one in my own. May you through these volumes be made a blessing to many, and through them receive that appreciative reward which is justly your due.”

Rhode Island.

There are many, many more both from the Press as well as from individuals, but I cannot give them all. I have made such selections as pleased me most. I will only give one more here, reserving such as came from the the southern Press after he had visited them. This I must do briefly for I find I am going too much into detail. My book must not be too long, pleasant and profitable as it may be to bring out so much that is of such deep interest, not alone to his wife and children but to dear friends who loved and admired the one of whom I write.

A brother of the late Dr. Gardner Spring of New York writes:—

“One year's study of your exceedingly interesting and valuable works gives me a strong desire to see them widely circulated, I have a sum of money to appropriate to the use of the Master, and I know of no way

in which it can be more usefully employed than in the purchase and distribution, in His service, of your books. The series is a great work indeed, both for the church and for humanity."

I may add that this gentleman sent for books from time to time. I had the care of these books during my husband's absence, attended to all orders giving directions for their packing and shipping, answered correspondence as well as wrote letters for him, so that I was most intimately acquainted with his business. It occupied much of my time and attention, but now that it is over, I have often felt how gladly I would take it up again to have him with me.

Would I bring him back? Father forgive the thought even. Forgive my weakness as well.

After many disappointments, much trouble and annoyance as well as some pecuniary losses, he at last succeeded in placing his books with responsible houses. Donahue and Henneberry, Printers, Zeese & Co., Stereotypers, Blomgren Bros., and A. J. Cox & Co., binders, Gallop Brothers setting the first type. From G. H. Taylor he purchased most of the paper* for these books. All of these gentlemen were exceedingly kind to him, and Mr. Taylor several times advanced him sums of money for a given time, and that too without a cent of interest.

He was always very careful to return these moneys at the appointed time, also, to pay very promptly his bills as agreed upon. These payments were made so soon as the books were sold, even before his family were provided for, except what they absolutely needed from day to day. He would send me a large draft, the

*Paper on which they were printed, for they were written on scraps of paper, letter backs, so that I often said to him, how do the printers ever get your book straight?

greater part of which would be distributed among these men, for said he:—

“I must keep up my credit.”

All honor to them, be it said, they were patient, never pushed him, and more than once I had it said to me as I went to their offices to pay a bill:—

“Mrs. Paynter, do not inconvenience yourself.”

But knowing how very particular he always was, I would pay them up, hard as it often was to give them their dues when my own needs were so pressing. This was in the earlier stages of his work with his books. He brought them up to that point at which they became the one resource of his income for a family living, but it was accomplished after great trial and unwearied efforts of an heroic nature which has seldom been excelled or even equalled. It involved also very great labor on his part and continual self-denial, known only to his family and his God.

Mr. Paynter went south every winter. He always enjoyed these trips. They were usually successful and the southern people were genial, hospitable kind, generous, open-hearted and ever ready to listen to his simple, earnest preaching of the truth. Their houses were open to him, and he was invited to occupy their pulpits. He visited at different seasons, North Carolina, South Carolina, Alabama, Florida and California. In one place he was quite sick. The pastor of one of the Presbyterian churches and his estimable wife kindly cared for and nursed him during his illness. It was a most serious attack, superinduced by being heated suddenly and then getting wet, in a severe storm that overtook him while he was distributing some books. This sickness, we now think, was the beginning of that heart-trouble which eventually ended his life, though

he did seem to recover from this attack, and appeared to be in good health and sound condition until 1891.

I must mention here an instance of southern hospitality. In Greenville, S. C., he went to a Christian family to board,—a gentleman, his wife and three sons,—two of those sons were studying for the ministry. When he was about to leave Greenville and offered his board pay, the lady remarked:—

“No; Mr. Paynter, I will not take any pay from you, for I consider the good that we have received from you, your conversation, prayers, and example, while in our family, more than repays us for any trouble or expense you may have been. We freely give you all we have done in return for these services.”

I may add, when Mr. Paynter had returned home, one of these sons spent a night with us on his way to Princeton Seminary, and it made me love the young man to see with what deferential respect and rapt attention he listened to the counsel and exposition of the Word, that he had asked of my husband.

Before I take up the thread of this record, leading up to the sick chamber and its final close, I will again give you some extracts taken from southern papers and given by individuals concerning his books:—

From Rome Tribune:—

“We have risen from a perusal of these volumes with a satisfaction we have rarely received from works of that character. They are valuable, interesting and delightful. In sound and thorough scholarship and in beauty of style and lofty tone of treatment, they are the equal of Geikie’s volumes on the same subject, and they are their superiors in the historical development, and in the vivid impression which they make upon the mind of the Great Figure of the whole movement. His presence and movements are the centre around which the story constantly revolves. The books represent the

ripe scholarship, research and thought of many laborious and consecrated years, and every page shows that the work was a labor of love to the venerable and scholarly author. To the citizens of Rome we heartily commend these volumes."

Another:

"I feel warranted to say to you, my brother, from a quite full examination, that your series of volumes is of great value. They afford reading delightful, suggestive and instructive. I am sure they must do good. Your style is very attractive. Tell me, where did you get it? How long were you employed in writing these delightful volumes? Years I am sure."

Memphis, Tenn.

The writer of the above is regarded in the south as a man of fine intellect, large scholarship and sound judgment.

From Atlanta, Ga.:--

DEAR BROTHER:

"This will introduce to you the Rev. H. M. Paynter, author of some valuable books which he will show you. He is an excellent preacher and your people will enjoy hearing him."

G. B. S.

From Mobile, Ala :—

"I take pleasure in introducing to my people the Rev. Mr. Paynter, the author of a number of very instructive books, unfolding historically and in a way highly spiritual in its effects on the sincere reader, the life, suffering and death of the Lord Jesus, and also the origin, nature and purpose of the Lord's Supper.

I have purchased some of these books and what I have read and examined leads me to heartily endorse the whole series."

From Spartansburg, S. C.:

"I have examined these volumes of Rev. Mr. Paynter's, have purchased some of them and am sure I shall need them all, as I find them very useful in the study of the Sabbath school lesson. I hope you may be increasingly useful by pen, tongue and life."

From a lady who had a deep and intimate knowledge of the Scriptures:—

“Your valuable expositions have deeply interested me. They suggest new and refreshing trains of thought.

They bear out clearly the import of the records and they so unfold their deeper meaning, that they cannot but enrich the spiritual life of all devout students of the word.”

This same lady in a letter of sympathy to me:—

“Your husband had a great knowledge of the Scriptures, as well as the power of imparting it to others. Oh! that there were more like him.”

From the Pastor 1st Presbyterian Church, Raleigh, N. C.:—

“This letter introduces Dr. H. M. Paynter, of Chicago, Ill., formerly of Vicksburg, Miss.

Dr. Paynter is widely known as an author and Christian worker. His volumes on the ‘Holy Life’ have received the commendation of the best scholars and preachers North and South.

Dr. Paynter is a consecrated, godly man, who is trying to do good through his books which cost him thirty years of hard study. After examination of these volumes, I can heartily recommend them. His style is original and striking. His books are calculated to do great good. I cheerfully commend them to my people.”

From Chattanooga, Tenn.:—

DEAR DOCTOR:—

“This will introduce Rev. Mr. Paynter. *He is one of our kind.* You will find him a man of God, and I think you will like his books. I am delighted to get them. If at any point in the city you should need evangelistic services he will do most excellent work.”

From many other places came just such notes and comments. It would be impossible even to make extraets from all, however much I might feel inclined to do so. I have given enough so show not only in

what estimation his books were held, but also the great impression made on all who came in contact with him, of the purity, holiness and beauty of his complete Christian character, both as a man, and as a preacher and teacher sent from God.

During his tour through the South, he visited at different times the graves of his dear sister, Mrs. A. B. Coffey, (the sister Anna previously spoken of) in Memphis, Tenn., (and also that of her husband, Lieutenant Coffey who was killed in an engagement with Stoneman's cavalry during a fight at the close of the civil war. He was so gratified at the care and attention that had been bestowed on this grave by the ladies of this town, that he wrote a card of thanks to them through one of the daily papers. This card induced some one to write up an account of Mr. Coffey's death, funeral and burial, which was sent to me after he left there. Mr. Coffey was a high Mason, and so was buried with Masonic honors.

I will give only an extract from this article:—

“It might be noted as somewhat of an unusual occurrence, that during those troublous times, just at the close of the war, when hostile armies were passing through our midst, this man was brought here and given a Christian burial, where his grave could be marked and remembered as it is each memorial day, so that twenty years afterwards, one of his relatives should be shown the spot where his kinsman lies.”

Before he entirely completed the “Holy Life,” having one more volume to put in press, he commenced the “Holy Return,” which was to have been the last of the series, in two volumes, making the twelve complete. This was indeed his last book ever published, only Part I coming out, Part II of this and Part VI of “Holy Life” being still in manuscript. It seemed indeed

almost prophetic. This was the book too which he called for all during his sickness, this and his Bible. The "Holy Return" was dedicated to the wife of his dear friend, of whom I have already spoken, and from whom I shall give more letters. Another one of his books was dedicated to him.

Says "*The Truth*":—

"This is a very able and most instructive discussion of our Lord's second coming.

The preliminary study presents an outline of the epistle to the seven churches in Asia, and a sketch of Gentile supremacy, followed by a number of sections on the decay of Faith; the first return of the Jews to their own land; the rise of the Little Horn; the first view of the Harlot; the covenant of the Antichrist with the Jews: John's look into Heaven—the Governmental Throne of God acting in judgment for Jesus while the ascended One is seated on the Father's Throne; the first part of the Antichrist's reign; the first judicial inflictions under the seventh seal; the Antichrist's progress.

It is clear in style, devout, sound, scriptural and well worthy a wide circulation and careful study."

Still another:—

"I have read with interest intense and increasing from beginning to end, the 'Holy Return.' Whether Preterist or Futurist, whether interpreting the visions of Daniel and John symbolically or ritually, the reader cannot but be deeply interested in tracing the careful and consistent developments of the foretold events. The work is to be praised for its profound, minute and accurate acquaintance with, its deep reverence for, and devout caution in dealing with the Holy Scriptures. I wish every pastor, elder and member of the church owned and was a careful reader of this volume."

D. C. M., Prof. New Testament Literature,
McCormick Seminary.

These expressions of opinion and testimonies of the worth of this book are of course gratifying, and may

have their weight with some, but after all the careful reading and study of the book itself is needed to appreciate fully its meaning and worth. I recall with a subdued pleasure, with what earnest interest, with what rapture of expression he seemed to dwell on these pages in their preparation. He would read to me paragraph after paragraph, seeming almost to be lifted up into heaven as he read, saying "O! Alice, that is grand," and truly it was grand for was it not the conception of an inspired brain, the outpouring of a sanctified heart.

"John's Look into Heaven." Did he not have a look into Heaven? A wonderful vision of that glory that was soon to be revealed to him? Surely it must have been; and I would be awed as I looked upon his face, beaming with such holy joy and reverential devotion as if already realizing his own beautiful and perfect conceptions of that home which was so soon to be his.

Mr. Masterson took such a deep interest in this particular book, that even before it was published while yet in the proof sheets, they were sent to him. He writes:—

DEAR BROTHER:—

Last evening I received the proof sheets of 'Holy Return.' I must give you my first impressions. The condensation and brevity is admirable, leaving out extraneous and collateral matter, and thus leaving the mind unfettered to grasp the essence and spirit of the grand ideas. Its truths must have been prophetically inspired, so to speak, to get such an insight into prophesy, and to be able to delineate so unerringly its pathway from beginning to end. It is indeed an appropriate "Cap Sheaf" to the grand series of which it is the closing volume. I should think it would be the means of opening the eyes of many professing Christians and ministers of the Gospel.

I will let you hear from me when I have read it more thoroughly*as I purpose to do.

Yours in the blessed Hope."

It was so pleasant and helpful as well as encouraging in his work to have such a friend, and he fully appreciated him always speaking of him as "my good brother Masterson."

He writes also of another of the series that he has read with so much interest:—

"I am now reading Part II of 'Holy Life.' I read it to my dear wife as she is able* to hear it. Next to my Bible I prize your books, in fact, they seem a necessary adjunct to the Bible. May the Lord bless them in imparting and unfolding His mind to the people and reward you abundantly in this labor of love."

Again:—

"I have just received No. III. My wife and I are studying these books, but we cannot give them the critical or Scriptural study we could wish as yet, but we are anxious to receive from others who are making special study of these things, especially from you whom we believe the Holy Spirit is specially guiding thereto. This book is simply grand, but I have only gotten through with the first reading. I thank you for the honor, unmerited as I feel, of the dedication to me of 'Holy Life' Part II. I pray God I may never dishonor Him, in being thus honored through one of His servants. My dear wife is still very feeble, but she has taken her stand on the promises. Pray for us. I send you a token of God's remembrance to you."

A letter written to him when he was busy at work and away from home:—

"DEAR BROTHER:—

Your very welcome letter was duly received. Glad to hear you are so well, and succeeding with your

*Mrs. M. was an invalid, and suffered so much from nervous prostration, that she could only bear to hear the reading for a time but she fully entered into their study with her husband.

books and that the way is being opened for you to expound the Word. I am so glad you are going to tell the people about the coming of the Lord. We need more of such heralds to waken up the people. God bless you, and give you words to utter. We are praying for you and your dear wife all the time.

Another:—

“We finished reading Part IV on yesterday, and were intensely interested in your exposition of the subject treated therein. Like all the preceeding volumes,—except that this one is more so,—it is simply sublime. I enclose a draft which I hope will assist you in publishing the remainder of your books, and relieve your present necessities. I am always so glad to hear from you.”

These are only a very few of the comforting, encouraging and helpful letters written him by this dear good brother whom he sincerely loved, and greatly respected and admired.

He thought a great deal of his dear little grand-son (Minnie's) whom he baptized on coming home. when the dear child was only a few months old, and again said:—

“This must be our little preacher. Minnie, my daughter, I want you and your dear husband, to train up this child for the Lord's work.” He ever afterwards committed this child to the special care of God in his prayers, that he might grow up a true follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, fighting manfully under the banner of the cross, and preaching the glad tidings of salvation to all men. May God answer his prayer and to His name shall be the praise.

In June of 1891, our daughter Susie was married to Mr. Samuel P. Carter, of Chicago. This was his last marriage ceremony. He was assisted, as formerly, by Rev. E. F. Williams. Susie was married at her sister's, and had a pleasant little wedding, of a few select

friends. She and her husband made their home with us, until our home was broken up by this sad death.

Susie can recall with much pleasure the interest that he took in all her preparations and arrangements for this marriage, even to looking at and admiring her dresses and other articles of clothing which she brought from time to time to show him, even looking up from his writing to say some pleasant word to her, Her travelling dress was selected by him. How every little thing is remembered and brought up with such fond affection after our loved ones are gone.

He at different times performed the marriage ceremony of his nieces and one nephew, his brother's children, also of Miss Fannie Rounds, who was one of his Campbell Park young people, in the Sunday school.

He remained at home with us untill the early Fall then went south again.

CHAPTER XX.

In February of 1891, while he was laboring in Fayetteville Ark., we received a letter from the physician in attendance, stating that Mr. Paynter was suffering severely from profuse hemorrhages from the nose*, and while he saw no cause for immediate danger, yet, the bleeding was very obstinate and it was thought best by him and other kind friends, to inform his family of his condition. This as may well be supposed, greatly agitated us. We sent a telegram to hear from him directly and before we could make any arrangements to go or send for him, the answer came:—

“Much better, gone to Fort Smith.”

Then a letter was received from him, stating his condition more specifically and saying that so soon as he fulfilled an engagement at Fort Smith, to speak at the convention of the Y. M. C. A., he would come directly home. This relieved our anxieties in a measure, and we were very glad indeed when he came in one morning while we were at breakfast. He was looking much better than we expected to see him, and he was so bright and cheerful so happy to get home, as he always

*These hemorrhages had troubled him for some years, but we had no idea that they were anything serious. Rather supposed they might be of benefit to him, relieving the brain, but they were caused by the defective action of the heart,

was. When at home on a visit, he could not bear to leave it even for a day. He had been at home but a few days, however, when one night, just after retiring, he suddenly sprang up, sitting on the edge of the bed panting for breath. I became alarmed and proposed to send for the doctor but he said:—

“No, bathe my feet and fan me for awhile, and I shall soon get over it.”

I asked him if he had had these attacks before. He replied:—

“Yes, once or twice slightly.”

It did not last very long, after which he slept quietly till morning. These attacks continued, from time to time, sometimes slight, sometimes more severe, always in the evening, just after retiring, and while they lasted it was most painful to witness his suffering. I persuaded him to let me call in medical aid. We did so. The Dr. pronounced it asthma, and said it was not a very bad case, and he thought with the warm weather would rapidly disappear. This relieved our anxieties for the time, especially as he seemed so well during the day, so cheerful and happy, and took his accustomed walk down town. He was always a great walker, never rode if he could possibly avoid it, never appeared the least fatigued by the longest walk.

He was always such a strong vigorous man, that it was difficult to associate disease or decay with him. Therefore we had little apprehension or foreboding of evil, and never a thought of the dreadful scenes and trials, which awaited us. God was merciful and wisely hid all this, giving strength day by day.

About the last of June, invited by the Rev. Mr. Horten, of the Gospel Union, St. Paul, to attend a summer Bible school at Mahtomeda or White Bear Lake, he

concluded to accept the invitation. I urged it, thinking it might do him good, and having a special invitation from our dear friends the 'Mastersons,' I went with him. I had never met these friends, though I had corresponded with them, and we were united by the sweet bonds of Christian fellowship and love. They had too, been so kind to him! That was sufficient of itself to not only make me love them, but to earnestly desire to meet them.

When the meeting commenced, he was called upon to speak, which he did twice each day. His theme mostly was the Holy Spirit, a subject very dear to his heart. It seemed to me I never heard him speak with so much earnestness and power as during these sessions of simple Bible talk. It was just what he most liked. The people listened with rapt attention. Knowing his health was not good I feared he might over-exert himself, taxing his strength too much, and so would caution him, but when he was engaged in his Master's service, a service he loved so well he seemed never to grow weary. He has often said to me:—

"Alice, I *love* to preach. I do so love to tell the precious story, God will give me strength."

He was asked to speak on the second coming, another precious theme to him, in which he was specially happy. When he would leave the Tabernacle after speaking, the people would follow to the hotel, asking him questions and hanging on his words.

After the meeting was over, we spent some time at Bald Eagle lake, with our friends Mr. and Mrs. Masterson, in their beautiful little cottage. I shall never forget this visit, nor I am sure, will they. We would sit together on the vine covered porch, just in front of us the calm, quiet little lake, where we seemed

shut out from the rest of the world, and talk of the things of the kingdom in which we were all so deeply interested. This it was that formed a bond of precious union between us. It was indeed as if a piece of heaven had been let down upon earth, as we sat looking upon that beautiful scene, and having our thoughts lifted up from the beauties and pleasant surroundings of earth to that far more beautiful and glorious home of which we spoke and toward which we were all journeying. In this delightful communion and fellowship one with another, which we all so much enjoyed, how little we realized that so soon one of that number would be called away to that heavenly home, making the contemplation of it more full and far more dear to one who as his life companion, longs for the blessed reunion in *that home* now *his home*.

We remained in Minnesota nearly three weeks, visiting points of interest and her beautiful lakes. When he returned home he felt so much better that he concluded to go to Pittsburg and visit his sisters, Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. Gates. He wanted me to go with him. Some family arrangements prevented, but O! if I had only known, how differently I would have acted. I would have dropped everything to go with him. Our Father in heaven wisely draws the veil and kindly too, for if we did know what trials, what struggles, what sorrows awaited us in life's journey, we would start back in affright and it would unfit us for life's duties.

This visit he enjoyed greatly, and was well most of the time. He suffered some from the heat, as he always did, a sun-stroke some years before making him very sensitive to the sun's rays. This interfered often with his work in selling his books. During this visit, he sold quite a number of his books. Pittsburg was

one of his old homes, He had many friends and acquaintances there besides relatives.

In a letter from his sister Sarah, written after his death, she speaks of his visit:—

“I know you are bereft indeed, you have lost so much that made life worth living, a dear loving husband, and your children, a dear affectionate father. I feel I cannot comfort you, words are so meaningless, to the broken heart so empty. All we can do is to lie submissively at Jesus feet. I am all alone now, father, mother, sister and brothers, all gone!

Dear brother promised to return again next June, and bring you with him. He held my hand so long and so tightly as he gave me his blessing, saying:—

“Sister, I have enjoyed this visit so much, I will be with you again if my life is spared.”

O! my sister what a privilege to have had such a husband, such a companion. How the association of such a Christian life lifts us up out of self, into Christ. His soul was so ripe for heaven, that we caught a glimpse of its glory in our converse with him. I shall never forget his prayer, the last morning he was with us, so earnest, so impressive as he implored God's blessing on us all for time, and an abundant entrance into his nearing kingdom where we might meet to part no more.

Sympathy from those we love is very grateful to the sorrowing heart. Our tears can flow for each other though far apart and the throne of grace is not confined to any locality.”

Poor Sarah! this was indeed a bitter stroke to her. She was a woman of deep feeling and kindly impulses. Like her brother she was truly unselfish, always seeking another's comfort and good rather than her own. She too has suffered much, has had many struggles, many trials. She ardently loved and admired this brother, indeed all his family regarded him with great pride.

A letter also from his sister "Mary" (Mrs. Gates) speaking of his visit to her:—

"O! Alice I did so enjoy the visit brother Henry paid me last summer, and my children were perfectly charmed with his conversation. To 'Anna' he seemed to take a great fancy and presented her with one of 'Cousin Minnie's books,* 'The Little Lass.' She is passionately fond of reading and reciting. He wanted me to promise I would send her to Anna for training. (Mrs. Tucker had a very fine art-school). I told him I would love very much to do so.

His grand work, the 'Life of Christ' is considered by all I have heard speak of it, as a most wonderful production, the best ever written on that subject. So this is his great legacy to the world.

He told me of each of his loved ones, and I feel very closely drawn to each one of you in this your hour of trial and sorrow. I wish you could come and see me, that we might talk together of him. One by one the family are being united in the heavenly mansion, and I have often thought heaven will be greater bliss to those who have had trouble here, and our rest more complete."

I met Mary when a mere girl and have not seen her since, but always loved her, if for no other reason that she was so sweet, respectful and tender of her father. The first time I visited at their home, when she was quite young, I was struck with this. The dear old man, being deaf, could not enter into general conversation, and unlike most deaf people, asked but few questions, smiling sweetly on us all as we laughed and talked. She seemed to feel sorry for his infirmity, and every little while would go up to him, put her arm about his neck and in a low, sweet tone of voice repeat parts

*To give any one, either of Minnie's books was a great favor, he thought so much of them.

of our conversation; and once, after she had played and sang a very sweet little song on the piano, sang it also for him, he smiling so pleasantly all the while. This made an impression on me I never forgot. I often spoke of it afterwards in my own family.

I will also give here a letter written to his little granddaughter, Alice, who was staying with me whilst he was in Pittsburg, in reply to one written by her to him. Alice was very fond of her grandfather and he of her. She loves to tell now of how he gave her so many nice things and how sweetly he used to talk to her, telling her what was right.

“MY PRECIOUS GRANDCHILD:

When grandpa wrote on last Monday to your dear grandma, he was in a great hurry and could not write to you. He will now answer your little letter. He thanks you for it and will put it away, and years after this when you are grown up, you can see the first letter you ever wrote to grandpa.

He is so glad that you are such a sweet, good girl; he hopes you will grow up a good and noble Christian woman, and a comfort and blessing to your parents. He hopes you will always be an obedient child to your father and mother, and to your dear grandmother, and may God bless you my dear, precious child.”

Dear little Alice will greatly prize this letter, for she is old enough now to appreciate it, and she remembers her dear grandfather with much affection. Her mother too can recall his tender solicitude and care for her when she came home, weary and worn out with her work, for a brief rest. So, indeed, can each child, at some period of their lives, call to remembrance the same tender, loving and unselfish solicitude.

I have never seen, in all my intercourse and observations of human beings, one so perfectly and completely unselfish, in every act and motive of his life. He would

have constantly to be reminded in the family of himself. Even during his illness, when one might have supposed he would have been engrossed with his own sufferings, the least complaint of indisposition by one of his children attracted his attention, and he was full of sympathy. They seemed never to grow out of his care.

On his return from Pittsburg, he handed me a letter, and a little box, on opening which I found a pair of gold eye glasses and chain. It was a gift to me for the anniversary of our wedding day, that had passed by during his absence. The letter, too, was written for this occasion.

“TO MRS. H. M. PAYNTER, ON THE FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF OUR MARRIAGE:

At eight o'clock in the morning of September 23^d, 1852, forty years ago to-day, at 'Glencairn,' the family seat, Stafford County, Virginia, I received from Hon. R. C. L. Moncure, Judge of the Court of Appeals of that State, and from Mary Conway Moncure, his wife, their eldest daughter, Alice G., and was united in marriage by Rev. G. W. McPhail, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Fredericksburg, Va.

On that day I promised to be unto her a faithful and loving husband until separated by death; and such during these forty years that have passed since that morning I have aimed to be.

At the same time she promised to be to me a faithful and loving wife.

Many the vicissitudes, the eventful experiences, the trials exceedingly painful to the flesh through which we have passed since that morning. These years, like it, have been alternate sunshine and shadow. I now, on this fortieth anniversary of our wedding day, bear this gladsome testimony, that she has been to me all that could have been desired in a wife.

For the past thirty years, her love and faithfulness have been subjected to many a strain.

She has been called to go through trials, and to suffer from the pressure of privations, such as have rarely fallen to persons in our station in life. The strain at times has been almost too heavy to be borne, and yet she has patiently endured all that has come. She has been to me a help-meet in every way. She has wrought with her own hands in all departments of house-work, year after year. She has studied how, out of the pittance received, to keep the family affairs moving on. And had it not been for her I could not have completed the great work of my life, *The Life of Jesus of Nazareth.*"

During these forty years, she had been a mother of the most unselfish and devoted character. Never has a mother done more for her children than she has done. Never have children been more on a mother's heart in prayer, never has a mother sought more earnestly to have her children follow the example of their parents in a true and noble Christian life. Never was mother more worthy of the highest respect and deepest love of her offspring, of their veneration and loyal obedience, and of its being in their heart to rise up and call her blessed. Her children cannot be too kind to her, cannot too much cheer her declining days and years. Thus only can they repay her for all she has done and suffered for them, and further, only by being true, loving and constant followers of that Jesus whom she has known and loved and followed for fifty years, can they in the fullest degree gladden the sunset of her life and make it golden.

During these forty years, her husband has noticed with delight her daily study of the Bible, a study which she never omitted no matter how heavy the pressure of work, her daily prayer, her steady growth in grace, and Scriptural knowledge with that advance in Christlikeness which is so delightful to behold.

And it is a great comfort to him to see in her now the beautiful, rapidly ripening fruit of a life rooted in Christ and for years growing up into the Head.

With this expression of his feelings and regard, her husband presents a slight token of his love and remem-

brance. Receive, dear wife, from him these eye glasses. By their aid, may you be enabled to read more clearly that Holy Book which has been your song and support during life's pilgrimage and along with them receive your husband's earnest prayer to our Father, that with faith the vision of the soul brightened and enlarged you may with increasing clearness see the blessed hope of the Lord's return and the glory that is yet to be revealed."

This letter, may seem of almost too personal a nature to insert here, but it so fully, so sweetly expresses his own lovely disposition of which I have been saying so much, and with so much truth, and while it is far too great an estimate to put upon my worth and excellence, causing rather the blush of shame at its being so little deserved, yet it makes for me a precious memory, because I knew it came from the very heart of one whose good opinion was to me of greater worth than all the world beside.

The sweet and precious memory of that day when it was handed her, by a dear loving hand, that she will never more clasp, and the dear kiss of affection prompted by a loving and true heart, will go with her until death. This was his last gift to me and his wish that these glasses might make me see more clearly the precious truth and the blessed hope of the 'Lord's return,' has indeed been already verified. I have made it a study more than ever and I see the light dawning in such brightness and clearness as I have never seen it before.

I have many similar letters, on other anniversaries birthdays and such occasions, all expressive of that deep pure abiding affection and perfect trust in her whom he had chosen to be his life companion.

Once he said to me on returning home: —

"Alice, your letters during this past winter have been a source of great comfort and delight to me."

During his sickness we were talking about his disease, the developments of it, the uncertainty of its issue, the medical treatment, God's hand in it all so mysterious to us, his entire acquiescence in God's will, when he greatly impressed me by saying:—

"I have noted with great pleasure the subduing influence that the trials and sufferings of these months are having on you, the growth in grace, the looking to and trusting in God."

These are all such precious testimonies, do you wonder that I cling to them? How could I have been other than a good and faithful wife to such an husband? O! that I had been more helpful, more sympathetic in his work, but I had to be educated to it. I had a faithful, earnest and great teacher. To him I owe all that I know of the 'Higher Life.' The sweet fellowship and communion enjoyed day by day and year after year made me what I am. I speak so much of myself only to bring out the strong and beautiful points of his character.

Thank God! we were one, not alone in the holy bonds of husband and wife, but in all those higher, uplifting, soul ennobling and heaven taught aspirations that do come and can only proceed from a life fully consecrated to the dear Lord.

Another one of his delicate attentions, showing how constantly we were in his thoughts when he would be away was to send us boxes of beautiful flowers, such as only are found here in our conservatories, from the south. One more beautiful than all the rest so inspired my muse and waking old memories with a little touch of

romance still lingering about me, called forth the following verse:—

Sweet flowers from a balmy southern clime
Reminders of that far off joyous time;
When I a maiden fair was wooed and won,
My early married life begun—
In that beautiful land of buds and flowers.
Ye come to me with whisperings sweet,
And a tender message of love repeat.
As I press them to my heart I pray—
For the loved one who is far away
In that beautiful land of birds and flowers.

In telling of these things, am I too light and trifling for the seriousness of my subject? I cannot so regard it. Did I not record these things, I should fail to bring out some of the sweetest and most lovable traits of his character in his domestic and home life, where he ever shone to so much advantage, and with which the world was so little acquainted. He never sought to push himself forward. In one sense, he was totally insensible to worldly honors or even distinctions in the church, so that often *smaller* men, men who could not begin to equal him in learning, attainments in scriptural knowledge, or even in pulpit qualifications, would seemingly be preferred before him. Could he but preach the word and explain its wonderful teachings, be instrumental in saving sinners, being entirely for his Master's service and honor, it was all he cared for or sought. In the earlier years of our married life, I was very ambitious for him. I longed for pulpit distinction, to see him the pastor of a *big* church. I afterwards learned by many a sad experience, as well as from constant communion with him in the sweetness and unobtrusiveness of his spiritual life, of how little worth they all were in comparison, for with all its suffering, trial and pain, even the slights too that were often put upon him, I

would not exchange the blessed and precious experience of his life during these last years—purified, sweetened exalted until finally it was glorified—for all the honors that this world could bestow, or relinquish for one moment that still more precious and blessed hope of an immortality with him in the presence of our blessed Lord and Master, that together we may magnify and adore Him, whom on earth we served and to whom we prayed.

Although so well while he was in Pittsburg, no sooner had he gotten back home than again he suffered from these attacks. The doctor still urged his going south. He was making his arrangements to go to Texas, expecting to start in a few days. The Sabbath before he was to leave us, he seemed, for him, unusually depressed, looking very pale. At dinner he requested his children, all of whom were present but Anna and her husband, to repair to the front room, where he wished to have a serious talk with them. So soon as we had gathered around him, I sitting by his side, he said, with evident emotion in his voice:—

“I am about to leave you, my dear children, my health, as you all see, is not good. It may be that this will be the last time you will ever hear your father’s voice in prayer, that this may be the last talk you will ever have from him. Let me then my dear precious children speak to you as I have never done before, and I pray you listen to your father’s voice as he urges you, with all the earnestness of his nature and from the deep, pure love that he has for you, to become more and more devoted in your lives, more entirely consecrated and faithful to the Lord day by day. You have all* pro-

*He referred here to his own children, not his children by marriage, only one of his sons-in-law being a professing Christian.

fessed Jesus. You have signified to the world your acceptance of Him as well as your desire to be used in His service. You have had the advantage of religious training, the example of godly parents. Your home-life has been sacredly guarded from all defiling contact and from worldly impressions and influences. The Bible, in its study, its precepts, its blessed ennobling teachings, has been brought before you constantly, and you have known and felt day by day the power and efficacy of prayer, so that yours has indeed been a most privileged life, a Christian home. Great will be your responsibilities, such responsibilities as you cannot shake off, can never forget.

And to you, Mr. Parker and Mr. Carter (sons-in-law) let me say, I trust you both will become good Christian men. There is no life so noble and true, and none that can give you such rich reward at its close as this. I want to meet all my family in heaven should it please God to call me away before we meet again."

And then such a prayer! He poured forth the earnest petitions of his heart that God would bless and keep us all, watching over and defending us from danger, providing for all our necessities and fitting us for death and for eternity. I am sure that none of us will ever forget that afternoon. We arose from our knees amid sobs and tears, though we did not realize that so soon he was to go away from us, not to a southern clime in search of health, but to that land from whence no traveller e'er returns. It was well that we did not see into the future. God is merciful, and He knows just how much His children can bear. It is He who gives us hope and strength in the hour of trial, else we could not bear them when they come.

CHAPTER XXI.

His last public testimony for Jesus and His blessed work, was given at "Moody's Institute." He was invited by the Rev. Mr. Torrey, presiding at that institution, to give them two weeks lectures. He concluded to accept. I went with him each day. He was evidently by this time much weaker, and sometimes looked so pale, that it almost startled me. He had too a bad cough, but when he would be speaking and become, as he always did, intensely absorbed in his subject, you would never have known of his infirmity. God gave him strength, for He knew as we did not, that this was to be His dear servant's last faithful work for him on earth, and that He was preparing him for a far more precious testimony in his sick-room and in his death.

These lectures were listened to with deep interest and close attention by the students. One of them remarked to me sometime afterwards, in speaking of these lectures:—

"You ought to have been in the hall after the first one, to have heard the comments of the different students, such as, 'Isn't it wonderful,' 'Did you ever hear the like before,' 'So original,' 'So clear,' 'Going down deep into the very essence of the meaning of the scripture.' Why "He would just take a verse of the Bible, and as it were lift up layer after layer of thought, until he had made its true interpretation and power and

beauty so plain, that not only would we be convinced but charmed at the new light imparted."

An extract from their little paper gives a further impression:—

"To say that we are delighted with the method and manner of the Rev. H. M. Paynter's work among us, does not fully express our appreciation of it.

His deep spirituality, his ripe scholarship, his exhaustive research of the word, coupled with his deep conviction of the verbal inspiration of the Bible, make his lectures exceedingly profitable. His works on the 'Life of Christ, are a most masterly production, presenting the very heart of Christian truth and setting before the reader a most vivid and correct impression of the person of Christ."

These dear young men ever seemed to cherish his memory, and his work among them made a lasting impression. They visited him in his sick-room and then came in a body to the funeral, and to look upon his sainted face over which was spread a heavenly radiance, as he lay looking so calm and peaceful in his casket.

I shall never forget those young men. May they be abundantly blessed in their work for Jesus and may their young hearts be strengthened and guided by His grace, so that after a life of faithful service, such as his, they may look upon his dear face again, not as it appeared, though kindly, on earth, but in the full radiance and splendor of his new resurrection life.

He lectured there by request another week, and at the end of that time was perceptibly weaker. The last lecture over, I thought I should not get him home. His physician was still urging him off. He seemed very averse to going away without me, more so than he had ever

*I may here add that through the efforts of one of these students, a great many of these books were sold in the institution.

been before, and so it was arranged that I should go as far as St. Louis with him. His valise was all packed, and he expected to leave that night, but was prevented by one of his attacks that came on with great severity. The doctor proposed that he should wait until the next evening, but before the time designated had arrived, symptoms had appeared that caused a further delay, and still the doctor affirmed it as his belief that a change of climate was the needed precaution, and that in a few days he would be able to leave. This was not so. From this time on, for several weeks, the disease alternated, now better, now worse, at one time yielding to treatment and again proving most obstinate. Some days he would be quite himself, reading, studying and conversing with us all in his usual bright, cheerful manner walking about the house, all of which gave us great hope that he would soon be up and about again. But these alternations together with his great difficulty in breathing began to arouse the doctor's suspicions, and so he urged us to have a consulting physician to make a thorough examination of the heart and lungs. He did so, and the verdict was, defective valvular action of the heart. He watched the doctor very closely all the while he was making the examination, asked him no questions, but he looked very grave afterwards. I did not allude to it. After the doctor had gone I sat by him talking and reading to him as I had done before. He was of such a sensitive, highly wrought nervous temperament that it made him very apprehensive, asking many questions relative to his condition. One night I shall never forget, when he asked the doctor some question, to which the doctor replied:—

"You can never be a well man, Mr. Paynter." He looked up very earnestly at him, as he replied:—

"You don't mean that Doctor." I could not stand this, so that I had to leave the room, and on going into the sitting-room completely broke down. That night was the crisis with me, for my very soul was in agony, When I threw my arms around my dear boy, sobbing as if my heart would break, some one said, I think it was Susie:—

"Mamma, don't give way so, papa hears you and it will distress him," Instantly I was calmed and went back into his room, sitting down by his side and taking his poor swollen hand into mine, smoothed and caressed it with even more tenderness than I had done before. Dear Susie and I were his constant and sole nurses, She by day and I at night kept up our loving care and tender vigil. She administered his medicine beginning when I was so mysteriously hurt* and continuing so to do even after I had resumed my share of the precious care of our invalid. We did not procure the services of a trained nurse, because we preferred this tender privilege ourselves. He could not lie down in bed, had to sit up in a chair, which he did for months. For a time, he could with assistance walk from one room to another, and so vary the monotony as well as relieve to some extent the one position of the body. This was before his limbs began to swell so badly, He seemed also to dread that he would choke to death, and would often say to which ever one was sitting by him:—

"If I fall asleep, do not leave me." This request he

*Falling on the ice and fracturing my wrist so that I was an additional care to her for some time.

need not to have made, as either one of us was always near. I left him only to go to market which I did in order to get a little fresh air, to give me needed strength. I could only catch a little rest myself which was troubled if I chanced to fall asleep. I sat mostly by his side holding his hand or smoothing his head or reading to him from the Bible. All the sleep that he would get would be with his head leaned forward against mine, or on a cushion placed in front of him, sometimes in the night I would hear him moaning, when I would ask, "Are you suffering dear?" his answer always came in that never to be forgotten pathetic tone — breath! I shall never forget that look or sound. Often I would hear him praying most earnestly. I look back now and wonder how I could have borne it. But for His all sustaining grace and strength I could not have endured what I did. Sometimes the strain would be so great that I would have to go off by myself, close the door, and there cry aloud to God. I plead for his precious life which I felt I could not give up, even though I knew it was slowly ebbing away. God gave me strength and He answered my prayer, but in his own way,

Seeing that the remedies being used were ineffectual to stay the disease, which was slowly but surely making progress, I became intensely exercised on the subject of Divine Healing, and most earnestly desired to have him come directly under its power, but I did not feel as though I could take the responsibility of influencing him to give up all medicine and discharge his physicians, but I suffered no opportunity to pass of giving my views and bringing it before him in every way I could, while I was much engaged in prayer and conversation with dear friends who believed in its power and

efficacy. A very dear friend, who had been one of our old "Campbell Park" parishioners, visited us frequently during these hours of sickness and trial. She was a very firm believer in this doctrine, and could testify in her own experience of its most blessed results. This dear sister's visits helped us so much, and the dear sick man learned to look forward with eagerness to her coming and so in fact did we, for we all felt so much confidence in one whom we knew to be such a ripened Christian, full of faith and hope and holy joy, she brought comfort and consolation not only to the dear sick and suffering one but to all.*

She would sit by his chair, talking of the dear Savior, read a portion of His blessed Word and then pray with him, he first telling her what he desired most she should pray for. One afternoon, when she was with us, is worthy of special mention. After she had read and prayed, she turned to me and said, "Do you pray?" I did so, then Henry made a short prayer. Susie was too much overcome. Then to our surprise, in a clear strong voice the dear sick man lifted his heart in prayer. He had no sooner finished this prayer, than in the same clear strong voice he sang out:—

"How firm a foundation ye saints of the Lord." etc.

This was the last time we ever heard his voice in prayer. Those precious words were recorded on high and the next time we hear that blessed voice, prayer shall have ended in everlasting praise.

As I thought over all this, I became so anxious that I could not keep still, and so one night when we were

* Even Bridget our girl, good and faithful Bridget would come, from the kitchen with a smiling face to give her welcome, saying,—"I am so glad you have come."

alone, I ventured still nearer than I ever had done before. I said:—

“My darling, it is very plain that the Doctor does not seem to understand your case, and certainly the remedies being used are doing you no good. Why not at once put your case into God’s hands, through His power of Divine Healing and be anointed?”

My voice and manner were very urgent for I was greatly exercised over it. He calmly replied, without the slightest emotion:—

“My dear wife, I have committed my whole case to the dear Lord, I have done that long ago, and I fully believe that He has the power to heal me if it be His will. Let him do what seemeth Him good. I cheerfully submit to His Divine will, whatever that will may be, but I have never felt it was my duty to give up the means that God has given me in skillful Physicians. I have thought this matter all over, especially since this sickness has come upon me, and if my life is spared, I expect to look into it still more closely, but now I am willing to trust my case to Him.”

I cannot but say that I was disappointed, for I had hoped that he would be brought, as I had been, not only to see but to make trial of this wonderful cure.

However, after this conversation, I determined I would say no more to him on this subject, for I did not wish to disturb his mind. I prayed all the more earnestly that the dear Lord would give him back to me in His own way. Every morning and evening after he had become too weak, a portion of scripture was read by some member of the family, and then I made the prayer. It had always been my custom so to do when he was away from home. Becoming alarmed about him we thought it best to summon our daughter,

Mrs. Tucker, from Cleveland. When she arrived she found him somewhat better, so that he was able to converse with her and he seemed greatly to enjoy her society. Anna was always very bright and lovely at home, doing all she could to make it attractive and pleasant when she was an inmate of her home. From her study of Physical culture, respiration and so on, she could in a great measure relieve him of that distressing difficulty of getting his breath. So much benefit did he receive from her instructions, that when she returned home, he often wished for her again.

The dear child greatly regretted her inability to remain with him, the more so as she surely felt that this would be their last meeting on earth, and so it was for when again she was summoned, it was to look upon his dear sweet face in death, to touch reverently that most expressive hand, once so busy with his wonderful pen, that hand that had so kindly smoothed her aching brow, that had proudly and tenderly taken her baby hand in his, pointing out to her the way of life and true happiness, never to feel its warm grasp again as he had welcomed her home, and to imprint the last kiss upon his forever silent lips, those lips from which she had heard so many precious words.

O! What a sufferer he was, and how patiently he sat from day to day without a murmur, or complaint. In thinking over it all how strange it did seem, how mysterious! We puzzled much over it, and we all felt as we talked it over that he had worked too hard both mentally and physically. An intense student, he gave his brain no rest. An earnest, indefatigable and active worker. his body was often, ah, too often, worn down and weary with the effort and constant fatigue to provide for his family.

Said a dear friend in writing to me after his death:—

“I need not tell you how sorry I am for your great loss, for I know how happy you were together, and how heroically he struggled to secure means to make his family comfortable. I have never seen greater heroism than that which Mr. Paynter exhibited in writing and selling his books. Through them, though dead he yet speaketh.”

This was the expressed opinion of many, not alone one.

I am sure that during his illness he thought much over all this, as he felt he had indeed over-taxed his powers, and that it would have been wiser in him to have husbanded his strength.

He said to me one day:—

“Should it please God to spare my life, I shall pursue a different course in regard to my books and my study of them. I shall not work so hard.”

I replied:—

“I am so glad to hear you say that.”

Alas it was too late.

While I believe he would have liked to recover from this illness, I do not believe that he thought he would

I think now, in looking back over it all, that he had a presentiment that his time had come. He made all the arrangements about his worldly affairs with Mr. Parker and his son Henry, leaving me in the special care of his dear boy.

“Henry, take care of your Mother.”

He had earnestly desired to see Henry married, to unite him in marriage to some good Christian girl, as he said, before he went home.

He would often talk with him about it. He was a

great advocate for matrimony, and believed in early marriages. He would say to him:—

“You are now as old as your father was (25) when he was married. Get a good wife. Let her be a true lady in every sense of the word, for your ancestry on both sides have given you a name not to be trifled with, and you have no right to bring dishonor upon it by marrying one not your equal in rank. Let her be neat, nice, of good appearance, and above all, my son, let her be a good Christian woman, for with none other would you be a happy man.”

That his dear children were not in their Christian life as consecrated as he would have them be and as he felt the true child of God must be, was to him a source of deep anxiety. We had many most earnest conversations respecting them, and he would pour out his very soul in prayer on their behalf. He was very proud of his children, and often expressed his great admiration for their lovely characters in all save this one thing.

“Alice,” he would say to me sometimes, “it may be God will speak to them through their father’s death.” This voice has come to them. May God in His mercy cause them to hear.

Testimonial from Mrs. T. C. Rounds:—

“It gives me great pleasure to add my word of testimony to the worth of your esteemed husband.

It has often been my joy to tell you the profound gratitude I feel towards God for the privilege He gave me of sitting under his ministry, and drinking refreshing draughts from the everflowing fountain he was ever drawing from.

Through his teaching I dared to say I had the assurance of Eternal Life. Through him, consecration became a living, vital thing. Through him, I received my first light on sanctification, and through him the truth of the Lord’s second coming became a power in

my life, and gave me a new Bible, a new joy, a new peace, a new hope.

His Bible-readings were masterpieces of research and logic. It was hard to tell which most to admire, the research or the logic. But the power beyond either or both, was that he was a man 'filled with the Holy Ghost,' and when he spoke his words were accompanied with the demonstration of the Spirit and power.

But to other pens more skillful than mine, will I leave the portrayal of the Bible-readings and their effect upon his audience, for Mr. Paynter was no sermonizer. He loved the word of God and from it alone did he take his subject-matter.

I pass over an acquaintance of seventeen or eighteen years, and enter the 'holy of holies' of his sick chamber, where for months fell disease claimed him for a victim.

I shall ever recall the brightening face, the warm grasp of the hand, the look of satisfaction on his pain-wearied face as I entered the room, that always made me feel humble that one such as I could give him pleasure in his time of need or minister to him.

The commonplace talk of life had no charm for him. His only theme was his Saviour and the precious Word, and 'a season of prayer' his special delight, when he loved to gather his family about him and after having some one read a portion of Scripture, unite in prayer with and for him. I remember so well, on one of these occasions, as soon as the prayer was ended, he startled us by singing in a clear, strong voice, which before had been choked with asthma:—

"How firm a foundation ye saints of the Lord
Is laid for your faith in His excellent Word" etc.

The effect was electrical. It seemed for a few moments as though

"Heaven came down our souls to greet,
And glory crowned the mercy seat."

As this breath of heaven fanned his cheeks, he was revived and went in the strength of this God-given newness of life many days.

Much of the time of my weekly visits was spent in discussing the Lord's healing for the body. He never had doubted the power and willingness to heal, and had been conscious in his experience of the healing hand of our God upon him, but he had never seen it as a part of the work of the atonement before, (see Matthew 8: 16-17) but as we talked it over from time to time he would say:—

'I see new light upon this, and if the Lord will to raise me up from this sickness and enables me to revise my books, I shall change much on this point.'

One thing he longed to live for, and that was to revise the books he had written on the 'Life of Christ,' and to bring out the last volume of the 'Holy Return,' But for some higher and holier calling he was wanted.

How touching the burden of his heart was that he might see his dear children walking in the same light of conscious fellowship with the Father, Son and Holy Ghost that delighted his own heart.

How familiar he was too with the precious word, the slightest mistake in reading the text being quickly discerned and the reader asked to re-read it.

How I do recall those hours of intense suffering through weakness and disease when for months he knew not what it was to lie down, but always might be found in his chair either reading, sleeping or rather dozing. It was pitiable and touching.

It is but just, dear sister, to recall the patience and love with which you and his dear daughter Susie ministered to him by night and by day, notwithstanding the added affliction you were suffering from of a broken arm. But love and tender care could not keep life in the beloved body. Day by day the 'silver cord' was broken and ere long 'the wheel was broken at the cistern' and he who for years had been watching and waiting for the sounding trumpet, which should announce the coming Lord, gave up the hard struggle for life, and instead of being one of the 'caught up ones' will be among the dead in Christ, who shall rise and meet those who are alive and remain unto the coming

of the Lord. The eyes closed, the voice was hushed,
the quick became deaf, the pen forever laid aside and

‘He took

The one grand step beyond the stars of God

Into the splendour shadowless and broad

Into the everlasting joy and light

The Zenith of the earthly life to come,

What then? Eye hath not seen

Ear hath not heard.’

Havergal.”

CHAPTER XXII.

Over all the scenes of his last moments, fain would I draw a veil, for how can I trust myself to portray the deep anguish of that moment, of that trying hour. May God in His infinite mercy have pity.

On the 23d day of April, 1893, as the Sabbath day was going out, his happy and pure spirit left its earthly tenement of pain and suffering, and passed into the presence of his God, there to be with Him forever in Paradise.

One week before, on Sabbath night, the doctor seeing he was growing weaker, took him from his chair and put him to bed. He resisted some at first; did not seem to realize what we were doing, but soon became very calm, consciousness passing gradually away from him. He called my name incessantly, which I felt was to keep me near him, and when Mrs. Rounds came in to see him he looked up, smiled and said very earnestly, "God bless you." To Susie, who stood by a little later, he said, "Susie." She replied, "Here I am, papa." He again repeated her name, and she replied as well as she could command her voice, "Here I am, papa." He then said more earnestly still, "Stand firm, my child; stand firm." Sobbing, she replied, "I will papa." Will she ever forget those words? Can she? No, never.

All day Saturday and Sunday he lay unconscious. I lay beside him on the bed, earnestly imploring our Father in heaven for only one look of recognition, one precious word, and even then, if it might be, to give him back to me. But it came not. God knew best; but O, it did seem so hard!

We stood around that casket after his precious body had been tenderly put into it, his children and his poor broken-hearted wife, and God gave her strength then to enter into covenant with them, that we would consecrate the remainder of our lives to the same faithful service that was his. God gave her words, and He, too, will give us power and grace to keep this vow.

It seemed as though this act was known to him, and he, too, gave his blessing from the other world.

May his precious influence ever be felt and his lovely example always before us, as we journey through life, that at its close we may have the same peaceful and blessed entrance into his home where we together shall spend a glorious and blissful eternity in praising God.

On Tuesday, the 25th, we followed the precious body to the Jefferson Park Presbyterian Church, where the funeral services were conducted. Our pastor, Rev. F. A. Noble, read the twenty-third Psalm, made some very beautiful and touching remarks and an appropriate prayer at the house.

From the *Inter Ocean*:

"Funeral of the Rev. Henry M. Paynter, who died at his home, No. 503, W. Congress St., last Sunday, took place yesterday afternoon, at Jefferson Park Presbyterian Church, where appropriate services were conducted. A large gathering of friends of the deceased, including several well-known ministers, were present to pay their last respects to his memory. On the platform with the Rev. Frederick Campbell, pastor of the Church, were

Dr. F. A. Noble and Rev. Dr. Manquis. Among those present in the church were the following ministers: The Rev. E. P. Goodwin, Rev. J. V. Frothingham, Rev. J. H. Malcolm, Rev. J. T. Leonard, Rev. H. H. Vanvranken and Rev. Wm. Clark.

The pallbearers were James Robertson,* Thomas Hood, B. F. Lindscott, Hugh Templeton, Wallace Carter and B. S. Sanborn. The pulpit was beautifully decked with floral offerings, the gift of friends. A spray of Easter lilies and roses that hung from the reading-desk, was a gift from the friends of his son in Milmine Bodman's. The family of the deceased sent an open Bible in which lillies mounted with a cross and crown. A floral sickle and a sheaf of wheat came from the Campbell Park Church, to which deceased had formerly ministered.

As the pallbearers passed slowly up the aisle, bearing the casket covered with flowers, Organist Davis started up Beethoven's funeral march, after which a Scripture passage was read by Dr. F. A. Noble. The Church choir then sang, "Sleep Thy Last Sleep," and after the prayer by Rev. F. Campbell, they rendered the hymn (by special request), "How firm a foundation."

Then followed the address of Dr. Marquis, which I give below:

"Absent from the body; present with the Lord This is about all we know concerning the experience of departed saints, during that period when they are separated from the body. We know that there is a state of conscious blessedness in companionship with Christ Beyond that revelation is silent. The Christian is taught to make very little account of what we call death. His home is the resurrection. There, the promises become realities. There, hope becomes fruition, the inheritance becomes possession. Meanwhile we wait for the sonship, the redemption of the body.

Henry Martyn Paynter was born into the world in the town of Williamsport, Pa., in the year of our Lord

*An old Campbell Park elder, and a true and valued friend.

1827. His father was the Rev. Joseph Painter, D. D., a man eminent in his day in the councils of the Church, and for many years* the well-beloved pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Kittanning, Pa. His maternal grandfather was the Rev. John Vredenburg, of Somerville, N. J. On his mother's side he was directly descended from the Rev. James Caldwell, of revolutionary renown. The Spiritual blessings of God's covenant in behalf of the children of His people were his inheritance through many generations.

He was graduated from Jefferson college in the year 1847, and from Princeton Theological Seminary 1850. He preached as stated supply in Xenia, Ohio and in the first Presbyterian Church, New Orleans. In 1852 he was ordained and installed as Pastor over the Presbyterian Church in Vicksburg, Miss. In the same year he was married to Alice, daughter of Hon. R. C. L. Moncure, Judge of the Court of Appeals of the State of Va, who with four children survive him, an equal number having preceded him to the better land. The loss of his health during a yellow-fever scourge led to his resignation and acceptance of a call to Boonville, Mo., where he remained until constrained to remove by the troubles and distractions caused by the Civil War.

He then engaged in evangelistic labors in the eastern states, and afterwards in Ky., meanwhile declining a call to Buffalo N. Y., until in 1870 he became pastor of the third Presbyterian Church, Springfield, Illinois. Reitring from that position in 1873, he devoted himself to the work of an Evangelist and to the preparation and publication of a Life of Christ.

His Evangelistical work was carried on in Canada Great Britian and many parts of our own land.

His preaching was scriptural, earnest and effective. The day of eternity alone can reveal how many thousands were brought from death into life by the blessing of God upon his faithful testimony, for he was not one to parade before the public the results of his work.

*A forty years' pastorate. Several times during his life refusing calls from more prominent Churches.

He was a devout and painstaking student of the word of God in the original tongues. His interpretations were scholarly, helpful and instructive. It is in my judgment a fact greatly to be deplored that his publication of the 'Life of Christ' to which he had devoted many years of his life is left incomplete. Another volume, which his closing days made ready for the printer's hands is yet needful to complete the work. If this should be finished by competent hands I doubt not that, in the coming years when its merits are fairly known and judged, the work will take rank among the most useful and valuable of the many which compose the literature of that exalted theme.

Although to us his departure may seem untimely in view of his apparently unfinished work, yet, viewed from its divine side, contemplated from the stand-point of faith, it must be conceded that no man dies too soon. It is the Master who calls from toil to rest—from labor to reward. Our brother who is called, joyfully obeys. We bow submissive to the Master's will, and amid the throbbings of our sympathy with griefs of bereavement, we pray for grace to respond—"It is well."

Soldier of Christ, well done.

Praise be thy new employ.

And while eternal ages run

Blest in thy Savior's joy.

From one of the daily papers during his illness:—

"REV. H. M. PAYNTER, DANGEROUSLY ILL.

Rev. H. M. Paynter, a Presbyterian Minister of this city for the past fifteen years, and a member of The Chicago Presbytery for the same length of time, is very ill at his home, 503 West Congress St.

At one time his family had just hopes of his speedy recovery, but if he is improving at all, it is very slow and they are now very apprehensive of the issue.

Mr. Paynter has done a good and noble work in this city and elsewhere, both as an evangelist and builder up of churches. It is to his untiring energy, perseverance and unselfish work that the church at Campbell

Park first came into vigorous life. He furnished the first material out of which grew the strong and new flourishing church, also the Presbyterian church at the Stock-yards, for which he worked with indefatigable zeal, walking from his home on Bryant Avenue twice to and from there to preach every Sabbath.

He was in former years the successful and loved pastor of churches in Vicksburg, Miss., Boonville, Mo., Buffalo, N. Y., Louisville, Ky., and several in New England.

About ten years ago he commenced writing a *Life of Christ*—a work of many years previous study which has engaged his time and attention since. The work is nearly completed, has been widely circulated, and is regarded by all thinking people as a work of great merit, perhaps the very best that has ever been written on that subject.

Mr Paynter feels that his life work has scarcely been completed, as there are still two volumes unfinished, and he contemplates a full and greatly improved revision of the entire set during this summer."

Another:—

"Rev. H. M. Paynter, author of '*The Holy Life*' and other books, has been severely ill at his home, 503 West Congress Street for the past two months.

In consequence he has been unable to take his annual southern trip in the interest of his books.

He is now slowly improving, but it will probably be some time before he is able physically to go to work."

Many other similar notices were published, too numerous to give, both of his illness, death and of the funeral ceremonies.

Many were the letters of sympathy from kind Christian friends, in which all united in bearing testimony to his faithfulness as a pastor, his power as a preacher, and above all his devout, able and profound teaching and expounding of the Word. Also of that beautiful life exhibited and lived from day to day in all his words,

thoughts and actions not alone in his family but in presence of the world, and in his intercourse with his fellowmen.

I cannot properly insert all these letters, nor is it necessary so to do. I will only give extracts from some two or three, as they have comforted me.

"It was a sincere desire and earnest hope that your dear husband might be with me in the Institute* during the coming year. I had learned to love him in the little season I was with him, and had felt that he was the sweetest, deepest student of the Word I had ever heard. I feel a great personal loss, and my heart goes to you. I am sure it was with great joy that the good man entered into the rest of Paradise.

He knew well enough to depart and be with the Lord was far better. The Lord knew the best time to take him to Himself. I am sure that eternity will reveal tremendous results from his faithful consistent life. Let us rejoice in his testimony and the fragrance of his devoted life, and let us follow in his foot-steps in our efforts to exalt the blessed Master. May the Lord give you grace to sweetly take up the work He has for you to do. Your loss has been great, but his gain is greater. You too have been a favored woman in having such a husband. Jesus must be more to you than ever before. You will lean on Him, commune with Him, grow into Him. You will look with more earnestness for the coming of the Lord and the dear husband in the air. His grace will be sufficient, His love satisfying."

From Portland, Oregon:—

"We can and do fully sympathize with you. Mr. Paynter was no ordinary man, therefore yours is no ordinary loss. It is no wonder that your heart is so desolate. But while yours is a great grief, you have nevertheless a great consolation. This comes from many and varied sources. It was given to your dear husband to have the most wonderful and perfect knowl-

*T. C. Harten, of The Gospel Union, St. Paul, Minn.

edge of God's blessed Word of any one I have ever known, and he was remarkable in his power to impart that knowledge to others. He was remarkable too for his personal knowledge of God and His redemption as revealed to him through the Word. He lived and walked with God. His vital godliness always impressed itself upon me. His faith in the living God as revealed in the word was unwavering. It was given to him to preach with great unction and power, with such unction and power as is given to but few. And then he has left you a glorious heritage in the books he has written. They will stand as monuments of his learning, devotion and piety. There must come joy to you in the midst of your sorrows as you look back over the life God gave him to live and the works He enabled him to perform. There must be, also, wonderful comfort to you in the thought that you were the sharer of all his trials through the many years God permitted you to walk together. Great has been his reward, great will yours likewise be. It must have been a gladsome day in heaven when he went up to receive the crown. I think I can almost hear the Master say: 'Well done, good and faithful servant.' He fought a good fight, he finished his course, he kept the faith. To anyone to have known him personally, is to be a sharer of your sorrow. His memory will have a place in our hearts shared by no other. I know full well you are not left without a comforter in this trying hour. The dear Lord bless you and yours with his continual presence."

The writer of this letter was a true and tried friend, and knew him most intimately, therefore capable of expressing just such sentiments, all the more gratifying because we knew them to be sincere.

A dear friend from Springfield, writes:—

"I have just read in our daily journal of the departure of your dear husband to be with the Lord. Yes, dear sister, he has entered into the joy of His presence whom he has loved and served these many years. What an exchange for this poor world, with all its cares and sorrows and disappointments. I cannot but rejoice for

him while I most sincerely sympathize with and grieve for you. I know how desolate your poor heart must be and would be glad to offer a few words of love and tenderness. I know what a good kind husband and father he was, and how sadly he will be missed by you all. I often think of the precious sermons that he preached to us, and led us on in the knowledge of the things of the Lord.

I am sure that he has been used for the comfort and edification of many, many souls. How much better than to have been seeking the things of this world, which so soon pass away.

We all feel deeply for you in your great sorrow, and we think that the Lord Jesus will be near to comfort and sustain you.

It is just fourteen years since my dear father was taken away, and the longing desire to see him is now with me. I recall your letter of tender sympathy at the time. And so the sorrows come first to one and then to the other, so that we can mingle our tears, looking forward to the time when all tears shall be wiped away."

From Dr. W. C. Cattell, Presbyterian Board of Relief:—

"We deeply sympathize with you in the great bereavement which it has pleased God to send upon you in the death of your dear and honored husband. What the church did for him through this Board for the past few years, was justly due him in return for his faithful and devoted service for over forty years in the work he loved so well; and now it is a no less sacred duty of the Church to care for the one so dear to him and who, during his long and faithful ministry, aided him in his work for the Master.

Praying the Lord to have you in His holy keeping,
Faithfully Yours."

There are some noble men and women among God's faithful children, whom I have been brought to love for their words of comfort and sympathy in this the greatest sorrow of my life, May the blessing of God rest upon them.

From a dear precious sister:—

“We have just received the telegram announcing the death of my beloved brother, your dear husband. I feel that it would be an intrusion upon your sacred grief to attempt to offer a word of comfort just now, even if I could. You are one of God’s dear children, and He alone can and will give you the comfort you so much need, I can, however, and do carry your burden with mine, (for I too as you know, have been sorely bereaved*), and plant them at the foot of the cross, to be borne by one who promised to bear our sorrows, and in the hour of trial to plead with a Father’s pitying love. Oh the height, the depth, the the riches of that love. And oh the blessed thought that we shall meet our loved ones again where will be no more separation.

Our aged mother grieves much for you, and talks of you all the time. We all join in the request that you will come to us at once. You will find open arms and loving hearts waiting to receive, comfort and sympathize with you, You always were very dear to us, now doubly dear in your severe affliction so hasten to us, my dear sister, for we all love you so much.”

There were letters from other dear sisters, from aged aunts and from many loved ones equally comforting and sweet in sympathy but I have not room for them here.

Many too were the letters from ministers and friends expressing their interest in the life I was writing. A few extracts are given:—

“I knew your husband well and have had many interesting conversations with him. I have also his books, ‘Holy Life,’ upon my shelves that I have consulted with pleasure and profit. They are both scholarly and original in treatment.

I am sure the life of such a man must be of wide interest and usefulness.”

*This dear sister had buried her three children, her all and was left childless.

Another:—

“I am glad you are writing your husband’s life. I am sure you will make it a further testimony of his faithful service for the Master. Put my name down on your list of subscribers.”

Again:—

“Of course, I will take a copy of your husband’s life, for I always greatly admired and esteemed him.”

From Portland, Texas:—

“I would be delighted to have your book. The life of such a good man ought to be known throughout our country, and I believe that the Lord will enable you in some way to have it printed.

I think my family have lived much nearer to the Saviour since his stay with us.”

This gentleman lived in Searcy, Arkansas, at the time that he speaks of having had my husband as a guest. He afterwards moved to Texas.

I have also a letter from a lady in Searcy, Arkansas:—

“I admired your husband very much. His whole being was so imbued with his religion, that I felt elevated and comforted as never before after having conversed with him. He was one of the most earnest workers in His vineyard, I have ever known. I wish he could have met my husband, I know he would have done him much good. He is greatly impressed with ‘The Holy Life.’ I will gladly take a copy of his memoir, also one for a friend. I thank you very much for letting me know about it.”

CHAPTER XXIII.

In looking over some of his papers and letters, I came across an article written by him some years ago, in a paper, "*Our Rest and Signs of the Times*," which is so significant, I will give it here.

"LEANING ON THE BELOVED.

Leaning on the Beloved: what a privilege! Is this your position my soul? Jesus loves to be the only support of the soul. Do you feel weak and helpless, see Him the All Powerful, and let him bear the whole weight. Do you lean on His Person for acceptance, His blood for cleansing, His righteousness for justification, His fulness for every day's supply?

This world has not one drop of living water or bread, so is truly a wilderness. Do you come up from the wilderness leaning on Jesus? Some love Him, and their hand under His arm are coming up to that bright world where God and holiness reign. Are you of that number? Have you taken the first step in that way? Have you allowed Jesus to enwrap you in the divine righteousness? Do you hide in His words like a dove hides in the clefts of the rocks? You are not in Christ savingly and sensibly until you are out of yourself, legally and meritoriously. You will not lean on Him until you see the utter fruitlessness of leaning on yourself. How is it? Are you in Christ? Leaning on the Beloved? Then the Father's eye falls on you in Him. He loveth you. You are coming up from the wilderness. Every hour that strikes is one hour between you and glory, And a half hour with Jesus will make you forget a life-

time of agony. Until then you find all your want in Him. "All my springs are in Thee."

Leaning on him in the wilderness, you shall sit with Him on the throne. May the Spirit open your eyes to see Him more clearly, and open your heart to trust Him more fully. May the Lord feed you sweetly as He feeds the flowers by silent drops of dew.

He is the Beloved of the Father, 'My Beloved in whom my soul delighteth.' Therefore those who lean on Him cannot be confounded.

Beloved of the Church, every believer says 'This is my Beloved and this is my friend. He is chiefest among ten thousand and altogether lovely. He loved me, died for me, rose again for me, intercedes for me; and I love Him, His Passover, work, ordinances and commands. Earth would be dreary without Him, and heaven without Him would be no heaven to me.' How honored the pilgrim on his journey. He is a lonely traveller, yet what delightful company has he in the Beloved.

He leans upon him for *entire salvation*; daily pardon through His finished work, and for daily cleansing through His precious blood.

He leans upon His *fulness* for every want. No matter how great or pressing this Christ has, he knows a sufficiency. He leans on Him as a wife does on a husband, a child on a parent, a soldier on his captain. He is calm in the midst of danger, strong in the midst of toil, joyful in the midst of sorrow; for he knows that Christ is the power and wisdom of God to the children of God; that Christ's strength will be made perfect in his weakness, that his God shall supply all his need, and that all things shall work together for his good.

My soul, lean hard on Jesus. He will support your faith, hope, courage, patience under every burden, trial and temptation. The eternal God being your refuge, and underneath you the everlasting arms, you will find your strength equal to your day.

He leans on Him *in sorrow*. Jesus is consolation as well as strength. Has He an arm for support? He has also a heart for sympathy. His bosom is open to

welcome those against whom other bosoms are closed. When Satan's darts fly fast and the world frowns and saints are cold, and the path is deserted, and adversity befalls. and sickness withers the frame, and death smites our loved ones, O, it is consolation strong and full to lean on the faithfulness, sympathy and love of the Beloved.

O my soul lean on Him in the dark and cloudy day, for Jesus loves to chase grief from the spirit, bind up the broken heart, staunch the bleeding wound, dry the weeping eye. He delights to cheer you in the dark night of sorrow, to come to you, walking on the tempestuous waves of your grief, singing sweet music, and diffusing heavenly gladness over the scene of your gloom.

Leaning and walking, walking and leaning, believers are coming up, going forward.

The way is rough, and toilsome, sometimes steep, always difficult. Looking at it alone their souls are sometimes discouraged because of the way, but leaning on Jesus they advance in holiness, heavenly-mindedness, influence and usefulness. Leaning on Jesus, they gather strength, and that strength is expended in moving onward and upward in their homeward, heavenward way.

My soul, see that every moment is an advance on the upward path. Hasten from all below. Ever keep leaning on the Beloved, until you are on His bosom in the glory upon whose arm you leaned while passing on to God.

Brethren, beloved in the Lord, what more cheering, strengthening truth could we lay before you than this? You are to rest awhile at the inn He has built, and partake of the refreshment which He has provided for His weary pilgrims.

And while you rest and refresh yourselves, how delightful to gaze upon Him, whose you are, whom you revere, and on whose arm you lean.

Are you sick? Lean on Jesus. His sick ones are dear to His heart. In all your pains and faintings and languishings Jesus is with you. He makes your bed in

your sickness. He gives you sleep. He knows your frame. He remembers that you are dust.

Are you oppressed? Lean on Jesus. Commit your cause unto Him. Let Him defend your character. He will bring forth your righteousness as the light, and your judgment as the noonday.

Are you tempted? Lean on Jesus. He knows how to sustain you during the temptation, and to deliver you out of it. He delivered Joseph. He will deliver you.

Are you lonely? Lean on Jesus. He will be your companion and sweet will be the communion, close too the fellowship which he will have with you. The way will not seem long while He talks with you. Your heart will burn within you while he opens to you the Scriptures.

Is the way straight and narrow? Lean on Jesus. He will guide you safely along the heaven-pointing, heaven-conducting, heaven-terminating path.

Do perplexities and trials weave a net-work about your feet? Lean on Jesus. He will extricate you. Has death smitten down the strong arm and stilled the tender heart on which you were wont to recline? Lean on Jesus. I will, says He, be the God of the widow, and the father of the fatherless. Does your heart glow with living energy to spend and be spent in His service, to do all you can for Jesus till He comes? Lean on Jesus. He will help you in your noble work.

O, believe nothing is too insignificant to take to Jesus. He will require no apology for your leaning on Him all the time. He loves to have you near to Him, to hear your voice, feel the confidence of your faith, the presence of your love. Remember that there is a place in His heart sacred to you, which no one else can fill, and from which no one can exclude you. Then come up through the wilderness leaning on the Beloved. Then if He tarry until you die, you will lay your languishing head upon His bosom; you will fear not the foe, dread not the passage. His own arm will support you. His power will carry you safely through. And in His presence your ransomed soul shall enjoy repose until He

comes. Then, body and soul reunited, you will be caught up to meet the Lord in the air, and so ever be with the Lord."

Was this written for him in his sick room when he leaned on the Beloved, through so many days, weeks and months of such intense suffering, and thus "leaning on the Beloved" passed through the valley of the Shadow of Death until his "languishing head was laid upon the bosom of his Father?" Or was it written for me, in my lonely widowhood to "lean upon the Beloved," when the "strong arm of my support had been smitten down"? Yes, for both; a message long ago, when that hand was active and that pen was busy giving out its thought. Still "leaning on the Beloved" I shall take my weary pilgrimage, and if he tarry till I die," we shall then be reunited in heaven.

In the quiet of my dear sister's* lovely country home. in sight of the dear old home where I was born, where passed my childhood and my youth, from whence I was taken a happy bride, where two of my dear little ones were born and one was taken home to heaven, surrounded by so many of my loved ones, I have written this dear life. Fitting place for such a record. It is finished, and to me it almost brings regret that my work, eventful, sad and full of painful retrospects, as well as blessed memories, has come to an end. It was begun in prayer. It was finished in prayer, and now I give it to my children and grandchildren, a tribute of respect and love for their honored and noble father and grandfather, and I send it forth to the world with the earnest prayer that all who may read its pages may receive it as the further, faithful testimony of a servant of God. And may His blessing rest upon all who read.

Amen and amen.

*Nannie, Mrs. John M. Hull.

REV. JOSEPH PAINTER.

BORN:—In Saulesbury Township, Bucks County, Pa., May 27, 1799.

GRADUATED:—At Union College, Schenectady, fourth Wednesday of July, 1822.

LICENSED TO PREACH:—By the Presbytery of Northumberland, at Milton, Pa., August 17, 1824.

ORDAINED:—And installed Pastor of the Lycoming Church, at Newbury, Pa., Nov. 23d, 1825.

REMOVED TO KITTANNING:—In April, 1834, and was installed Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, in Kittanning, November 14, 1834.

RESIGNED:—The active duties of the pastorate, December, 1863, but still sustained the relation of Co-Pastor until his death.

DIED:—Sabbath morning, June 1st, 1873.

As was said by his young Pastor, Rev. T. D. Ewing, in his funeral discourse:—

“Rev. Joseph Painter, D. D., went home to his Father’s House, Sabbath morning, June 1st, 1873, in the 75th year of his age.”

The immediate cause of his death was a second stroke of paralysis. He lingered in great bodily suffering for about ten days, for the most part wholly unconscious, until Sabbath morning when his spirit went out from the old homestead up to its mansion in glory.

The funeral took place on Wednesday, June 4th, from the First Presbyterian Church.

The bier was followed from his late residence by his bereaved family, all of whom were present at his death, accompanied by a number of the ministers from the Presbytery of Kittanning, and all the ministers of the different denominations in the town, followed by a large company of friends.

On reaching the church, which was tastefully draped in mourning and hung with wreaths of beautiful flowers, the coffin was placed on the front of the platform of the pulpit, where his lifeless body, in

silent eloquence, to a large congregation, preached the last and a most tender and touching sermon.

His chair, in which for the last ten years he sat when able to be present at the house of God, was heavily draped in mourning, and hung upon it was a lovely wreath of tube roses, which seemed to say as plainly as words could express it: "He is not dead, but sleepeth." "He that believeth in Christ Jesus, though he were dead yet shall he live."

The sermon which followed was preached for the purpose of recording some of the events of a life of great historic interest to the whole church, but especially to that part of the church in which he spent the strength and vigor of his life; and as a small tribute of affection, to one endeared by the tenderest associations, and by the memories of the constant and uniform kindness with which he received and cherished his co-pastor.

He received the degree of A. M., from the Union College in 1846, and in 1858, the honorary degree of D. D. was conferred upon him by Jefferson College, Pa.

When the degree of D. D. was conferred upon him, it was truthfully said:—

"The title is theological, and few in any land deserve it better than Dr. Painter."

As a Christian his private life was unimpeachable.

He was also an eminently social man, with a well stored mind, a highly refined taste, and an exquisitely keen sense of the ludicrous. We can explain why it was that he sometimes gave vent to his feelings in a good hearty laugh.* A theological professor once said to me:—

"I enjoy so much hearing Dr. Painter laugh; he laughs all over, and it discovers to me so much of his social life."

His deafness, which increased with his age, crippled his usefulness very much. Yet he always took a deep interest in whatever concerned the church. When he made choice of his profession he was in reality cast off by those from whom he might justly have expected aid. At one time, being in want of funds, he applied to a very near relative, who had an abundance of this world's goods, for some aid to help him prosecute his studies. The response which was given him was:—

*This was inherited by his son, who in like manner enjoyed a good laugh, but you could *see* not *hear* the laugh

"If you want money to enable you to go into business, practice law or medicine, I will give you all you wish, but if you expect to become a *preacher*, not one cent."

But this, rather than depressing him, seemed to arouse him to put forth all his energies. He met and overcame more than ordinary opposition in his preparation for the ministry, and when in the ministry his field of labor was not chosen with reference to ease and enjoyment; rather was he willing to "endure hardship as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

He was called to pass through the waters of deep affliction. First a loved wife, then a little son, and afterwards a dearly loved daughter who had married and gone South. But in all these cases he was enabled to say even when smarting under the rod:—

"The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. and blessed be the name of the Lord."

I would love to record more of this beautiful life as it was lived and as it ended on earth. I have more than once spoken of its beauty, its power, its influence, its usefulness in connection with the life of his dearly loved son Henry, his first-born, the beginning of his strength.

His parents, Jacob and Deborah, were of German and English origin.

He was married Nov. 17, 1824, at Somerville, N. J., to Hannah Smith, fourth daughter of Rev. John S. and Sarah Vredenburg, and granddaughter of Rev. James Caldwell, of Revolutionary fame. Their children were:—

Henry Martyn, born March 17, 1827, at Williamsport, Pa. Married Sept. 23, 1852, to Alice Gascoigne, second daughter of Hon. R. C. L. Moncure, of Fredericksburg, Va. Died April 23, 1893, in Chicago, Ill.

John Vredenburg, born May 25, 1829, in Williamsport, Pa. Married Dec. 27, 1852, to Sarah Jane Crawford, of Kittanning, Pa. Died August, 1879, at Kittanning, Pa.

Sarah Caldwell, born June 10, 1831, at McCunesville, Pa. Married to James Patterson, of Armstrong City, Pa.

Hannah Smith, born November 17, 1833, in McCunesville, Pa. Married to A. B. Coffey, of Tennessee, at Elizabeth City, N. J., May 20, 1857, by Rev. Dr. Murray. Died at Memphis, Tenn., May 5, 1862, during the late Civil War, and while the city was being bombarded by the federal gun-boats. Her husband was killed in a skirmish with Stonewall's cavalry, at Statesville, N. C., April 15, 1865.

Dr. Painter lost his first wife Dec. 4, 1833, at McCunesville, Pa. He married the second time Miss Mary Ann Irwin, of Pittsburg, Pa., Feb. 13, 1839.

His children by this marriage were:—

Boyle Irwin, born Dec. 15, 1839. Died Jan. 31, 1842.

Ann Eliza, born Feb. 1, 1842. (Mrs. Brown.)

Joseph A., born June 30, 1846. Unmarried.

Mary Irwin, born Sept. 9, 1848. (Mrs. Gates.)

His second wife died in Kittanning, Pa., a few years since. Of the first wife's children, only one remains, Mrs. Patterson, of Pittsburg. Of the second wife's children, three are living: Joseph, Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Gates.

Henry Martyn had eight children, four of whom are living. John V. had nine children, six of whom are living. Sarah has five living. Hannah had two, both died in infancy. Joseph, unmarried. Ann Eliza had two. Mary, four.

I cannot close this sketch without giving an account of the Memorial Service, on the unveiling of the Memorial Tablet to the Rev. Dr. Painter, Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Kittanning, from 1834-1873, by his granddaughter.

This occurred at the dedication of a new church building, June 8, 1890:

"While this church building is the result of an earnest purpose on the part of the present generation, yet we feel as we dedicate it to-day that to many who are in their graves a large share of its credit and success is due. On their prayers and faithfulness and love we have built. Long years ago they helped to lay the foundations here of what has grown to be a strong and vigorous church; and surely those who work beneath the ground and lay the foundation walls are as much entitled to recognition as the man who cuts the statue which adorns the topmost part of the structure.

The interest of this service centres chiefly in the name and work of one man. It seemed fitting that some memorial should be placed in this building to the church's first Pastor, Rev. Joseph Painter, D. D.

Our purpose then is expressed in the simple word memorial, and with his there are also scores of names that deserve mention and recognition for their work and labor of love here through many years."

The tablet bears the following inscription:—

“MEMORIAL TABLET.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

REV. JOSEPH A. PAINTER, D. D.,

PASTOR OF THIS CHURCH FOR THIRTY-NINE YEARS.

BORN IN BUCK'S COUNTY, PA., 1799.

DIED IN RITTANNING, 1873.

‘THE RIGHTEOUS SHALL BE IN EVERLASTING REMEMBRANCE.’”

REV. JOHN SCHURMAN VREDENBURG.

BORN:—March 20th, 1776, at New Brunswick, N. J.

DIED:—Oct. 4th, 1821, at Somerville, N.J.

MARRIED:—April 24th, 1800, at New York City.

Sarah Caldwell. Born June 12th, 1778. Died, August 24, 1826. She was the daughter of Rev. James Caldwell, of Revolutionary fame, and his wife Hannah Ogden.

John Schurman Vredenburg was the son of Peter Vredenburg. Born July 14, 1745. Died Augt. 24 1823, at New Brunswick, N. J. Married Dec. 17, 1772, at New Brunswick, N. J.

His wife was Margurite Schurman. Born Jan. 20th, 1752. Died July 30th, 1786. Daughter of John Schurman and de Biemer, widow of Peter Stryher.

The children of John S. Vredenburg and Sarah his wife, were:—Sarah, who married first, Mr. Montgomery, second Mr. Watson. Margaret, who married Reuben Van Pelt, Elizabeth, N. J. Harriet, who married Dr. M. W. Woodward, Elizabeth, N.J. Hannah, who married Rev. Joseph A. Painter, Pa. Helen, who died unmarried, Somerville, N. J. Kate, who married first, Rev. Wm. Alward, second, Reuben Van Pelt. Elizabeth, who married Rev. John Freeman missionary to India, as his second wife. Both were murdered in the Sepoy insurrection.

John Finley died young at Batavia, Island of Java.

John S. Vredenburg had one brother. I knew nothing of any other member of of the family. He was called the “Domine.” Pastor of the Dutch Reformed Church, of Somerville, N. J. His brother was a physician also had quite a large family. They were from the Huguenots.

I have not been able to learn very much concerning either of these brothers. The older members of the family are all gone

not one left of his children, though there are a number of grand children living, I can say, however that his influence was great, his life was useful, and his memory honored and revered by a numerous posterity.

REV. JAMES CALDWELL.

BORN:—Charlotte Co, Va. Nov. 24th 1789, of Scotch-Irish parentage.

GRADUATED:—at the college of N.J., 1759.

ORDAINED:—Pastor of the Presbyterian Church Elizabethtown, N. J. 1762.

He was the son of John Caldwell, who came over to this country from Ireland landing first at New Castle, settling at Lancaster, Pa., and afterwards removed to Charlotte County, Va., where he was born.

The following is taken from Mr Painter's family record as written by himself and grandson:—"The Caldwells were of French origin, and during the Reformation commenced by Calvin, they became Huguenots. Driven from France by persecution, they fled to Scotland, driven again by persecution from Scotland, they fled to Ireland, and from thence they came to this country."

From the *Columbian Encyclopedia*:—

"Mr. Caldwell was a patriot, and ardently espoused the revolutionary cause. He did much to rouse the people, served as Chaplain, and afterwards as Commissary of N. J. Troops, and became noted as the "Soldier Parson."

The bell of his church always gave warning of incursions of the enemy. At Springfield he is said to have brought an armful of hymn books from the pews and distributed them to the soldiers, with the words:—

"Give 'em Watts, boys."

His zeal provoked the special hatred of the Tories. In 1780, his church and house were burned, and his wife, who had been sent for safety to Connecticut Farms, shot from without while at prayer with her children. He was killed afterwards at Elizabethtown, by James Morgan, who was said to have been bribed to do the deed. The murderer was convicted and hanged Jan. 29th, 1782.

A marble monument in commemoration of Caldwell and his wife was dedicated at Elizabethtown, on the sixty-fourth anniversary of his death."

I will also give an extract from a sermon preached in Elizabethtown, Jan. 25th, 1880, by Rev. Dr. Kempshale, the present pastor of the church, on the occasion of the one hundredth anniversary of the burning of the church-edifice. All the ministers of the various Presbyterian Churches took part, and in the evening the Pastor gave a discourse on — "Caldwell and The Revolution," — in which the history of the church is most interestingly given and his connection therewith. In speaking of his terrible and wicked murder, he says:—

"During the funeral services of Mrs. Caldwell, the whole town suspended business, and expressed in unmistakable manner the deep sorrow that filled all hearts. Surely among the many trying scenes through which the people of this Congregation had been called to pass during The War of the Revolution, none could have been more touching and saddening than that which occurred at the funeral. When after all had taken their last look and before the coffin was closed, Elias Boudinot came forward leading nine orphan children, and placing them around the bier of their parent, made an address of surpassing pathos to the multitude in their behalf.

It was an hour of deep and powerful emotion, and the procession slowly moved to the grave weeping as they went. Thus had this people been called to sow in tears from the day that they rose up as one man, with their beloved Pastor at their head, in response to the call from Lexington, down to this day when just as victory had crowned their sacrifices, they laid their Pastor, cut off in the vigor of full manhood, to rest in the old church-yard.

The walls of this venerable church are dear to her children."

Mr. Caldwell left behind him nine orphan children, with hardly any provision for their support, whose history affords a remarkable illustration of the care of God over the seed of the righteous.

He married Miss Hannah Ogden of Newark N. J. Margaret, the eldest, became the wife of Mr. Canfield, of Morristown N. J.

Hannah was the wife of James R. Smith, a distinguished merchant of New York, and subsequently the wife of Dr. Rogers. She was the mother of the wife of M. St. Clair, of Washington, and of Mrs. Governor Duncan, of Illinois.

John E., was educated in France, by the Marchioness Lafayette, and was subsequently one of the friends of the Romans and Masons of New York; and one of its leading philanthropists. He was one of the founders of The American Bible Society.

James B., was for many years a judge of the Courts of Gloucester County, New Jersey.

Esther became the wife of the Rev. Dr. Finley, distinguished as the founder of The American Colonization Society, and who died president of Athens College, Georgia.

Elias B., was for many years clerk of the Supreme Court of the United States; and because of his zealous efforts in the cause of colonization, one of the towns in Liberia is called by his name, — Caldwell.

Sarah became the wife of the Rev. *John S. Vredenburg*, for many years the beloved Pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church, Somerville, New Jersey.

Maria married Robert I. Robertson a merchant of New York. She was an infant lying on her mother's breast at the time she was shot. These all passed away many years ago.

Josiah F., in his eighty-sixth year, for years the only remaining one of the nine, has finally followed them to the house appointed for all living.

This statement was made at the time of the death of Josiah F., in Washington city, and copies were sent to the various descendants, among whom was my husband.

"Some of these were eminent for their piety and philanthropy: and all of them in the faith of the gospel. Several of the grand children of Caldwell are now in the ministry, and but few of them have grown to maturity without becoming communicants of the church.

And thus the blessings of God have descended upon the third and fourth generations of the pious and patriotic minister. His descendants are now very numerous in every part of the country, all of them highly respectable, and many of them filling posts of influence and usefulness in the State and in the Church."

The distinguished statesman, John Caldwell Calhoun, of South Carolina was also one of his descendants.

Daniel Caldwell, of Mercer county Ky., wrote a letter to his cousin, Elias B. Caldwell, of Washington city, Dec. 16, 1807, in reference to his ancestry and connections with the family of the Rev. James Caldwell, of whom I have here given a brief sketch; and to which I will append an extract from this letter:—

"It appears that our family originated from the French. Three brothers, John, William and Andrew; fled from France during the persecution. and settled in Scotland. After the persecution they

returned, and brought their coat of arms and set it in the House of Claud in Scotland.

The coat of arms, as near as can be recollected, was Roebuck, a star and three waves of the sea.

When king James Sixth, of Scotland and First of England, came to the crown of England, these families came and settled in the North of Ireland. From that house our father, John Caldwell, descended and from thence he embarked to America, landed at New Castle, Pa., and settled in Lancaster county. From thence he removed to Virginia, to a city then called Lunenburg (now Charlotte), at which place our father, James Caldwell, was born, the youngest of six sons and one daughter. Your father was sent to Princeton, about the age of fifteen, where he received his education, and did not return to Virginia again to live.

Our grand father (John Caldwell) married in Ireland, Margaret Phillips, in the County of Antrim. He brought to America four single sisters.

My father had living in Kentucky seven sons and four daughters. The oldest, Margaret Cook, is still living. The second, John C. died at Frankfort, the speaker of the Senate, three years ago. I am the third; fourth, William; fifth, Robert; sixth, Philip, merchant in South Carolina, seventh, Jane Logan, died two years ago; eighth, Samuel, an attorney; ninth, Mary Palmer; tenth, Elisa Grundy; eleventh, James, the youngest lives on the plantation with my mother.

I have three sons and three daughters.

Your cousin,

DAVID CALDWELL.

To

ELIAS B. CALDWELL

Washington City, D. C.

HON. R. C. L. MONCURE.

Richard C. L. Moncure was born in Stafford County Va., in the year 1805, of highly respectable and honest parentage. His father was Col. John Moncure, who was the son of Rev. John Moncure, pastor of Acquia church, an old Episcopal church in the same County, who came over to this country from Scotland. The Moncures were originally of French origin. Driven from France by religious persecutors, they fled to Scotland and subsequently came to this country. In his memoirs, we find the following tribute from R. D. Ward.

"Mr. Moncure was a self-made man. His father died when he was only three years old, leaving a family of some seven or eight children. Richard was left to the care of his mother, who was Miss

Alice Gaskins,—originally spelt Gascoyne, also of French origin,—with nothing but his own talents, perseverance and industry to make his way in the world. He had no other school advantages than those afforded by an old field school in the county of Stafford, which he attended for three years, and a school of a higher grade in the village of Falmouth, which he attended for one year.

When only thirteen years of age he commenced the study of law with his brother in Fredericksburg. In this way he acquired a knowledge of law, and in 1825, he was admitted to the Bar. He also studied Latin and French, so that he was a pretty good scholar in both languages. He commenced the practice of law in Falmouth, and in one year when only twenty one years of age, was appointed Attorney for the Commonwealth of that county. In the same year, he was elected to the Legislature from that county, and served five sessions.

When just of age, he married Miss Mary W. Conway, eldest daughter of John M. Conway, Clerk of the County, his life-long companion, who still survives him, being in her 88th year, with eleven of his fourteen children, two of whom died in infancy and one after reaching the age of maturity. All these married respectably. Two of the daughters married ministers, and the sons have all succeeded, doing honor to so good a father. The eldest son is Judge of the Supreme Court of Louisiana.

He was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1849—'50, and while a member of that body he was appointed by the Legislature one of the judges of the Supreme Court of Appeals of Virginia, on the bench of which he has remained until his death, (except during the years of reconstructing,) a period of over thirty years.

Thus from youth to old age his life has been spent in the service of his state, in the discharge of the most important and honorable duties, which can be imposed upon a citizen.

Among the long line of distinguished jurists that adorned her bench, not one can be found who possessed more conscientiousness in the discharge of his whole official duties, or used more diligent and industrious effort to perform it."

Mr. J. W. Brooker also testifies as follows:—

"The character of Judge Moncure was *"sui generis."*

It cannot be well defined by comparison with any other, however strongly marked. It was not cast in a common mould. It was a rare composite of *Doric* strength and *Corinthian* beauty, reared upon the solid foundation of a child-like and unquestioning faith in God. He was in no sense a 'Man of the World.' Between him and the busy, bustling, jostling crowd, that throng the highways of trade and traffic, there was an immeasurable distance.

He found more pleasure in storing away the solid fruits of legal lore, than in gathering the flowers that adorn the glittering parterres of *literature* or *poetry* or *romance*. He was a lawyer, and he loved the law. It was to him a business and a recreation alike, and upon its Altars he burned out his life. There was nothing

poetic in his temperament, but there was poetry in his life. It was a great epic made up of noble resolves and manly purposes, and untiring labors, working themselves into a personal history of singular power and beauty."

I cannot possibly give even an extract from all of the letters and speeches that were written and made on the occasion of the death of my honored and noble father, in this brief sketch of his life.

The purport of all was the same, and the same deep, earnest and truthful expressions, all testified to his beautiful and complete life.

I will give one other from Judge Ould of Richmond, Va.:—

"The most distinguishing characteristic of Judge Moncure, was his simplicity. It might be called massive, not only in the materials of the structure, but also in its style and order. And that simplicity was made more noble and beautiful, by reason of his unconsciousness of the fact. It attended him as closely as a shadow,—nay more so,—for that follows, while the grace to which I refer, sat upon him like a glory. It was a characteristic as well known to all the people with whom he had intercourse as to his brethren of the Bench and Bar.

It was never thrown off. He could not have done so had he tried. I have dwelt thus long on this trait of character, because it is so rare with those who have much to do with men and their affairs, public and private, and still seldom to be seen anywhere in such unconscious beauty.

His temperament was ardent, and in early youth and manhood he would sometimes give way to his temper. His nature was fervid so that sometimes he would burst out into vehement utterances, but there was never malice or any uncharitableness in any of these utterances.

The truth of the matter is, that Judge Moncure, having in early life become a Christian, his volcanic nature was presided over and controlled by a supernatural grace,—by a divine power which stooped from the heavens and lifted him above his natural plane. His faith was simple and reverent,—not a cloudy abstraction, nor even a succession of gleams followed by darkness, but something that glowed with the celestial radiance of a perfect day. Perhaps no man ever lived who was more absolutely free from doubt or indecisions as to the matters which pertained to his lasting peace than was Judge Moncure.

He put his hand into that of the Eternal Father, with all the filial trust and confidence of a little child, and thus far more than by his original nature, was held to duty with all the precision with which gravitation holds a planet in its sweep."

Also from the Rector of St. George's Church, Fredericksburg.

"He was for more than forty years, a vestryman in St. George's Episcopal Church, Fredericksburg Va., occasionally representing his parish in the Diocesan Councils, and sometimes in the General Convention.

While strongly attached to his own church, his catholic spirit could not confine its sympathies and affections to his own denomination, for he loved all those who 'love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.'

He was a man of singular simplicity of character. Preferment made no change in his manners. He was free from ostentation, and pride seems to have been a stranger to his nature. Honored and revered by all who knew him, eminent in his profession, related to the most prominent families of his state, it would not have been strange, had he thrown around himself a robe of reserve, and carried himself above his fellows.

He was over considerate of the humblest approach of the poorest, and exercised a generous hospitality to which all classes were alike welcome.

As a Christian, he was ever true to the instincts of a higher life, God dwelling in him. An eminent jurist whose decisions will be the law of our land for ages to come, he found no difficulty in the plan of salvation, and when many stumbled, he consented with all his heart and assented with a convinced mind.

Among other characteristics were his love for 'the courts of the Lord,' his enjoyment in the divine worship, and his regard for the preaching of the Gospel. He was seldom known to be absent from church. Neither the heat of mid-summer, nor the snows of winter, nor the feebleness of age and disease, could prevent his riding six miles as he said 'to set an example to others.'

While engaged in worship, he would become oblivious to his surroundings and utter the words of praise and prayer with a reverence and devotion expressive of deep spiritual enjoyment. His faith was that of a child. When the accumulation of years,—his large and costly law library,—was burned in the city of Richmond, in 1865, the tidings caused him to walk restlessly before his door for a little while, then saying, 'It is all for the best, it was my idol,' he gathered his family together and worshiped God, acknowledging his confidence in the wisdom and goodness of all His providences, and his joyful submission to His will.

Nor was his Christianity altogether of a passive type. He was never ashamed of his principles, and before a large company refused to comply with the requirements of society, saying to the host who offered him wine*

'I never drink it, nor have I ever done so.'

While at home he would gather the members of his family, children and grand-children around him on the Lord's day evenings, and expound to them the holy scriptures, when they, to his great enjoyment, sang the 'Songs of Zion.'

As the end drew near he would often say:—

'I am willing to go when the Lord wills.'

Often would he speak of the meeting again, and the pleasant in-

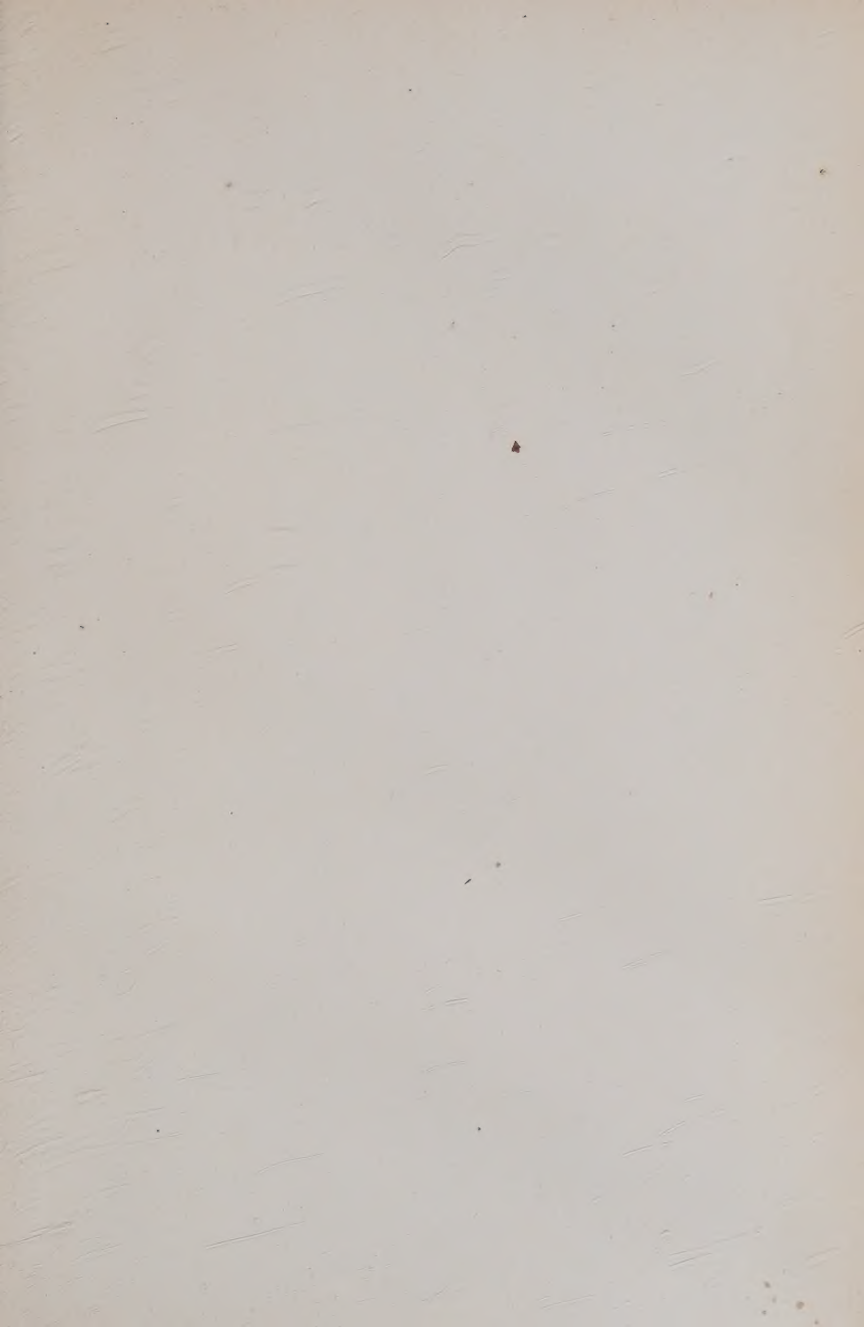
*Let me add farther, that my father not only never drank wine or any other intoxicating drink, but neither chewed nor smoked tobacco. He was strictly temperate.

tercourse in the kingdom of heaven, with a confidence that made one feel that it was very near and very real to his consciousness.

He has left in his character a legacy more precious than thousands of silver and gold."

He died August 26th, 1872, in the 77th year of his age.

The writer of this, as one of his children, reviews his precious memory with such a sacredness of feeling and tender loving testimony, her words cannot express. Only in her heart, can she respond fully to all she has written from other pens. Well does she remember those sacred Sabbath evenings when she and all the other little ones would be gathered around that dear precious father to hear him tell the sweet story of the cross, of "Jesus and His love," of how He loved little children, and of what we must do. The Bible,—all its beautiful stories, that had not then been so questioned by the *wise* and *learned* and cut out from its inspired page,—together with Pilgrim's Progress, Hannah More and like other books were read to us and explained. Those were moments never to be forgotten. They form a halo of such precious memories about my life, that will go on brightening and brightening until in glory I shall see my dear loved father, and with him praise God for all the goodness and mercy extended to me on earth.



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AUTHOR

Paynter, A.M.

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Henry Martyn Paynter.

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